# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W[illegible] Magazine
Founded A° J[illegible] Franklin

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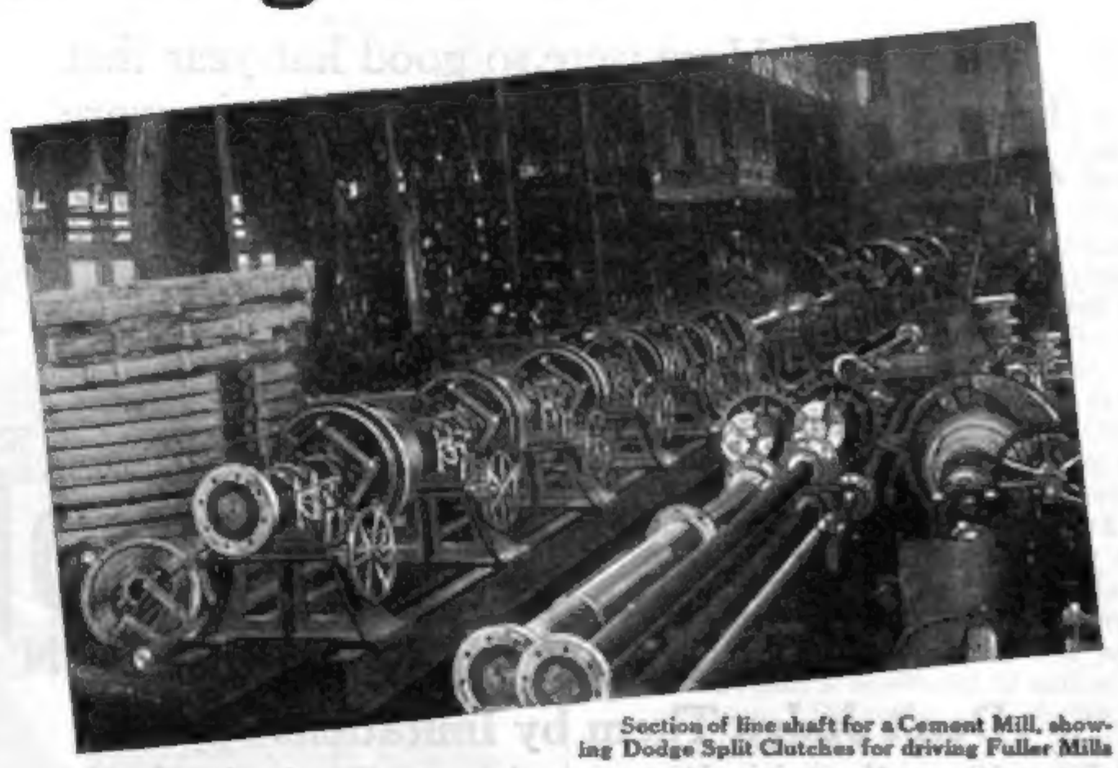
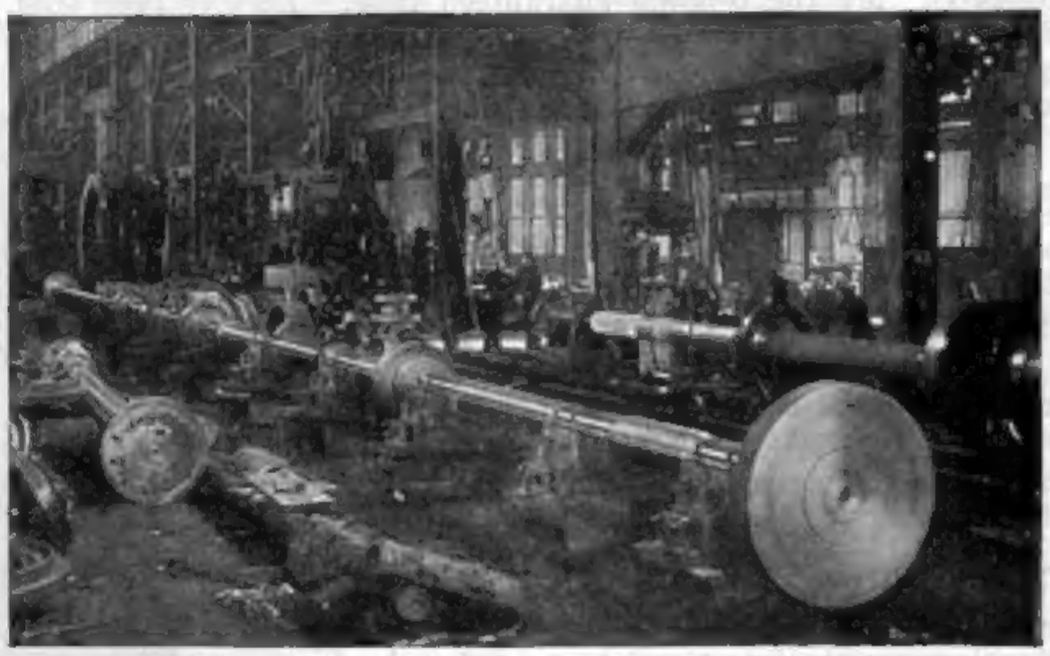


Section of line shaft for a Cement Mill, showing Dodge Split Clutches for driving Fuller Mills



A main line shaft assembled and being tested at operating speed with bearing caps off

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But 3-ply is stronger. The hose, therefore, can be made thinner and lighter.

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We spend $33,000 a year for inspection, to see that each pair is perfection.

It is worth while, when buying guaranteed hose, to see that you get the genuine "Holeproof."

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(101)

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# A REDHEADED QUAKER

## *Being an Account of Some of the Activities of Walter Roscoe Stubbs*

## By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

*Governor Stubbs, of Kansas*

WHEN you have a first look at Walter Roscoe Stubbs, Governor of Kansas, you say to yourself: "Heavens! The man is going to cry." You lose. He isn't going to cry. He's going to laugh.

The corners of his mouth droop like those of a woe-stricken child, his lips tremble a little and his eyes seem misty. Every facial sign and portent indicate tears. However, all signs fail in a dry state, for just as Stubbs appears to have reached the point of acute precipitation he lets go a roar of laughter that can be heard for two blocks, laughter that shows a row of strong, even white teeth and sends ripples of mirth up and across his ruddy, smooth-shaven face. I imagine Stubbs wouldn't do much crying, unless over the troubles of a child or the sorrow of a friend. Certainly not over his own troubles or the machinations of his enemies.

"Say," he said to me, pounding me on the knee with a clenched fist, having moved up to get that advantageous position so far as emphasis was concerned—"Say, a man wouldn't be any good except for his enemies. Friends never make you do anything. It's always enemies. Why, I never would have been in politics or governor or anything else but in business if it hadn't been for my enemies; and, believe me, I have a fine crop of them—a fine crop.

"They said I couldn't elect Hoch governor, that I couldn't elect myself governor, that I couldn't enforce the prohibition law or pass the primaries bill—these enemies of mine; and I just naturally had to show them I could. So I showed them. They got my fighting blood up and I fought. Personally I am peaceable enough. Probably, if it had all been easy, smooth sailing I would have given in here and there. But my dear enemies kept attacking and sharpshooting, and there was nothing to it for me but to go out and lick 'em. Treasure your enemies, son. They are the great helps in getting things done. Treasure 'em, I say. One good, lively, intelligent, hardhating enemy helps a man along miles and miles farther than a roomful of friends."

Stubbs likes to think he is peaceable. He told me half a dozen times he never did any fighting until they had him backed into a corner. Without venturing to dispute this self-analysis, there is reasonable evidence to show that while Stubbs may not fight until he gets into a corner he always has a corner or two handy to get into at any hour of the day or night. Being a Quaker, he has to hold it out that he is a man of peace, but being a redheaded Quaker he really is a fighting man who has rampaged up and down and across Kansas for the past six or seven years and taken on all comers, of whom there were plenty. Not being able to get a hearing any other way, he went and chopped out one; and, as they still say on the stump in Kansas, he let the chips fall where they might.

The facts are that Stubbs hates peace, the Demon Rum, old-line Republicanism and Charley Curtis, and loves salt-rising bread, his family, horses and the people—his brand of people, I mean. He is a rich man and a spender. He lets go of money with both hands when he wants to accomplish anything—not in the usual political sense of letting go money, but for organization, for publicity and for legitimate expense. He is tireless, energetic, tough as leather, full of fire and animation; and yet, at times when he is talking, he slides down into a chair and drawls out his words as if the mere effort of conversation was too great to be endured.

"Y-a-a-s," he will say, "th-at was a mat-ter that was brought to m-y-y at-ten-tion; and, say ——" Next he will be shooting two hundred words a minute at you and pounding you with a clenched fist for punctuation. At times he speaks the most immaculate English; and then, again, he drops into the homeliest and most colloquial language. Indeed, he seems to switch his English as it suits him, but he never makes the mistake of switching it at the wrong time. Trust Stubbs for that. If he is talking to farmers he talks farmer; and if he is talking to scholars he talks scholar. At that, when he is making a speech he can combine the homely speech and the correct speech in pleasant proportion, and usually does. He is a marvel with the double negative.

Stubbs is about five feet nine or ten, with good shoulders, a good chest and a lithe, lean body. He crumples up in a chair at times until he seems to be relaxed all over, sits on the back of his neck and looks as lazy and talks as lazily as a corner lounger. Stick a controversial pin into him and he is up in a flash, tense all over, his face lighted with the joy of combat and a whirlwind of action and argument. He wears good clothes, but doesn't fuss about them and oftentimes looks creased and baggy. Sometimes he forgets to shave. His enemies say all this and his homely discourse are part of his pose. Maybe so. My opinion is that he doesn't give much thought to the matter. He is too busy.

Stubbs has a strong face. When it is in repose he looks as solemn as a professional mourner, as serious as a cow chewing her cud. His hair was red once, but it is lightened and silvered some now. If he had been a black-haired man he would now be quite gray. As it is, he seems to have sort of faded hair, but he has a lot of it and wears it reasonably long—not down on the collar, but not close-cropped on the neck either. His face is ruddy and his eyes are blue. He must have been a likely-looking blond when he was a young man. His mouth is as mobile as a comedian's and when he goes into action his whole face lights up; any ideas that may have been formed concerning indolence are immediately dissipated. There is nothing ordinary about Stubbs, either in appearance or action. He is a long way from being a handsome man, but after you look him over you think he would be a good person to have about in an emergency.

Kansas is most typically American of all the states and Stubbs is typically Kansan. The state was settled by people from all parts of the country who were hardy enough to endure the trials of pioneering and progressive enough to move to a new country—good, sound American stock. The second generation, now in full flower—the children of those settlers—are readers, thinkers, talkers. They may be radical, but they are American; and they do not let others find remedies for what they consider to be ills. They find the remedies themselves—or think they do—and apply them. Always there is something stirring in Kansas. The conventional and rather stupid East affects to deride Kansas; but they do things for themselves out there, think for themselves, act for themselves, instead of being directed. Sometimes their actions and their thought may be extreme, but both are their own, neither dictated nor acquired. They are individuals in Kansas, not masses.

Take Stubbs for an example—the most powerful man in Kansas politically today and a figure of commanding interest everywhere. He was born in Indiana, in 1858, but moved with his parents to Kansas when a small boy. He grew up on a farm, got a couple of teams of horses and went to work hauling on a railroad-grading contract. He was not more than twenty at the time; perhaps not so old as that. His business grew and he grew with it. Finally, he expanded to a contractor who had a business of five million dollars a year, had offices in several large cities, employed five thousand men and was rich. He had contracts all over the country and knew the business in every detail. When the Rock Island determined to build a road between St. Louis and Kansas City Stubbs took a team of mules, drove over the proposed route, made his notes and came back and

bid for the job. It was a three-million-dollar proposition involving three hundred miles of railroad construction and most of the big railroad contractors were after it. Stubbs figured under all of his competitors, got the job and made a quarter of a million out of it. That shows the kind of a business man he was and is.

All this time his home was at Lawrence, Kansas, twenty-six miles from Topeka, the capital of the state; and during the thirty-four years of his residence at Lawrence, Stubbs had never been in the statehouse; had never been a delegate, even to a county, district or state convention, and had never paid any attention to politics, except to vote on election day.

He was forty-five years old before he went into politics. Then he went in with a splash that has not yet ceased sending waves up on the political shores of Kansas, mostly laden with political wrecks. He did not take the training of ward and town and county politics. He dashed into the middle first off and he has been in the middle ever since. That was in 1903. He ran for the legislature and was elected. At this time he was doing a big contracting business. He appeared in Topeka an aggressive, red-headed, inquisitive person, with a loud and rasping voice and the ability to make himself heard. He made himself heard then and they have been hearing him ever since.

None of the politicians knew Stubbs, except in the most general way, when he arrived in Topeka. He took his seat in the legislature and looked about. The old Kansas Republican machine was in full control. It was a perfect, compact, old-style, take-care-of-the-boys organization, held together by patronage, perquisites and pap and headed by skillful and practiced politicians. The graft was good and it was worked to the limit.

Stubbs had been a large employer of men and was then, for that matter. He was interested in the business organization of the legislature, dipped in and found out how it was officered and conducted. He found the old gang employed about four hundred political strikers and little leaders as janitors, assistant doorkeepers, messengers, assistant sergeants-at-arms, inspectors of ventilation, and all that, to serve a legislature that had a joint membership—house and senate—of one hundred and sixty-five. Stubbs got up and protested. He pointed out that there were three hundred too many servants—more than that—wasting the money of the people of Kansas. The old gang tried to hush him, and couldn't. They tried to scare him, and couldn't. They tried to silence him, and couldn't. Stubbs roared unceasingly about this petty species of graft; before long he had the whole state aroused about it.

### *The Governor on the Warpath*

STUBBS won. They cut down the list of employees. Then he looked about for something else to reform. He lighted on the state printing contract. It was a fat contract. Kansas, like many another state, was printing tons of useless stuff. Stubbs claimed he discovered that the old gang had farmed out the job to a member of the machine on the promise the spoils would be divided with another of the faithful. Hoch, afterward governor, but then a country editor, had been an applicant for the job, but had been turned down because of this deal. Governor Bailey stood by the machine. Stubbs went immediately and violently into action. "Bust the bosses!" he yelled; and the Kansans yelled back, eager for the scalps of any boss whatsoever: "Bust 'em! We're with you!"

Stubbs didn't wait. He worked the long-distance telephone for three or four days almost all the time. He called up every non-machine Republican politician in the state who had any following or any strength and talked to all of them. He burned up the wires. He poured through that telephone into the ears of these men the necessity of breaking the machine. He urged them to get in line. He cussed, cajoled, commanded. The newspapers took up the movement and called it the boss-buster movement. Kansas bit at the idea eagerly—grabbed it. In those three or four days Stubbs organized the revolt and at the end of a week the idea was spreading over the prairies like a fire in the high grass.

Governor Bailey was a candidate for renomination, but Stubbs beat him down and nominated Hoch. That made him the leader of the party, as he had been leader of the boss-buster movement. He took the chairmanship of the state committee and elected Hoch. Stubbs knew so little about politics at that time that he could not preside over the state convention without extensive coaching. He came back to the legislature and was elected Speaker of the House. All this happened within eighteen months of the time Stubbs first went into the capitol at Topeka as a member of the legislature. That gives some idea of the rapidity, intensity and efficiency of Stubbs.

Hoch served his first term and was reëlected, although former Senator Harris, now dead, almost defeated him the second time. He broke with Stubbs. After Hoch's second term Stubbs ran for governor himself and was elected. Last summer he won a terrific fight in the primaries for renomination. The standpatters—those leaders left of the old machine—opposed him bitterly. Stubbs won on a most radical platform. At the time this was written he was making his campaign for election against a Democrat.

Stubbs had ideas. He has an idea every minute. He knew of a lot of reforms he intended to put into law in Kansas and to make elsewhere; he wasn't warm in the governor's chair before he sailed in. He made the fight for a primary election law, starting before he was governor and finally getting the law in fairly satisfactory shape to him, including a provision extending to the selection of United States senators. He has it in mind to make this law more comprehensive, somewhat on the lines of the Oregon law, if he is reëlected.

First off, Stubbs looked into the state institutions and charitable organizations and passed a law taking them out of politics. He placed all these institutions under the management of a board of control and on a strict civil-service basis. The old Board of Charities was a political affair, and the officials of the institutions were all politicians. Then he tackled the penitentiary. This had long been a place where many political debts were paid. Stubbs cleaned out the old gang. He also cleaned out the

*Mrs. Stubbs*

penitentiary, made it sanitary, made the meals better, substituted crockery dishes for the tin ones the convicts used, which caused the state to howl; provided for exercise and athletic amusements, established a night school and entirely reformed and remodeled the place. This year, in his campaign, he suggested further reforms. He pointed out that under the new methods the state is making a profit of five thousand dollars a month on the work of the convicts. He contends the state does not need this kind of money and that some method should be devised whereby the money earned by the convicts should be used in the support of their parents or wives and children—in most cases the worst sufferers by the crimes of the men in prison. His audiences always rose and yelled when he shouted, "Kansas wants no money that is made by convicts, the fruits of crime!" although the principal argument against Stubbs in his primary campaign this summer was the increase in taxes—caused, it was alleged, by the Stubbs reforms.

Then he tackled prohibition. Kansas is constitutionally a dry state; but, owing to lax administration, winking at violations and favoritism, there was a good deal of liquor sold therein. Stubbs called in his attorney-general. "Close every joint in the state," he told that official. "I'll stand back of you. Shut 'em up!" The attorney-general complied and the joints were closed. Moreover, Stubbs found that the enforcement of the law was difficult because of the system of the Internal Revenue Commission of the Government; that Internal Revenue Commission officials sold license stamps to illicit dealers and even made the stamps retroactive after the illicit dealers, or bootleggers, were in jail. Stubbs jumped on the Internal Revenue Commissioner. He made no headway. Then he went to headquarters. He wrote a long protest against this practice and fired it in by telegraph to President Taft at the White House. He got no answer and next day he wired another protest and demand—this one earnest, not to say emphatic. Next day he wired two and sent two each day thereafter until President Taft took notice and ordered the Internal Revenue Commissioner to quit and do what Stubbs wanted.

He went after the clubs. He was a member of the Topeka Club, a famous organization, that for years had had liquor in its clubhouse, but claimed that by using the individual locker system it had never violated the prohibitory law. Stubbs was convinced the locker system is a violation of the Kansas law. He wrote a letter to the president of the club and said so. The president of the club—inferentially, at least—told the governor to mind his own business. Whereupon Stubbs proceeded to mind it according to his lights. The attorney-general went after the Topeka Club and all other clubs that used the locker system; and today they are all as dry as the inside of a covered bridge.

The railroads of Kansas complain bitterly of Stubbs, both for what he has done to them and for what he intends to do if elected. Stubbs knows the railroad business thoroughly. He spent thirty-six years working on railroads and building them. This gave him an advantage that the railroads seem to think he should not have used. He retorted that when he was working for the railroads he worked for them, but that he had sold out that business—which he did—and is now working for the people. Of course there is a very familiar strain to this kind of talk, but the railroads evidently think it is sincere, for they came out openly against Stubbs in his campaign.

### *Stubbs in Ceylon and Labrador*

ONE of his railroad feats tickled the Kansans. The Missouri Pacific in Kansas was badly run down, in need of betterments, with inadequate equipment and service. There seemed to be no way of reaching George Gould until Stubbs found one. He went to New York and sent for Gould to come to his hotel. Gould came and brought a stenographer. Stubbs had a stenographer there. Stubbs got down to business without any delay. "Gould," he said, "unless you promise, in writing, to repair, equip and reform the Missouri Pacific road, so far as its Kansas branches are concerned, I will throw it into the hands of a receiver."

"But you can't do that, Mr. Governor," Gould protested.

"Can't I? Well, I'll show you. I'll have it in the hands of a receiver in forty-eight hours unless you do what I desire. Now, then, I want to know how that loan authorized by the Kansas Railroad Commissioners is to be expended."

Gould squirmed and refused to tell. Stubbs pounded on the table and insisted. Finally Gould told him and agreed to put nine million dollars of the loan into betterments of the Kansas branches and Stubbs came home on the next train. He was in New York thirty-six hours.

That, as we say, is the kind of a hairpin this man Stubbs is. He hasn't been still a minute since he has been governor. He took a hack at the University of Kansas and ordered it to get closer to the people. He made the professors go out and lecture before the farmers' institutes and granges and tell them how to make good roads and things of that sort; he sent out the professors from the agricultural college to cure blackleg, vaccinate for hog cholera, instruct the farmers how to beautify their homes—and be generally useful. He put normal courses in one hundred high schools. Personally, aside from all the missionary work he is having his state teachers do, he established a mission in Ceylon and maintains it, with house and church and minister. He keeps a man in Labrador experimenting with the ductless gland of the whale toward the end of discovering something valuable in optical surgery.

These are only a few of Stubbs' activities. If he is elected he has many other things in view. Chiefest of these is a public utilities commission along the lines of the Wisconsin commission, for which he is very much in earnest. His personal platform, on which he ran in the primaries, contained everything—almost everything, at any rate—mentioned in the Republican platform on which Stubbs stood in his campaign. Stubbs is against Cannonism and Aldrichism; thoroughly insurgent; against the Payne-Aldrich tariff; for a tariff commission, and for revision of the tariff one schedule at a time. He thinks violators of the antitrust laws should be imprisoned arbitrarily, on conviction, for not less than twenty years; and is for physical valuation of railroads, against overcapitalization and for authority for the Interstate Commerce Commission to supervise issues of

(Continued on Page 48)

# DEAD MEN'S SHOES

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

## Abe Potash Helps His Own Business by Minding Somebody Else's

I

"THERE goes that sucker, Louis Kronberg, from Port Sullivan," Abe Potash declared to his partner, Morris Perlmutter, as they looked from the windows of their showroom to the opposite sidewalk some four stories below. "Ain't it funny that feller would never buy from us a dollar's worth more goods?"

"The reason ain't hard to find, Abe," Morris replied. "Oncet a garment buyer gets into the hands of a competitor like Leon Sammet, it's all off. I bet yer Leon tells him we are all kinds of crooks and swindlers."

"What could you expect from a cutthroat like Leon Sammet? That feller is no good and his father before him is also a thief. I know his people from the old country yet. One was worser as the other."

*"What Could You Expect From a Cutthroat Like Leon Sammet?"*

"Well, there's nothing the matter with Louis' cousin, Alex Kronberg, anyhow," Morris observed. "That feller does a fine business in Bridgetown, and Sammet Brothers could no more take his trade away from us than they could fly."

"That ain't our fault, Mawruss," Abe rejoined. "Sammet Brothers is fly enough to do anything, Mawruss; but, the way Louis Kronberg hates Alex Kronberg, if they was to sell Alex a single garment, y'understand, Louis would never buy from them a dollar's worth more goods so long as he lived."

"Ain't it a disgrace them two fellers is such enemies, Abe?"

"Alex ain't no enemy, Mawruss," Abe said. "It's Louis what's the enemy. Alex don't trouble himself at all. He told me so himself. But that's the way it goes, Mawruss. Mosha Kronberg, Hillel Kronberg and Elkan Kronberg was three brothers which you don't see nowadays at all—more like friends than brothers, Mawruss. Hillel died ten years ago and I thought it would broke Mosha's heart. He looked after Hillel's widow and Hillel's boy, Alex, because Mosha never married, Mawruss. He was a born uncle. Then, when Elkan died a year later, I never seen a feller so broke up like Mosha in all my life. He goes to work and sends Elkan's boy, Louis, to business college, and Elkan's widow he takes to live with Hillel's widow, all together with himself and the two boys in that house of his on Madison Street. For three years they lived that way, and in the rest of the house Mosha couldn't keep any tenants at all. At last he gives Louis a couple thousand dollars and Alex the same, and Louis buys a store up in Port Sullivan, and Alex goes up to Bridgetown."

"What become of the widows, Abe?" Morris asked.

"I don't know is Elkan's widow living now *oder* not," Abe said, "but Mosha told me Hillel's widow wants to get married again, and Alex comes to him and says he should give the old lady anyhow a thousand dollars. Mosha wants to know what for, and Alex tells him he owes from Hillel's estate yet a couple thousand dollars."

"And did he?" Morris inquired.

"Suppose he did?" Abe replied. "He is entitled to it after what he puts up with during them three years they lived together. Well, Mosha and Alex gets right away fighting about it, and I guess Alex would of sued Mosha in the courts yet, only the old lady goes to work and dies on 'em all of a sudden."

"But why is Louis and Alex such enemies, Abe?" Morris asked.

"Well, it's like this, Mawruss; Louis and Alex is good friends until Uncle Mosha cut Alex out of his will. You see Louis and Alex is the only two relations which Mosha got at all. So naturally when Louis thinks he is coming in for the whole thing he begins to get sore at Alex, and the more Louis thinks that the old man really ought to leave half to Alex, the more he gets sore at Alex."

"The whole business is dead wrong, Abe," Morris commented. "In the first place, the old man ain't got no right to leave his money only to Louis; and in the second place, Louis ain't got no right to feel sore at Alex. And furthermore Alex ought to go round and see his uncle oncet in a while when he is in New York, in the third place."

"Well, why don't you tell him so this afternoon, Mawruss?" Abe said. "Alex is staying up at the Prince Clarence since last night already and he said he would be sure down here this afternoon."

"I will do so," Morris replied firmly.

"Go ahead," Abe added, "only one thing I got to tell you, Mawruss. There is some customers which would stand anything, Mawruss. You could ship 'em two garments short in every order; you could send 'em goods which ain't no more like the sample than bread is like *motsos;* you could overcharge 'em in your statements; you could even draw on 'em one day after their account is due, and still they would buy goods of you; but so soon as you start to butt into their family affairs, Mawruss, that's the finish, Mawruss. They would leave you like a shot."

"Alex Kronberg wouldn't take it so particular," Morris retorted. "He knows I am only doing it for his own good."

"Oh, if you are only doing it for his own good, Mawruss, then that's something else again," Abe said; "because in that case we would not only lose him for a customer, Mawruss, but we would also make an enemy of him for life."

"You shouldn't worry," Morris replied as he put on his hat preparatory to going out to lunch. "I know how to take care of a customer all right."

Nevertheless Morris cogitated his partner's advice throughout the entire lunch hour, and over his dessert he commenced to formulate a tentative plan for restoring Alex Kronberg to his inheritance.

Two cups of coffee and a second helping of *mohn* cake aided the process of cerebrating this scheme, so that when Morris returned to his place of business it was nearly two o'clock.

"Abe," he said as he entered, "I've been thinking over this here matter about Alex Kronberg, and I ain't going to talk to Alex about it at all. Do you know what I'm going to do?"

Abe grabbed his hat and turned to Morris with a savage glare.

"Sure, I know what you are going to do, Mawruss," Potash bellowed belligerently. "Henceforth, from tomorrow on, you are going to do this, Mawruss. You are going to lunch after I am coming back. I could drop dead from hunger already for all you care. I got a stomach too, Mawruss, and don't you forget it."

II

MOSHA KRONBERG lived on the ground floor of his own tenement house on Madison Street, and to say that Louis Kronberg worshiped the ground his uncle walked on would be to utter the literal truth.

"Well, Uncle, how do you feel today?" Louis inquired the morning after Abe and Morris had so thoroughly discussed the Kronberg family relations.

"I could feel a whole lot better, Louis, and I could feel a whole lot worse," Mosha Kronberg replied. "Them suckers has been after me again."

"Which ones are they now?" Louis asked, his curiosity aroused.

"An orphan asylum," Mosha replied. "The gall which some people got it, Louis, honestly you wouldn't believe it at all. They want me I should give 'em two hundred and fifty dollars. I told 'em time enough when I would die, *Gott soll hüten.*"

"What are you talking nonsense, Uncle Mosha?" Louis broke in. "You ain't going to die for a long time yet; and anyhow, Uncle Mosha, if people goes to work and has children which they couldn't support while they are living even, why should they get any of your money to support 'em after you are dead? No one asks them suckers they should have children. Ain't I right?"

"Sure you are right," Uncle Mosha agreed. "Hospitals also, Louis. If I got one hospital bothering me, I must got a dozen. Why should I bother myself with hospitals, Louis? A lowlife, a gambler, hangs around liquor saloons all times of the night till he gets sick, y'understand, and then he must go to a hospital and get well on my money yet. I see myself!"

"What hospital was it?" Louis inquired.

"The Mount Hebron Hospital," Uncle Mosha replied. "There is the catalogue now. They are sending it me this morning only."

Louis seized the annual report and list of donating members of the hospital and opened it at the letter K.

"Do you know what I think, Uncle?" Louis cried. "I think that Alex Kronberg puts 'em up to asking you for money."

"Alex puts 'em up to it?" Mosha repeated. "What for should Alex do such a thing?"

"Here; let me show you," Louis cried. "Alex himself gives them fakers five dollars. Here it is in black on white: 'Alex Kronberg, Bridgetown, Pennsylvania, five dollars.'"

Uncle Mosha adjusted a pair of eyeglasses to his broad, flat nose and perused the record of his nephew's extravagance with bulging eyes.

"Well, what d'ye think for a sucker like that!" he exclaimed.

"I tell you the honest truth, Uncle," Louis said, "I don't want to say nothing about Alex at all, but the way that feller is acting, just because he does a little good business in his store, honestly it's a disgrace. He sends my mother for ten dollars a birthday present too. Do I need that sucker he should give my mother birthday presents? He is throwing away his money left and right, and the first thing you know he is coming to you borrowing yet."

"He should save himself the trouble," Uncle Mosha declared. "His tongue should be hanging out of his mouth with hunger, Louis, and I wouldn't give him oser one cent."

Louis' face broke into a thousand wrinkles as he beamed his satisfaction.

"Well, Uncle," he said, "I must got to be going. I got a whole lot of things to do today. Take care of yourself."

"Don't worry about me, Louis," Uncle Mosha replied. "I could take care of myself all right. You wouldn't drink maybe a glass of *schnaps* or something before you go? No? All right."

He always delayed his proffer of hospitality until Louis was on the front stoop. After the latter had turned the corner of Pike Street Uncle Mosha lingered to take the morning air. A fresh breeze from the southwest brought with it a faint odor of salt herring and onions from the grocery store next door, while from the bakery across the street came the fragrant evidence of a large batch of *Kümmel brod*. He sighed contentedly and turned to

*"You Shouldn't Take on So. It's the Way of the World, Mr. Gershon"*

reënter the house, but even as he did so he wheeled about in response to the greeting: "How do you do, Mr. Kronberg?"

The speaker was none other than Morris Perlmutter, who had tossed on his pillow until past midnight devising a plan for approaching Uncle Mosha in a plausible manner. Now that his quarry had fallen so opportunely within his grasp, Morris' face wreathed itself in smiles of such amiability that Uncle Mosha grew at once suspicious.

"You got the advantage from me," he said.

"Why, don't you know me?" Morris cooed.

"I think," Uncle Mosha replied guardedly, "I seen you oncet before somewheres. You are a collector for a hospital or a orphan asylum, or some such sucker game. Ain't it?"

Morris laughed mirthlessly. His discarded plan for renewing his acquaintance with Uncle Mosha had involved the pretense that he was seeking to interest the old gentleman in the Home for Chronic Invalids, Independent Order Mattai Aaron, of which fraternity Morris was an active member; and Uncle Mosha's apparent distaste for organized charity proved rather disconcerting.

"You're a poor guesser, Mr. Kronberg," he said.

"Then you are connected with some charity. Ain't it?" Uncle Mosha continued.

Morris denied it indignantly.

"*Gott soll hüten,*" he said. "My name is Mr. Perlmutter and I am in the cloak and suit business."

"Oh, I remember now!" Uncle Mosha cried. The news that Morris was no charity worker restored him to high good humor.

"I remember you perfect now," he said, shaking hands effusively with Morris. "You got a partner by the name Potash, ain't it?"

"That's right," Morris replied.

"And what brings you over here in this *nachbarschaft?*" Uncle Mosha inquired.

Morris looked from Uncle Mosha to the tarnished brass plate on the side of the tenement-house door. It read as follows:

M. KRONBERG
REAL ESTATE

"The fact is," Morris said, "I am coming to see you in a business way, and if you got time I'd like to say a little something to you."

"Come inside," Uncle Mosha grunted. He thought he discerned a furtive timidity in his visitor's manner strongly indicative of an impending touch.

"In the first place," he began, after Morris was seated, "I ain't got so much money which people think I got it."

"I never thought you did," said Morris, and Uncle Mosha glared in response.

"But I ain't no beggar neither, y'understand," he retorted. "I got a little something left anyhow."

"Sure, I know," Morris agreed; "but what you have got or what you ain't got is neither here or there. I am coming over this morning to ask you something a question."

Here he paused. He had not yet determined what the question would be, and it occurred to him that, unless it were sufficiently momentous to account for his presence on the lower East Side during the busiest hours of a business day, Uncle Mosha would show him the door.

"Go ahead and ask it, then," Uncle Mosha broke in impatiently. "I couldn't sit here all day."

"The fact is," Morris said slowly, and then his mind reverted to the brass plate on the door and he at once proceeded with renewed confidence—"The fact is I am coming over here to ask you something a question which a friend of mine would like to buy a property on the East Side."

"A property," Uncle Mosha repeated. "A property is something else again. What for a property would your friend like to buy it?"

"A fine property," Morris replied; "a property like you got it here."

"But this here property ain't for sale," Uncle Mosha said. "I got the house here now since 1890 already, and I guess I would keep it."

"Sure, I know; that's all right," Morris went on; "but I thought, even if you wouldn't want to sell the house, you know such a whole lot about real estate, Mr. Kronberg, you could help us out a little."

The hard lines about Uncle Mosha's mouth relaxed into a smile.

"Well, when it comes to real estate," he said, "I ain't a fool exactly, y'understand."

"That's what I was told," Morris continued. "A friend of mine he says to me: 'If any one could tell you about real estate, Mosha Kronberg could. There's a man,' he says, 'which his opinion you could trust in it anything what he says is so. If the Astors and the Goelets would know about East Side real estate what that feller knows—understand me—instead of their hundreds of millions they would have thousands of millions already.'"

Uncle Mosha fairly beamed.

"Yes, Mr. Kronberg," Morris went on, without taking breath, "he says to me: 'You should go and see Uncle Mosha; he's a gentleman and he would treat you right.' 'But,' I says to him, 'I ain't got no right to butt in on your Uncle Mosha. You see, Alex,' I says ——"

"Alex!" Uncle Mosha cried. "Did Alex Kronberg send you here?"

"That's who it was," Morris replied.

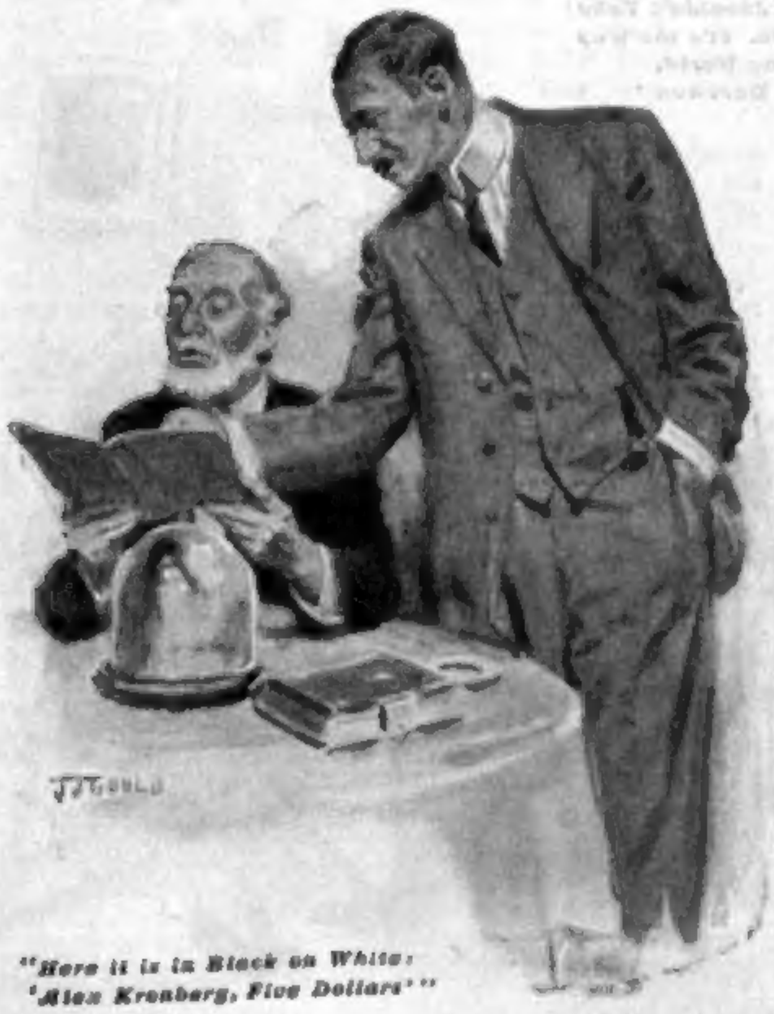
"Then all I could say is," Uncle Mosha thundered, "you should go right back to Alex and tell him from me that I says any friend of his which he comes to me looking for information about real estate, he's lucky I don't kick him into the street yet."

He jumped up from his chair and opened the door leading into the public hall.

"Go on," he roared, "out from my house."

Morris rose leisurely to his feet and pulled a large cigar from his pocket.

"If that's the way you feel about it, Mr. Kronberg," he said gently, "*schon gut.* I wouldn't bother you any more. At the same time, Mr. Kronberg, if ever you should want to sell the house, y'understand, let me know; that's all." As he passed out of the door he laid the cigar on a side table and its bright red band immediately caught the eye of Uncle Mosha. He pounced on it and was about to hurl it after his departing visitor when something about the smoothness of the wrapper made him pause. Five minutes later he lolled back in a horsehair-covered rocker and puffed contentedly at Morris' cigar. "After all," he said, "I might get a good price for the house anyway."



"Here it is in Black on White: 'Alex Kronberg, Five Dollars'"

### III

FROM Mosha Kronberg's tenement house on Madison Street to the cloak and suit district, at Nineteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, is less than two miles as the crow flies, but Morris Perlmutter's journey uptown was accomplished in less direct fashion. He spent over half an hour in an antiquated horse car and by the time the Broadway car to which he transferred had reached Madison Square it was nearly twelve o'clock. As he walked down Nineteenth Street he almost collided with Abe, whose face wore a frown.

"Say, lookyhere, Mawruss!" he cried. "What kind of business is this? Here you are just getting downtown and I am going out to lunch already."

"Sure, I know," Morris retorted. "You think of nothing but your stomach. Believe me, Abe, I worked hard enough this morning."

"Worked nothing!" Abe rejoined. "You have been up to some monkey business, Mawruss; otherwise why should Mosha Kronberg telephone us just now he thought the matter over since you left there and he would be up to see you this afternoon already."

"Wiped Again"

"What!" Morris cried. "Did Mosha Kronberg telephone that himself?"

"All right, Mawruss; then I am a liar!" Abe exploded. "I am telling you with my own ears I heard him."

"I believe you, Abe," Morris said soothingly. "Don't hurry back from your lunch. I got lots of time."

"I would hurry back *oder* not, as I please, Mawruss," Abe retorted as he trudged off toward Hammersmith's restaurant. There he ministered to his outraged feelings with a steaming dish of *gefüllte rinderbrust*, and it was not till he had sopped up the last drop of gravy with a piece of rye bread that he became conscious of a stranger sitting opposite to him.

"Excuse me," said the latter, "you got a little soup on the lapel of your coat."

"That ain't soup," Abe explained, as he dipped his napkin in his glass of ice-water and started to remove the stain; "that's a little *gefüllte rinderbrust*, which they fix it so thin and watery nowadays it might just as well be soup the way it's always getting over your clothes."

"Things ain't the same like they used to be," the stranger remarked. "Twenty—twenty-five years ago a feller could get a meal down on Canal Street for a quarter—understand me—which it was really something you could say was remarkable. Take any of them places, Gifkin's *oder* Wasserbauer's. Ain't I right?"

"Did you used to went to Gifkin's?" Abe asked.

"I should say!" his vis-à-vis replied. "When I was a boy of fifteen I am eating always regularly by Gifkin's."

"Me too. I used to eat a whole lot by Gifkin's," Abe said; "in fact, I think I must of seen you there."

"I shouldn't wonder," the stranger continued. "At the time I was working by old man Baum right across from Gifkin's. He was my uncle already."

"You are old man Baum's nephew!" Abe exclaimed. "How could that be? Old man Baum only got one brother, Nathan, which he got mixed up in a railroad accident near Knoxville. He was always up to some monkey business, that feller, *olav hasholom.*"

"Sure, I know," the stranger continued; "but old man Baum got also one sister, my mother, Mrs. Gershon. You must remember my father, Sam Gershon. Works for years by Richter as a cutter. My name is Mr. Max Gershon."

"Why, sure I do!" Abe said, shaking hands with his newfound acquaintance. "So you are a son of old man Gershon? Do you live here in New York, Mr. Gershon?"

"No; I live in Johnsville, Texas," Mr. Gershon replied. "This is my first visit north in twenty-five years. Yes, Mr. — er ——"

"Potash," Abe said.

"Mr. Potash," Gershon continued, "I'm feeling pretty lonesome, I can tell you. All my folks is dead: my father, my mother, my two uncles; and there ain't a soul here in New York which remembers me at all."

"Is that so?" Abe commented, with ready sympathy.

"Yes, Mr. Potash," Gershon said, "when I was a boy I done a fool thing. When I was sixteen years old already I run away from home because my father licked me; and I never wrote to 'em or sent no word to 'em until it was too late. You see, up to five years since, I didn't done so good. Everything seemed to went against me, Mr. Potash; but lately I am doing a fine business for a small place like Johnsville, and today I got the best store down there."

"You don't say so!" Abe cried.

"So I thought last month, instead I would go to Dallas or Forth Worth like I usually done, I would come straight on to New York and not only buy my fall goods but also give the old folks a surprise. And what do I find? Everybody is dead."

Mr. Gershon pressed a handkerchief to his eyes.

"You shouldn't take on so," Abe said, leaning across the table and placing his hand on Gershon's arm. "It's the way of the world, Mr. Gershon, and I could assure you we got the finest line of garments in our store, which it is first-class stuff, up to the minute, and prices and everything just right."

Mr. Gershon wiped his eyes.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Potash," he said. "My feelings is got the better of me."

"That's all right," Abe murmured. "Here is our card, and you should positively come up to see us. Even if you

wouldn't buy from us a button, Mr. Gershon, it would be a pleasure for us to see you in our place."

"I would sure be there," Mr. Gershon said as he pocketed the card.

"Waiter," Abe called, "put this here gentleman's check on mine and bring us two of them thirty-cent cigars."

*IV*

SO EAGERLY did Morris await the advent of Uncle Mosha Kronberg in Potash & Perlmutter's store that he even omitted to notice his partner's prolonged absence at lunch; and when Abe returned to unfold the narrative of his meeting with a prospective customer Morris heard it without interest.

"The feller is A number one, Mawruss," Abe said. "I stopped off to see Sam Feder at the Kosciusko Bank, and Sam sent me to the Associated Information Bureau. He is rated twenty to thirty thousand; credit good."

"Yes?" Morris replied. "Tell me, Abe, did Mosha Kronberg say just when he would be here?"

"What are you wasting your time about Mosha Kronberg for?" Abe retorted. "We got enough to do we should pick out a few good styles to show Gershon."

Morris nodded absently. His thoughts were centered on a short old man with close-cropped beard who at that very moment was turning the corner of Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street. Simultaneously Louis Kronberg ran across the street from Sammet Brothers' doorway and clapped the old gentleman on the shoulder.

"Hello, Uncle Mosha!" he cried. "What are you doing around here?"

"Couldn't I come uptown oncet in a while if I would want to?" Uncle Mosha replied, somewhat testily.

"Sure, sure," Louis Kronberg hastened to say. "Did you eat yet?"

"I never eat in the middle of the day," Uncle Mosha said. "I am up here on business."

"On business?" Louis repeated. "What for business?"

"I think I sold the house," Mosha replied.

For one brief moment Louis gazed at his uncle and then he linked his arm in that of the old man. "Come over to Twenty-third Street and drink anyhow a cup of coffee," he said, and ten minutes later they entered an enameled brick dairy restaurant.

"You say you think you sold the house?" Louis said, after a waitress had served them.

Uncle Mosha nodded. He was emptying a cup of coffee in long, noisy inhalations and at the same time consuming cheese sandwiches with uncommonly keen appetite—for a man who never ate in the middle of the day.

"Yes, Louis," Uncle Mosha said, as he emerged all dripping from the cup, "I think I sold the house and I guess I would have another cup coffee."

"Go ahead," Louis replied. "But what for you want to sell the house, Uncle Mosha? It brings you in anyhow a good income."

"A good income for some people, Louis, but for me not. What is one thousand a year, Louis?"

"One thousand a year, Uncle, is a whole lot, especially to a man like you, what lives simple."

"My living expenses is very little, I admit, Louis," Uncle Mosha replied, after he had disposed of the second cup of coffee with noises approximating a bathtubful of soapy water disappearing down the waste pipe. "I don't make no fuss about my living, Louis; but you got to remember, Louis, that a man couldn't live on living expenses alone. Oncet in a while a feller likes to take a little flyer in the market and try and make a few dollars. Ain't it?"

"What!" Louis exclaimed. This was a phase of his uncle's character that had never been exposed before.

"Yes, Louis," Uncle Mosha continued; "living ain't only having a room to sleep in and food to eat, Louis. Other things is living, Louis. Stocks is living and auction pinocle is also living, and going oncet in a while on the ayter is living too, Louis. I may be an old man, Louis, but I ain't dead yet."

Louis' pale face grew almost ghastly at these shocking disclosures, and when Uncle Mosha concluded his audacious creed with a furtive wink his nephew visibly started.

"But you got plenty other money to invest in the stock market without you would sell the house, Uncle Mosha," he said.

"Have I?" Uncle Mosha rejoined. "That's news to me, Louis. You see in nineteen-seven was a big panic and some stocks is better as others. Them which ain't, Louis, they went and gone so low, Louis, they ain't never come back again and perhaps never will. Might you heard something about it in Port Sullivan maybe? Ten thousand dollars I dropped on them suckers down in Wall Street, Louis."

Uncle Mosha smiled blandly at his nephew, who grasped the edge of the table to steady his whirling senses.

"But what's the use talking," Uncle Mosha continued. "What is *sorbei* is *sorbei;* and I guess I would have another cup of coffee."

"You had enough coffee," Louis cried sternly. "So you gone and dropped your money on stocks, hey?"

Uncle Mosha shrugged and extended one palm in philosophic resignation.

"It was my own money, Louis," he said. "I didn't stole it."

"This ain't no time for making jokes, Uncle Mosha," Louis retorted. "Who was it you was going to sell the house to?"

"Maybe you know him," Uncle Mosha said. "It's a feller by the name Mawruss Perlmutter."

Louis Kronberg's pallor gave way to a flood of crimson, and for a moment he choked incoherently as he gazed at Uncle Mosha in amazement.

"Why, that feller Perlmutter is a friend of Alex," he gasped at length.

"Sure, I know," Uncle Mosha replied; "but even if he is a friend of Alex his money ain't counterfeit."

"But he'd rob you of your shirt, Uncle Mosha," Louis exclaimed. "He's a dangerous feller."

"I'm used to dangerous fellers, Louis," Uncle Mosha answered calmly. "I told you before, I dropped ten thousand in Wall Street."

"Yes; and if you would sold this here house, Uncle Mosha, you would drop ten thousand more."

"Not by a damsite," Louis declared, as he rose from his chair and grasped his uncle firmly by the arm. "You come with me and we'll sell this house to a feller I know."

*V*

WHEN Max Gershon entered the salesroom of Potash & Perlmutter that afternoon, Abe treated the incident as though it were the arrival of an intimate friend after an absence of many years' duration.

"How are you feeling now, Max?" he said, and then he introduced his partner. "Mawruss," he called, "this is my friend Mr. Max Gershon. Get the cigars from the safe, Mawruss."

After he had relieved his visitor of his hat and coat he drew forward a comfortable chair and literally thrust Max into it.

"Well, Max," Abe said, after the cigars had gone around, "I sure am glad to see you. Mawruss, don't he look like his uncle, old man Baum?"

Morris regarded Max critically for a moment.

"Old man Baum was a pretty good-looking feller, Abe," he said, "but he wasn't so tall as Mr. Gershon; otherwise they are the same identical people."

"Never mind his looks," Max said, beaming. "If I should have only his business ability I would be satisfied."

"He made plenty money in his time," Morris commented.

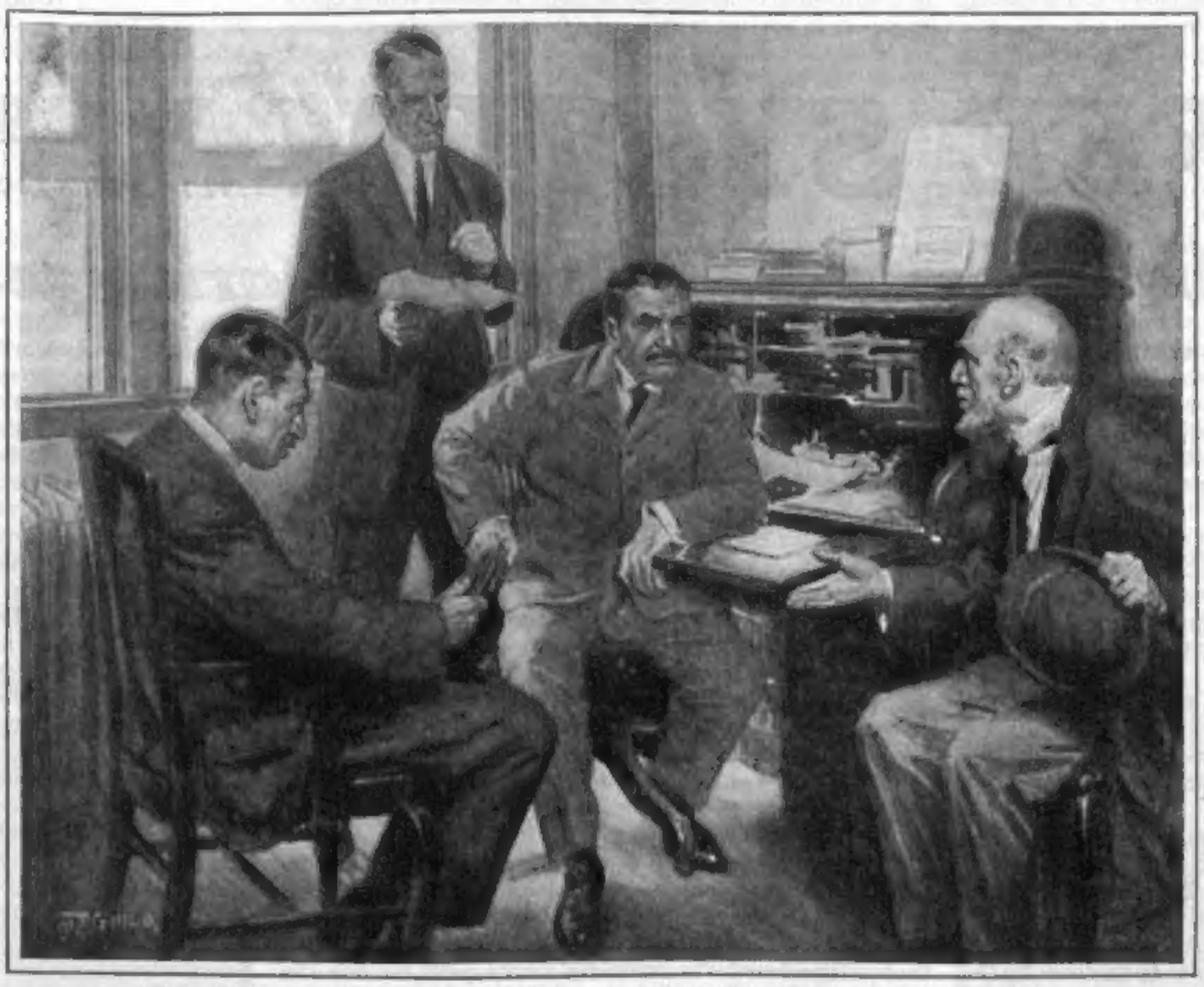
"Yes, and lost it again too," Max added; "but what's the use talking? Money I ain't in need of exactly, y'understand."

"You need goods, Max," Abe said. "Is that it?"

"Well, I do and I don't, Abe," Max replied. "The fact is, Abe, I got a good business down in Johnsville, but I couldn't extend it none on account the place ain't big enough. Former times that was all cattle country around there, and now it's all truck farms and cotton, and what sort of business could a drygoods merchant do with cotton hands? Ain't I right?"

Abe nodded.

"I tell you the honest truth, Abe," Max continued. "I would like to sell out and come North. I got an idee if I would find some hustling young feller up here which he got a good department store—good but small, y'understand—in a live town, Abe, I would go with him as partners together, and we could extend the business and make a good thing of it."



*"The Feller Which I Bought the House From Was a Salesman for a Shirt Concern"*

Abe looked at Morris and then he slapped his thigh with his open hand.

"By jimminy," he cried, "I got the very thing for you, Max."

Morris gazed at his partner with raised eyebrows and then he too slapped his thigh.

"Alex Kronberg!" he exclaimed.

"That's the feller," Abe said. "There's a man, Max, which he is honest like the day and smart as a cutting machine. I know him since he was a baby, y'understand, and he's worked his way up till now he's got a fine business in Bridgetown. Only yesterday he says to me if he could get a live partner with a little capital, y'understand, he would soon got the biggest store in Bridgetown."

"What for a town is Bridgetown?" Max asked.

"Bridgetown is all right, Max," Abe said. "I give you my word, Max, they got so many factories there which they burn soft coal, on the brightest days you couldn't see the sun at all. It's an elegant place, Max."

"And what is more, Max," Morris added, "only last Saturday night, Alex tells me, the store was so crowded two saleswomen fainted."

"It sounds good," Max admitted. "Who did you say owns the store?"

"Alex Kronberg," Morris replied.

"Kronberg—Kronberg," Max repeated. "The name sounds familiar. When did you say he would be here?"

"He ought to be in here every minute," Abe said. Hardly had he spoken when the elevator door clanged and Alex himself entered.

He glistened with perspiration, and his round, good-humored face bore a broad grin.

"Phoo-ee!" he cried. "I'm all heated up."

"What's the trouble, Alex?" Morris asked.

"Not ten thousand, Louis. I only got eight thousand equity in the house."

Again Louis stared at his uncle.

"Do you mean to told me you only got eight thousand dollars in the world?" he groaned.

"The world is a pretty big place, Louis," Uncle Mosha said; "but I wouldn't lie to you anyhow. Eight thousand is the figure."

"Then all I could say is, Uncle Mosha, before you would got to go begging on the streets yet, you would better sell that house and come to live with me up in Port Sullivan."

Uncle Mosha shrugged once more.

"I'll tell you the truth, Louis," he said; "I was going to suggest that to you myself yet. So let's go right off and see this here Perlmutter and we'll talk about Port Sullivan later."

"I just run into Louis and Uncle Mosha coming out of a coffee house, and the way them two suckers cussed me out, Mawruss!—you wouldn't believe it at all. I couldn't understand what they was talking about, Mawruss, but they mentioned your name and something about Mosha's house on Madison Street."

Abe glared at Morris and then turned to Alex with a forced smile.

"Don't you bother yourself about them fellers, Alex," he said.

"What do I care for 'em, Abe?" Alex replied. "I got my own troubles."

"Sure," Morris broke in; "but what did they say about the house, Alex?"

"So far what I could hear, Mawruss, Louis says you are trying to buy from Mosha the house."

"No such thing, Alex, believe me," Abe interrupted.

"But Louis says he's already got a customer for the house," Alex went on; "and who d'ye think it is?"

Abe wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and continued to glare at Morris.

"I don't know who it is," Abe said, "and, what's more, I don't care. I want to introduce you to a friend of mine, Alex. This is Mr. Max Gershon, from Johnsville, Texas."

"I'm pleased to meetcher, Mr. Gershon," Alex replied. "Yes, Mawruss, Louis says he sold the house already, and who d'ye think he sold it to?"

Morris made an inarticulate noise which he intended as an expression of curiosity.

"A friend of yours by the name Leon Sammet," Alex Kronberg said.

VI

"YOU see how it is?" Louis Kronberg said to his Uncle Mosha as they passed down Fifth Avenue after their encounter with Alex. "You see how it is? The feller is a desperate character, Uncle Mosha. You couldn't make him mad even."

"A lowlife!" Uncle Mosha cried, shaking his head from side to side. "His mother before him was just such another like him. I could spit blood hollering at that woman and she wouldn't answer me back at all."

"Well, now you got it," Louis retorted triumphantly; "and so, if you would start to sell your house to his friend, Perlmutter, the least that happens to you is they would do you for the whole thing."

"Maybe you're right," Uncle Mosha admitted.

"And so I am going to take you over to see a friend of mine by the name Leon Sammet," Louis continued, "and if you want to leave the thing to me, Uncle Mosha, I am certain sure I could get you a good price for the house."

"Certain sure nobody could be of getting a good price for a house in these times, Louis," Uncle Mosha said. "Real estate on the East Side is 'way down, Louis. The subway ruins everything."

"I don't care about subways nor nothing," Louis cried. "I would get you what you want for that house. What would you consider a good price for the house, Uncle?"

"A very good price would be forty-two two-fifty," Uncle Mosha replied; "but me I would be willing to accept forty thousand."

"Well, lookyhere," Louis commenced; "I'm going to do this for you, Uncle Mosha. I'm going to get Leon Sammet to give you not forty thousand or forty-two two-fifty neither. I'm going to get Leon Sammet to give you forty-three thousand for the house, Uncle; but I only do it on one condition, Uncle."

"And what is that?" Uncle Mosha asked.

"I would do it for you only on condition you come to live with me at Port Sullivan," Louis concluded; "and also you must give me, to take care of it for you, all the cash money you get for the house."

Uncle Mosha frowned as he drew from his pocket a small packet wrapped in newspaper. This he proceeded to unwrap until there was exposed the unburnt half of a large black cigar. It was all that remained of Morris Perlmutter's gift and Uncle Mosha carefully knocked the ash off before he put it in his mouth.

"Why don't you answer me?" Louis asked.

"I got to think, ain't I?" Uncle Mosha mumbled as he paused to light up. He puffed away in silence until they had nearly reached the entrance to Sammet Brothers' place of business.

"*Schon gut*, Louis," Uncle Mosha said at length. "I will do it with this here exception: I would sell the house for forty-three thousand dollars, subject to a first mortgage of twenty-five thousand dollars and a second mortgage of ninety-two hundred and fifty dollars. That leaves eighty-seven hundred and fifty dollars balance, ain't it?"

Louis nodded.

"Then this here Sammet is to pay seven hundred and fifty dollars cash on signing the contract and eight thousand dollars on closing the title," Uncle Mosha declared; "and the exception is that you should take care of the eight thousand dollars, but the seven hundred and fifty dollars belongs to me and I could do what I like with it."

For ten minutes Louis argued with his uncle in front of Sammet Brothers' building, but all to no purpose, for Uncle Mosha remained unmoved. Either he was to receive the seven hundred and fifty dollars on the signing of the contract or the entire deal was off; and at length he prevailed.

"All right," Louis said, "you shall have the seven hundred and fifty; but one thing you must got to do. When we go into Leon Sammet's loft I want you to let me and Leon speak a few words something alone together. Are you agreeable?"

"Sure, why not?" Uncle Mosha agreed. "You got to work the feller up to buying the house, ain't yer?"

Louis nodded gloomily as they entered the elevator, and when it stopped at Sammet Brothers' floor he strode out so rapidly that Uncle Mosha, who had never before visited Sammet Brothers', hardly noticed his nephew's exit. Before he could follow Louis the elevator attendant slammed the door, and it was not reopened until Uncle Mosha had expressed his agitation in a burst of spirited profanity.

"Did you see that, Louis?" he exclaimed after he had caught up to his nephew. "I come pretty close to getting killed just now in that there elevator."

"Why don't you keep your eyes open?" Louis asked callously. "Now you sit down here and wait until I am coming out."

He entered Leon Sammet's private office, and as soon as Uncle Mosha found himself alone in the showroom he clinched the butt of his cigar between his yellow teeth and explored his pockets for pencil and paper. Having found them, he was soon plunged in a maze of figures representing the profit in going short of seven hundred shares on

(Continued on Page 57)

# THE FEE SYSTEM

By CARL CROW

ILLUSTRATION BY F. L. FITHIAN

## An Inheritance From the Dark Ages

WITHOUT looking up from his book, as mechanically as though he were checking a list of assorted merchandise, the police-court clerk called the next case on the docket: "John Washington, disturbing the peace."

A negro, very small and very black, shuffled from the bench and came to a halt in front of the judge. He was not a stranger in the place, and in so far as the edicts of the court affected his finances or his freedom of body he was familiar with the routine. Therefore he grinned and said: "I's guilty, Jedge."

"One and ——" responded the judge in the vernacular, which being translated means: "I hereby impose on you a fine of one dollar, and you must pay the costs incident to your arrest and arraignment."

"George Smith, disturbing the peace," droned the clerk.

A second negro, less at home than the other, faced the judge. He was willing to admit that he had disturbed the peace technically.

He had come home the night before, excited by gin, and had cuffed the piccaninnies around the room, sending them sprawling and crying to bed. Then he sat down to supper. This was not to his liking, and the gin within him prompted him to throw a few dishes at his wife and bring the black heads of his neighbors to their doors by the violence of his protests. All this was customary in the negro settlement where George lived, but some one had violated the code and sent for the police.

Hence he was in court this morning, and his wife, with her head bound up to conceal the place where a flying dish had scratched her scalp, was on hand to aid with crafty testimony her husband's escape from the law, or, if more expedient, accomplish the same result by combat with the law's representatives.

George mentally reviewed these events as he stood there, and he began to explain to the judge with the manner of one who has been injured by the crass act of another.

"Are you guilty, or not guilty?" interrupted the judge.

"I guess I's guilty," said George.

"Ten and ——" remarked the judge, and the clerk called another name.

The machinery of this small court is designed by a statute that has descended through a long ancestral line of

governments and originated in the mind of some thrifty Royalist of several centuries ago. Under its provisions the convicted party pays certain costs that are attached to the trial of every criminal case. The price of justice in this particular court was $5.75, which was divided as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| City marshal | $1.00 |
| City attorney | 1.00 |
| Police judge | 2.00 |
| Court clerk | 1.00 |
| Officer making arrest | .75 |

The same thrifty mind that planned this equitable schedule of prices foresaw what claims would be made on the public treasury if the guilty ones against whom these charges were made proved insolvent, and wisely provided that in the event the convicted party paid his fine the officers might collect their fees, but if he preferred going to jail the officers were left with nothing more substantial than the feeling that they had, perhaps, done their duty.

According to custom, John Washington and George Jones were searched when brought to the station-house. John, who held a steady job and had started his fight without any previous expense for gin, had been found to be in possession of a ten-dollar bill, four dimes and a pocket-knife. George, who was a cotton-picking, shoe-shining, odd-job nigger, had been found to possess a silver dollar, a suspender button, two nickels, and a notice from his landlord that he must either pay his rent or move.

Very logically, then, the police judge concluded that John Washington would pay his fine and go back to work, provided the total expense was not more than ten dollars. Very logically, too, he concluded that George Smith would settle in jail, whatever should be the wages of his particular sin. Reasoning from the same premises one might arrive naturally at the conclusion that John is a hard-working negro who should be allowed to return to his duties, and that George is a pretty worthless and shiftless citizen and might as well as not spend a week or so in jail.

No matter which method of reasoning is adopted the result is the same: the negro with money in his pocket receives the small fine; the negro with no money receives the big fine or the jail sentence. Under this arrangement the officers receive the greatest amount in fees. In the cases of John and George, they received $5.75, for John paid his fine and George went to jail. If each had been fined ten dollars, both would have repaired to jail and the officers would have received nothing. If each fine had been small George would have gone to jail anyway, but his stay would have been so short that his host, the city jailer, would have found very little profit therein.

From this it may be seen that the fee system of paying public officers provides a means of regulating the fines of offenders in a way that will bring the greatest amount of revenue to the officers. Because of this system the prisoner with money is a source of revenue to the judge and all the officers of the court; the prisoner who leaves nothing on deposit is one from whom no profit can be secured, except by the city jailer, who, we will presume, has a satisfactory contract for prisoners' meals.

Probably this does not, in many cases, affect the decrees of the court. Probably in many courts all prisoners are treated with the same severity or tolerance. Admitting this, the fact remains that under the fee system of compensation it is to the interest of the court to suit the penalties to the pocketbook of the prisoners.

Some time after the appearance of our dusky friends in this court a rift came in the city administration, for the mayor discovered that the police judge, the city marshal, the court clerk and the city attorney had conspired to defeat him for reëlection. The mayor did not plead with them. He did not ask gratitude for past favors or promise anything for the future. He had a better weapon. On the morning following the discovery of the pact he looked over a list of the convictions in the police court and calmly remitted the fines of those whom his practiced eye detected as cash customers of the court. This was in accordance with authority duly vested in him. He kept this up for a week and then the insurgents surrendered.

At one time in the development of criminal law the state concerned itself only with the punishment of offenses committed against the state itself. He who disobeyed the royal mandates was stoned to death or drawn and quartered, according to the taste of the tribunal for dramatic effect. The state could not concern itself with petty quarrels, and the neolithic code for the settlement of private crimes prevailed. When one Saxon brawler cracked the skull of another, the injured party sought reparation through an exchange of attentions. If he achieved not only a cracked skull but also a bloody nose he was ahead of the game, having a balance of one bloody nose in his favor. Naturally these scores were seldom evenly balanced. In the ardor of personal encounter the seeker for justice never knew where to stop, and in the absence of carefully selected referees, stakeholders and moving-picture machines, it was impossible to arrive at an equitable settlement. Feuds, assassinations and brawls resulted, working great confusion to the body politic and embarrassment to the operations of the army.

### *The Beginnings of Modern Methods*

A NEW system was devised. Primeval statesmen, stumbling through the dark ages when law was simple and the courts were vigorously effective, set down a list of all the crimes man might commit and affixed to each a penalty. For the theft of an ox you might be whipped at the cart's tail; for a breach of the peace you might suffer the loss of an ear. In the light of modern criminal practice the system appears crude, but it was an improvement over the previous arrangement. Only one serious objection was raised, coming from the watchdogs of the treasury. It necessitated an expensive new system of courts that poverty-stricken royalty could ill afford, owing to the high price of mead and good broadswords.

The problem was solved with barbaric directness and simplicity. Let the offenders for whom this excellent law was provided pay the costs! Thereafter when the bailiff went to make an arrest he took the accused to prison, and at the same time drove the accused's cow to some place convenient for a distribution of the beef between the officers of the law.

Our laws have changed somewhat in a few thousand years. Of the ten crimes that, under the Hebraic law, were punishable by stoning, only one is now recognizable as a crime. We no longer throw people into prison for debt, cut off the ears of traitors, or gag garrulous women (more's the pity); but the fee system, devised in the dark ages before the invention of printing, still exists, with modern trimmings.

As soon as the wheels of the system of criminal courts begin turning, the fees start to accumulate. The schedule of fees contemplates every possible official act and provides a fee that each officer may charge. The schedule is so complete that the clerk is allowed a fee for determining what his fees shall be! With the operation of every one of the tedious processes of law the costs pile up higher.

Let us consider the case of Pinkie Conway. Pinkie is not a dangerous criminal. He lives by his low wits, playing cheap gambling games, grafting free lunches and lodging at saloons, following races and occasionally working to escape hunger. Sometimes when his luck is favorable Pinkie has as much as seventy-five dollars, and it was on one of these rare occasions that a deputy sheriff approached him with a warrant for his arrest.

"What's de game?" demanded Pinkie.

"You're charged with gambling."

"But I ain't done it," protested Pinkie.

"You can prove that?" returned the deputy, unconsciously reversing the intent of the law, which presupposes the innocence of even such as Pinkie. The two went to the courthouse, Pinkie protesting, the representative of the law stern and determined.

Some time before the arrest was made the fee system was already in operation to transfer a large part of Pinkie's seventy-five dollars into the pockets of the county officers. The process started when the county attorney, at the request of the deputy sheriff, wrote out the complaint. This was taken to the court clerk who filed it and charged up a fee of ten cents. He then wrote out a capias warrant commanding the sheriff to "seize and deliver the body of Pinkie Conway to the honorable court," and charged up another fee of seventy-five cents. An entry of the warrant on the file docket cost fifteen cents, so that Pinkie stood charged with a dollar before he knew of his impending arrest.

After the warrant was served and the body of Pinkie was safely delivered to the sheriff's office costs began to pile up fast. The deputy charged a fee of one dollar for making the arrest and immediately had himself and three other deputies summoned as witnesses against the prisoner. For writing each of these subpœnas the clerk received twenty-five cents, while the sheriff received fifty cents for serving them, a fee easily earned considering the fact that they were merely placed on the desks of the respective deputies.

In the meantime Pinkie had been locked up, for which service the sheriff charged a "jail entrance" fee of one dollar. Having secured this he listened to the prisoner's demand for a lawyer, and after a good deal of argument with the latter a bond was accepted. This added another dollar to the sheriff's list of fees.

It being apparent by this time that Pinkie was not going to submit tamely to the due processes of law, the deputy recalled having seen him drunk and filed an additional charge against him, and then as an afterthought charged him with vagrancy, a crime designed to cover all of the miscellaneous shortcomings of man not provided for in other statutes.

### *Easy Money for All Concerned*

FOR each of these cases an additional warrant was written, filed and served, additional witnesses were subpœnaed and another set of fees charged up. The total now amounted to $18.75 for work that an ordinarily intelligent and active man could accomplish in half a day, and all of it going to officers who were already on the county payroll.

In the course of a few weeks the cases came up for trial and Pinkie, facing three charges, came into court with his lawyer. In the meantime the cases had been placed on the court docket, for which the clerk had charged an additional fee of twenty-five cents each, bringing the total up to $19.50. The four witnesses walked across the hall from the sheriff's office, and when the judge found the docket crowded and postponed the cases to the following week each claimed a fee.

In the meantime Pinkie's lawyer suggested that he plead guilty to one of the charges, if the court would assess the minimum fine and accept pleas of not guilty in the other cases. After a few minutes of haggling this was agreed to, and the three cases were disposed of with a fine of one dollar and costs in the vagrancy case. Pinkie then went to settle the bill and found $37.25 had been added to the costs by this simple court procedure. Yet out of all the money collected from Pinkie the state received only one dollar.

A large number of county officers profited unreasonably through Pinkie's arrest, just as they are profiting every day by similar arrests, yet not one of them need violate a single law in the big fat statute book.

The fee system, to use a harsh term, is legalized graft. It is as intricate and hard to understand as a schedule of freight rates or an order of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and it can be juggled in many ways by those who hold public office. Because of it the police-court character, who appears in court at irregular intervals to pay the penalty for the commission of small misdemeanors, becomes a source of revenue to the officers of the court. Every time he oversteps the narrow and tedious path of legal conduct the officers profit thereby, each to his portion. With many criminals in a community the officers thrive; with every one on his good behavior the officers grow seedy and the offices go begging.

In this is to be found one of the reasons for the "wide open" town, for the fee system provides a means whereby the officers in a perfectly legal way may share the profit of all vice.

In the town where Pinkie Conway became acquainted with the majesty of the law there were one hundred saloons and a dozen gambling-houses. The gambling-houses were in open violation of the law and fifty of the saloons were offenders, because of the fact that they observed the Sunday closing law only to the extent of closing the front door. Local uplifters, hearing the unlawful rattle of poker chips and the clink of glasses behind closed doors, urged that the town be "cleaned up." They petitioned, wrote letters to the papers, made speeches. The chips continued to rattle and the clink of glasses continued to disturb the Sabbath.

### *How Some Court Officers Fatten on Vice*

BY-AND-BY the uplifters came to the conclusion that the county officials were on the payroll of certain wicked interests. They went to the court records and found hundreds of fines assessed and collected against saloons and gambling-houses, and not understanding the fee system they were mystified.

In the town referred to, the fifty sinning saloon-keepers were arrested once each month, this schedule being varied occasionally in months containing five Sundays. Each paid a minimum fine and costs, which included two witness fees. This simple arrangement gave the county attorney an income of five hundred dollars monthly, the county judge one hundred and fifty dollars, the sheriff one hundred dollars, and the county clerk two hundred and fifty dollars. The witness fees, amounting to one hundred and fifty dollars monthly, were equitably distributed between deputy sheriffs, deputy clerks and so forth. The gambling-house proprietors, being daily rather than weekly violators of law, were arrested more frequently and added their part to the income of the officers.

The system is not without its ironical humors. The administration that realizes the profits of the fee system, as in Pinkie's town, and regulates arrests and prosecutions in a way to gain the greatest possible amount of profit, is always able to show the largest number of fines collected and a record that indicates a more vigorous enforcement of the law than the administration that really enforces the law by compelling obedience to it. Many a reform administration has been called upon for a campaign explanation of this, and has found such an explanation very difficult to make.

The profits to county officers under the fee system are surprising. The governor of Illinois is, I believe, our most liberally paid state executive, receiving a yearly salary of twelve thousand dollars. Twenty-one governors receive salaries of less than five thousand dollars. Hundreds of county officers receive more than the governor of Illinois, though this fact is little known because of a natural disinclination on the part of the officers to discuss the profits of office.

(Concluded on Page 56)

# In the Days of the Old Lyceum

## Some Reminiscences of a Famous Playhouse and Some Players

By DANIEL FROHMAN

DION BOUCICAULT, though he was the author of several hundred more or less original plays, had never been able, by frequent later attempts, to reach again the popular fancy. However, I thought the old veteran might possibly strike oil once more. I proposed that he write a play for my company, giving him six months' time in which to complete it. I wanted to produce it at the fiftieth anniversary of the first performance of his first play, London Assurance, and on the opening night he was to make an address. He agreed to do this.

During the progress of the play he wrote me: "I am keenly sensible that I must make a ten-strike, for many reasons. Since The Jilt I have done nothing. Therefore I am putting all my forces into this play and have sidetracked every other work."

At another time he wrote: "I am desirious to strike exactly what you want and I don't mind objections. They only provoke my inventive faculty to a greater extent." Writing again later, referring to my company, then planned for serious work—"I find you stronger—much—on the pathetic than on the comic arm. You have plenty of shade. I am, as you know, strongest on sunlight effects."

### The Latter Days of Boucicault

AS THE play progressed I could not feel, as I told him on reading his elaborated scheme, convinced of its probable success. Later he wrote: "I want you to be more than satisfied—for my first effort on your stage must be one of my successes; that is essential to me, for many reasons. So, pray do not hesitate, if in doubt. It is better to discard at once, which I now feel inclined to do. I can easily shape another sketch. Therefore I invite you to have no reserve on the subject. If you think this one will not mill a thousand dollars to the ton, say so. We are both experts. I can make another strike on the ledge, and we mean to get a bonanza!" Again he wrote: "I have sketched another subject, trying to meet your ideas, presuming that The Wife and The Charity Ball fulfilled them. I cannot write anything so gloomy and long-winded; but, with a band of crape around my foolscap and a white cravat to choke off my inherent love of bright colors, I have taken another flight."

His first effort was to have been a comedy drama. This, after it was elaborated, we were constrained to discard. The second attempt was to be an effort in pure comedy. From another letter I quote: "The subject submitted to you—the first play—was prepared to accord with the kind of drama you affected; but I confess it was not in my best vein. I much prefer the idyllic form and sunshine of Esmeralda to—if you will forgive me—the Bertha Clay fireside productions. I don't care for

E. H. Sothern in 1886

twilighted subjects. Let us sweep away the plot we entertained and break fresh ground, in which comedy will flourish and a tear will always have a smile swimming in it."

Alas, to my regret, the second effort was no more successful than the first! Boucicault was then about seventy-five years old. The fire of invention in this fertile mind had become dim and was growing extinct. The author of The Shaughraun, The Colleen Bawn, The Jilt, London Assurance, The Octoroon, The Long Strike, Old Heads and Young Hearts, Arrah na Pogue, Rip Van Winkle and a hundred other successes, many of them skillful and expert adaptations, had come to the end of his great career. I have given these extracts from some of his letters merely to throw a little light upon the final efforts of the illustrious dramatist. He died about three years later, in 1890.

The career of my stock company was a successful one from year to year. We had our failures, but these are little remembered. The public knows only of our successes, for it did not flock to our failures. Plays of merit do not always thrive. Many works that failed to score the required financial success were nevertheless worth doing, if only to display the versatility of a well-rounded organization. But my plan was always to offer new, modern plays. Once, giving way to a general demand, I produced an old comedy. It was Boucicault's Old Heads and Young Hearts, written in the old comedy spirit, of which The School for Scandal and The Rivals are such distinguished prototypes. In this revival it was the first time the play had been given in the costume of its period, about 1840. Mr. Le Moyne's admirable and touching performance of Jesse Rural may still be remembered; and, as Lady Alice, Miss Cayvan had an opportunity to give expression to her engaging comedy talent. As an emotional actress she had marked limitations; but in reposeful, serious rôles she showed power and splendid poise. In comedy she was radiant with humor and exuberant in spirit. Mr. Kelcey and the late Nelson Wheatcroft played the brothers Coke. Mrs. Whiffen and Charles Walcot, Miss Effie Shannon, Fritz Williams and Cyril Scott completed a splendid cast. I received a number of suggestions from the author, which were, of course, of value.

Mr. Boucicault came often to the theater with his wife to see the various offerings, but he seldom saw more than the first act of a play. From this part of the performance the veteran playwright saw in his mind's eye the entire structure of the work; then, leaving his wife in her box, he spent the rest of the evening in my office. During these occasional visits the old gentleman was reminiscent and most interesting. Though he was the most prolific dramatist of his time, I was much impressed by his readiness, as he told me, always to receive suggestions while at work or rehearsing—no matter from whom. When he wrote London Assurance a great deal of rewriting and revision was done at rehearsals. Many of the actors volunteered hints here and there, all of which, when appropriate and fitting, he incorporated in his text.

"An author is foolish," he once said, "not to take advantage of every hint that could favor him. He must be quick and alert at rehearsals to see where he can adjust and readjust effects and scenes. Surprises come the first night that are sometimes disquieting, at other times delightful. I remember on one occasion," he continued, "I was to play a comic character in one of my plays. I had arranged to get a round of applause for a scene in which I extracted a charge from a gun which, it was known, the villain would furtively use to shoot the hero. When the scene arrived, and the gun failed, I listened for that round of applause. The audience was silent. I saw I had failed; but a few minutes after, when my own head appeared triumphantly at an upper window, a sudden tribute of applause followed. I saw that the result was right. I knew there was a round due for that action, but I did not know, I had not divined, the exact place for it. But it was there, and I felt relieved. It is these things, these uncertainties, that make the first performance of a new play exciting."

### The Dramatic Structure of Hamlet

I DARE say even the great Shakspere had similar moments. One reason why the members of the theatrical profession disbelieve in the Baconian theory, and are convinced that Shakspere was the author of his own plays, is that in all periods of the drama an author is present at rehearsals for such purposes as I have named. How true it would be of the great bard—who was not only a dramatist but also an actor, part owner of the theater, and doubtless his own stage manager—that, under the conditions that still obtain, from Shakspere's day and Molière's, the contemporaneous evidence of authorship would be apparent through the staging of his own works! I can imagine the Divine William laboring heavily with his task, taking his manuscript home, and bringing back, for the next day's rehearsals, numerous revisions.

The dramatic structure of Hamlet is peculiar—in fact, absolutely unique. If I may digress a moment, here we have a hero, vacillating, weak, procrastinating and irresolute, involved in a mesh of events from which he could not extricate himself. Urged on by the ghost of his father to his imposed task of vengeance, he yet hesitates to proceed, though he has the most unmistakable evidence of

Madge Kendal in 1890

Mme. Modjeska

E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned, in The Dancing Girl

the king's guilt, as Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo could bear witness. In the players' scene Hamlet does not dare to wreak vengeance upon him even though the evidence of the king's guilt is unmistakably revealed by his conduct, and he only kills Claudius finally at the end of the drama, when he is goaded on not by the impulse of vengeance for his dead father but by reason of suddenly acquired knowledge, from Laertes, that the king had envenomed the rapiers and had poisoned his mother. Not until these accumulated deeds of perfidy on the part of the king were heaped upon him did he finally avenge his father's murder. And then there is the uncertainty as to his madness—never made clear, a constructive defect and a defiance of the established rules of playwriting—leaving this as a heritage to puzzle the ages! It is not the action of Hamlet but the psychology of the character that gives it so much tragic significance.

The play is, in its text, such a universal compendium of human knowledge, such a profound and overwhelming work as dramatic literature, that such faults of construction, from the modern point of view, fall before such an achievement. Yet Shakspere, valuing his supreme gift only as a mere means to a selfish end, was content to settle down in Stratford and cease writing! He had doubtless made several hundred thousand dollars in our money, and so was rich enough to live the ordinary life of a country gentleman, and to emulate the ease and affluence of his old enemy and neighbor, Sir Thomas Lucy, whom he is supposed to have caricatured in the part of Dogberry.

### If Will Shakspere Came to Broadway

NOW, if Shakspere were up against modern conditions the situation would be something like this: Being the Boucicault of his day, and selecting his wares wherever he found them, transmuting the baser material of his discovery into the refined gold coin of his intellectual realm, he has secured the position of dramatist for the Globe Theater. Having written a number of popular comedies and several profoundly effective tragedies, he decides at this juncture to write a melodrama. Superstition being a potential problem of the time and theatergoing an intellectual delight, he has borrowed an old, cumbersome play, the story of which promised to be effective—namely, a murderer has killed a king—for the rabble wants to deal only with royal malefactors and the pomp and majesty of courts—and has usurped the dead man's throne. To heighten the dramatic effect, the murderer shall marry the deposed monarch's widow, so that the tragic intimacy of the proposition shall be still more intense. Superimposed upon this splendid melodramatic structure, the avenging son shall trap the culprit by means of a play—thus adding a big situation to the thrilling possibilities of his scheme—the enacting of a play within a play. And, as I have said, the public being deeply interested in that which concerns the stage and players, a company of actors was introduced in a scene wherein certain subjects of the acting drama could be discussed from a popular point of view. In this scene of the play actors, the author, through the mouth of the hero, could incidentally flagellate some of the players who had often, to his despair, misplayed their parts in previous plays.

For the climax, which is then thrillingly awaited by the spectators as well as by Hamlet and Horatio, the scene is ended at the psychological moment by Hamlet charging the amazed and panic-stricken king with the murder of his father. Then, after an exciting sword combat between the principals, Horatio keeping back the frenzied crowd, the king is slain in good Elizabethan fashion. Here the curtain drops. Thus we have shudders, thrills, sword conflicts, a court spectacle, murders, bluster, riot, emotional fury and splendid opportunities for dramatic passion. Though this would complete a concrete and logical dramatic scheme, its brevity as a suitable drama was an objection. So Shakspere resolved to delay the murder of Claudius by means of an irresoluteness of purpose on the part of Hamlet, thus following the structure of the original sources of the play and of the dramatist Kyd—from which Shakspere modeled his own framework—withholding the final act of retribution until the end of the play.

This scheme having been accomplished and Burbage, the actor-manager, who played the leading parts in the Shaksperean plays, having been won over to it, rehearsals began. But here his principal difficulties developed. It was found that scenes had to be written in, exit speeches devised, and excisions and emendations made. I can fancy Burbage stopping the rehearsal at a certain juncture to suggest that the rapidity of the action be stayed for a moment's thought; and the fertile author immediately noting the point for the next day's work. Or he might be tempted to say: "By the way, Dick, here are some reflections on life and death. How would this do in this scene?" "Bully!" says Dick, seeing a splendid oratorical opportunity for himself; "just the thing!" Or one can fancy, to parallel modern experience, Polonius coming to the prompter's table and saying: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Shakspere, but I am the 'first old man' of this company. I'm blamed if I'll play this doddering old chamberlain. I never saw anything more idiotic than this scene"—showing the scene of humored madness with Hamlet. "Oh, that's quite important," replies the author, "to reflect Hamlet's mental state; but I'll write you a scene shortly that will even matters up." And the next day Polonius is made happy with the great speech of advice to Laertes that will go resounding down the ages.

Then comes the dividing of long soliloquies into two sections, as some authorities have stated, to balance the scene. So I am sure he went on—improving here, changing there—until the night of the dress rehearsal. I do not insist that this was the Bard's actual experience, but this is the modern method frequently. Though such events, which are common to the modern theater, are purely imaginary, yet the author's constant work on his manuscript at the rehearsals would prove easily his authorship, no less than the evidence that exists of his partnership with his associates, Hemings and Condell, in the ownership of the Globe and the Black Friars theaters. But this is a considerable digression, I fear. It would prove, however, that the making of plays has not changed much since Queen Elizabeth's day.

Augustus Thomas Reading a Play in the Manager's Office of the Old Lyceum, to Daniel Frohman, Fred Williams and E. G. Unit

### The Rapid Rise of the Kendals

AS THE years went on, suitable material for my company became increasingly difficult to obtain. On one occasion I besought an author to write a romantic play for me.

"I don't think," he said, "I could contrive any effective rôles for your middle-aged 'leads'!" This made me think. "Middle-aged leads!" On reflection it was true. I had grown up, too, with them, and so had failed to observe this.

This episode reminds me of an incident told me by Mrs. Kendal. When Buckstone was the manager of the famous Haymarket Company, in London, he too had applied to a prominent author for a play. When the scenario was read to him he said: "Why, bless my soul, your characters are all old people!"

"Well," replied the author, "you said you wanted a play for your company!" Upon this Mr. Buckstone, realizing the truth of the observation, engaged Mrs. Kendal—then Madge Robertson, who was the youngest sister of Tom Robertson, author of Caste, Our Boys, and other plays—as the leading juvenile woman of his company and W. H. Kendal as the leading man. And thus new life was given to the organization, and it was in this company that the Kendals—they were married while members of the company—began their great career.

For many years Mr. and Mrs. Kendal reigned in London as the chief and most interesting couple in the British metropolis. While they were in partnership with John Hare the St. James Theater became the home of the modern drama. I became their manager for America and directed all their American tours and engagements.

The Kendals' engagements in this country were successful far beyond our most hopeful expectations. Though, as their manager, I was financially interested in a share of the receipts, Mr. Kendal took upon himself the entire financial risk. He felt that the American public, having heard of the Kendals for so many years, might possibly be disappointed when they actually revealed themselves; and, if the venture did not prove successful, he felt he himself ought to pay the losses. It was pure chivalry. So he provided himself with a letter of credit for fifty thousand

Herbert Kelcey and Georgia Cayvan, in Old Heads and Young Hearts, by Boucicault

dollars, and with some apprehension they made their first Atlantic voyage in 1889 and opened at the Fifth Avenue Theater in A Scrap of Paper. Their four weeks' engagement drew audiences that tested the capacity of the theater, and this experience was duplicated everywhere. Only Sir Henry Irving, at increased prices, exceeded their receipts.

So popular did Mr. and Mrs. Kendal become that they made five tours in this country during as many seasons. Mrs. Kendal won her audience in a moment after her first entrance on the first night of her American engagement. Her exuberant spirits, her hearty and captivating comedy qualities, the subtlety of her humor, her splendid poise and handsome appearance justified, to her new audiences, the splendid reputation that had preceded her. Her first entrance in this opening play was with the significant line, "Well, here I am, good people!" The applause was tumultuous. The reception was so flattering that she realized she was among friends. American audiences, too, are remarkably hospitable in their first greeting to foreign artists, and when these make good they become lasting favorites.

Mr. Kendal himself came in for an equal share of appreciation; in fact, his admirable qualities as an actor were more heartily appreciated in this country than in England. As a comedienne Mrs. Kendal was a revelation; but not until she appeared in the serious part of Claire, in The Ironmaster, did the audience realize how equally supreme she was in emotional parts. As she had aroused laughter in Suzanne, in A Scrap of Paper, so did she obtain the instant tribute of tears in her scenes of feeling. It is difficult to describe her greatness in such scenes. Her expression, both of face and body, the manifestations of poignant and consuming suffering, the entire absence of straining or posing for effect, all so devoid of stage tricks, made her impersonation of serious parts irresistibly touching and compelling.

Off the stage Mrs. Kendal, probably the healthiest woman, physically, I have ever met, was a creature of superabundant good spirits. She had a sense and appreciation of humor that were unusually quick and responsive; and as a *raconteuse* she had a wonderfully keen memory and a splendid comic gift. She was amazed and delighted with the bigness of this country. When I sent them to San Francisco I had to explain to her amazed perception that for six days she would be required to travel in a Pullman—to eat and sleep on the train. The journey to her seemed to cover an incredible distance. The longest railroad trip she had ever made was an eight-hour journey—the length of Great Britain.

### *The Kendals at Home*

MR. KENDAL was an expert draftsman. If he had not become an actor he would undoubtedly have reached Royal Academy honors as a painter. He used to amuse himself, on tour, by making colored drawings of scenes from his hotel window in the various cities. These he called his "views of the United States"; in fact, it was by reason of seeing him, as a young man, making sketches of a play in an English theater, that the manager invited him to come as often as he chose to the theater, for which he had a strong leaning. Once when a play was being cast it was found that the young artist was the only youngster about the establishment who was the possessor of several changes of costume, and so a rôle was assigned to him. In this auspicious way he began as an actor. His family name was Grimston, but he adopted Kendal as his stage name. In private life the actor and his wife are known as Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kendal-Grimston. Though Mrs. Kendal was the sister of Tom Robertson, the author of Caste, School, Ours, and a dozen other famous comedies, she never appeared in any of them. Those plays were written for Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft—now Sir and Lady Bancroft—when they occupied the little Prince of Wales Theater in Tottenham Road, London, now long extinct.

Like most English people the Kendals had a horror of our steam-heated rooms, and they found our hot Pullman cars a terror that only necessity made them undergo. I have sat with them at breakfast in their hotel here frequently in winter while their opened windows admitted the cold air until the room became chilled. I had to keep on my heavy overcoat, shivering, while they lounged with comfort through the meal.

A thing that shocked Mrs. Kendal was the amazing frequency with which she encountered the American cuspidor. On their first arrival I took them to see a new play at Daly's, in which were John Drew, Mrs. Gilbert and Ada Rehan. We occupied a box. The first thing she tripped against in it was a commodious brass cuspidor! As she became familiar with American hotels and public places she grew used to the sight of these significant utensils. She tells that when she appeared at a rehearsal at a theater in Nashville, Tennessee, she saw this notice posted in the footlights for the benefit of the actors: "Please do not spit into the footlights." When they got farther south, to Memphis, the same injunction took this abbreviated form: "Don't spit into the foots!"

At Minneapolis she was told the usual story, amusing when first heard. One day during a church service the pastor said: "Our text will be from St. Paul." At this half the congregation, envious of the rival city, left the building. There was another incident she was fond of relating. In Chicago a reporter, evidently an Englishman, came to interview her. He was in the last stages of sartorial disintegration. She inquired about certain very wealthy people of the city. "Oh," he said, "they're not worth while. They're in trade!"

In London the Kendals have a large, commodious house in Portland Place. The house is adorned with many valuable art objects and countless souvenirs—gifts from royalty and lesser lights; and some of the fine paintings that adorn their walls are prizes purchased from the various annual Academy exhibitions.

Mr. Kendal is a great smoker. He has a cabinet built in his study, large enough to contain about ten thousand cigars. These are reënforced from time to time by special purchases of choice brands. An Englishman likes his cigar dry. In the humid atmosphere of Great Britain, dryness does not spoil the weed; and so this epicure of nicotine can please his palate and those of his friends by a most varied choice. He once gave me one of a choice brand of cigars that had been purchased by him and John Hare some eight years previously. At another time he presented me with one of a special brand that he had had in his possession four years. On my commenting upon its fine flavor he observed that it was from a box I had presented to him, and this box had been added to his extensive stock.

*Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, With Daniel Frohman and Captain Riddell, Their Manager, at Niagara Falls. May, 1890*

Mrs. Kendal had often been tendered munificent opportunities in her younger days to play in various productions in England. These she always refused, because she would not separate from her husband. This was on account of a promise made to her father. The elder Robertson was himself an actor, but he did not wish his daughter to marry into that precarious profession. He objected therefore to Kendal, because it naturally superimposed the necessity of separating husband and wife through professional engagements. When he found that only unhappiness would ensue if he forced his daughter to obey he made her swear that she would never play apart from her husband. By obedience to this command they became not only the most popular couple in England but their "team work" has earned them a fortune.

There was only one cloud in Mrs. Kendal's career in America. When she enacted the part of Paula in The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, the critics not only deprecated her accepting a part of this kind but criticised her taste in appearing in a rôle so at variance with her career as a woman and an actress. She had been called the "British matron" of the drama because of the purity of her domestic life. In speaking of this she said: "As an actress I may play all dramatic rôles. It was not I who gave myself this title." She could not forgive the press for its hostile attitude.

Since these lines are reminiscent, I cannot refrain from a little digression to speak of my associations with the late Madame Modjeska, whom I managed just before I began my career at the Lyceum Theater. Having then no theatrical local habitation, I spent the year on tour with the Polish actress. Like Edwin Booth, her latter-day appearances did not do justice to her resplendent talent, though they could not altogether conceal the charm of a personality that was most rare. Her audiences in those days were drawn to her as personal friends, and her real friends in every part of the country were many. She had a gentle, captivating and thoroughly feminine nature. Her characters were embodiments of sweet and lofty womanhood. And in no part did she display her gentle charm and power so much as in Adrienne Lecouvreur. She refers in her own recent memoirs to the fact that, though Adrienne was not the best drawing card in her repertoire, I nevertheless kept this play, against her remonstrances, in our list of offerings; but she does not tell under what conditions I managed to hold her to this task. I personally enjoyed her work in Adrienne and never failed to watch her performance from the quiet recesses of a private box. At many performances I was one of a few spectators. Knowing that, in consequence of its light labor and simple costuming, she always sought to play Rosalind in the one-night towns, I finally agreed, though it was not always prudent policy, to let her play the rôle during these short engagements in exchange for her agreement to play Adrienne once every week. So she gave me Adrienne in exchange for Rosalind.

Madame Modjeska was always in a happy mood when she enacted comedy. She was usually sad and depressed when Mary Stuart, Camille or any other exacting serious rôle occupied her mind—sad even to tears. Often have I seen her, in her dressing room, weeping as though she had suffered a bereavement; but she had her reactionary moments too, and Rosalind made her quite gay and sportive. She was then a merry and jolly companion. Her husband, the Count Bozenta, now living in Poland, was a highly educated man. She told me once that, when she was acting in her native country, the Count, who was then a journalist, became deeply enamored of her and besought, through friends, an introduction. He was taken to her house to await her appearance after the performance.

### *An Embarrassed Count*

MEANTIME he and his friends were entertaining themselves as well as they could, and the Count was not backward in such an art. He was standing on a sofa telling a story, with many exuberant gesticulations. The sofa stood obliquely across the corner of the room. In the midst of his diversion this "unexpressive she" suddenly entered. So surprised was he at the sudden irruption of his divinity that, in consternation, he fell backward from the sofa into the corner behind it. When he shyly emerged, amid much laughter, he was formally introduced. The couple became deeply attached to each other and to the time of her death were inseparable.

My own contract with her in 1885 provided that I pay her a weekly salary of seventeen hundred and fifty dollars and furnish her at my expense with a private car and carriages. Modjeska never missed a performance. Once—it was in Baltimore—she was so ill that I was summoned to her room by the Count to decide upon any necessary action. It was the first day of the engagement. I at once told the Count and Madame that we would close the theater for a couple of days. The doctor approved of this. I was about to leave the room to arrange for the postponement, when from beneath the blankets she asked me not to decide yet. But I was determined. She said: "Wait until four o'clock." I yielded and said I would return at that hour. At four, though she did not appear to be any better, she insisted that she would play. She would not listen to our expostulations. I knew that she felt that the loss would be mine, but I was equally anxious for her health. However, she persisted.

The play was As You Like It. She came to the theater; her attendants prepared her for the performance, though she seemed little fit for the ordeal, and I feared a breakdown. When she heard the overture she braced up, and at her cue made her entrance amid a cordial round of applause. She played the first act merrily and the denunciation scene with her usual force. When the curtain dropped we caught her as she fainted. Fortunately there was no change of dress required. She had "underdressed" for the second act, and all that was required was to remove the Rosalind gown to reveal the boy's costume.

(Continued on Page 83)

# FAIR PLAY

## By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

III

THE sun perched on the dim Sierras and filled the valley with slant morning light. Shadows of live-oaks here and there streamed flat in yellow acres of wheat stubble; and each, like the opulent body projecting it, stirred no more than a man flung down, asleep or dead. The day began hotter than yesterday, though at this hour a matin coolness lingered, grateful to every sense, marked out visibly to the eye, it seemed, in the early blue shadows prostrate on the valley floor or crumpled among undulating foothills. The air, as on Macbeth's terrace, moved "nimbly and sweetly" before closing in for more sultry business.

"If it could only stay so!" Mrs. Woodgate sighed, viewing the still surface.

"Poor mumsey! I'm sorry!" Her daughter, sitting on the step below, looked up and patted her knee. "It's too bad to bring you here in hot weather!"

The mother's bright brown eyes, humorous and sad, bent downward, smiling into Janet's young, serious reflection of their light.

"Dear child, you mustn't mind me! I came for your pleasure. Surely that is enough! Mr. Blake lives here the year round. We can't grumble at a fortnight."

Both in cool white, they sat at the edge of Dan's front veranda, looking over a scorched little yard, a few dusty, unmeaning rosebushes and a white picket fence, toward the fiery sun that melted the mountain ridges in the east. Beyond the fence all habitable signs vanished. Space overwhelmed these meager hints of home. Like a desert-well bunched about with palms, the ranch-house stood alone in flat though fertile isolation. Lion-tawny squares of stubble, brown squares of summer-fallow fields, checkered the low expanse in a chess-board like Alice's country of the Looking-Glass. A levee prolonged its fortification without end, in high earthwork glowing with parched grass. The same thick, drooping live-oak rose repeated at every point of the compass, regular as a design in wallpaper. The blue shadows remained cool; but, threatening heat, a few immense trails of golden smoke behind the levee followed the course of unseen "mountain-wagons," crawled north and south or east and west, to smother in half a mile of dust the inexorable crisscross roads ruled by survey over sheets of counties. The valley had the florid largeness of fecundity, but, like a broad matron, no charm to last into August noonday.

"It's all interesting, experience. We won't complain." Janet gazed into the distance quizzically. "But it cages one, so much flat space. Think of walking out on that—that parallelogram! Let's go for a pleasant stroll, mamma, through the plane geometry!"

They laughed. Janet was the first to speak again. "Poor Mr. Blake!"

"Why poor?" said her mother. "He seems happy and capable. I like him, Janet."

The girl frowned, watching the heavy golden dust creep from oak toward farther oak.

"Why?" she answered pettishly. "Why? Well, Mr. Blake disappoints me. I dislike —— You can't like hostile, surly people. He stands off and looks and thinks, and then says something different. He avoids one." A grimace fretted the serious young face. "Oh, I know, mamma! We're rich to him; just rich and terribly important. It sticks in his mind, and he can't be natural. I hate that!"

Mrs. Woodgate smiled and stroked her gray hair with a kind of meditative neatness.

"That is always hateful," she assented. "But this young man —— You misjudge him, dear. He surely doesn't think so."

Janet shook her head at the valley.

"He does!" she cried vindictively. "He's horrid!"

She meant it in all sincerity. During these first few days Janet had studied the Blue Knoll, to find her study worthless without the running commentary of Daniel Blake. She would gladly believe in him; but Dan had been a strange manager, riding beside her in continual restraint, glancing at her sidewise, answering short, and wheeling his horse on the slightest pretense to canter away from her unwelcome neighborhood. Janet had no practice in being unwelcome. She was not used to sullen respect or grudging admiration; and, seeing clearly that Dan was not by nature a shy man, she had put him down for a guilty. He had some monster in his thought.

"He is, mamma. He treats me like—like Queen Elizabeth! He's horrid!"

Mrs. Woodgate made no reply. She knew, from Scripture, that the rich young man has a hard course; from life, that the rich young woman may have a harder in all directions, and a thousandfold more complex. When at last she spoke, it was in a general vein.

"Let's not call any one horrid, my dear, before we know. It takes a crisis or two, don't you think, to tell us?"

Janet fluttered a little brown hand, impatient of maxims. Her eyes roved over miles of horizontal tillage all her own, and all just then discolored by the imperfections of one man. "Your Mr. Blake does too much thinking," she declared. "I like persons more straightforward."

Her mother smiled. They said no more, but watched the increase of morning light and heat. The long shadows, like streams failing, shrank into black puddles under every tree. Dryness came triumphant through the valley. Huddled on a pitch of rising ground, young eucalyptus quivered, their blue-green tops all asparkle, as though drenched. These gave the Blue Knoll its name, glistening in a thirsty land of summer drought.

After a time the rattle of a dry wagon drew near and the soft trampling of hoofs padded in dust. "Whoa!" called a woman's voice behind the jaded rosebush. Over its topmost vines heaved a blot of greenery, like artificial leaves, which gave a toss and a jerk and bobbed out of sight.

A latch clinked. Through the front gate, up the path, sailed a large, cheerful woman, bearing on her head a green hat, as a Hindu farmer's wife might balance a precious bundle of fodder.

"Oh!" She halted suddenly. "Excuse me! I thought Mr. Blake was here!"

Mrs. Woodgate rose.

"He has gone to work, I think. But won't you come in?"

The lady twittered her fingers in a loose green veil and curved it skillfully about her headgear. *Odium figulinum*, the professional jealousy of womankind, caused her manner to bristle. She marched nearer defiantly, and then with an air of being free and equal plumped herself down on the steps.

"Thank you; I'll set right here, though I must be going," she declared. Her face, as she turned to measure her two enemies, was of a jolly amorous cast, broad and well freckled. "Mr. Blake never told me he had ladies visiting him or I wouldn't of intruded. Mrs. ——? Oh, yes; Mrs. Woolgates—pleased to meet you. Miss Woolgates—I'm sure! Mrs. Watt's my name."

Mother and daughter made some courteous attempts, but the conversation fell into a heavy swoon. Mrs. Watt, under her green milliner thicket, sat resting placidly.

"You're from the East, ain't you?" she inquired, without warning. "How d'you like our country?"

Janet, clasping her knees and looking far away, smiled at this formula.

"Very much," she replied—"the little I have seen."

Mrs. Watt turned with a circular heave, eyed the girl closely, and sniffed like one who scents the brimstone of faint praise.

"It's the only place on earth!" she solemnly affirmed. "Once live here, you'll never live anywheres else. This"—a freckled priestess, the visitor swept one arm toward all the flat acres—"This is God's country!"

Janet paid it no deeper reverence than a nod and a twinkling glance.

"It is rather nice, Mrs. Watt," was her only answer.

The lady of the green hat seemed to rear, swell and magnify herself, to suffer a distention of spirit that would break forth in words; but presently to subside, as jovial and peaceful as before. Only her bulbous gray eyes meditated revenge.

"God's own country," she mused. When she looked up, it was to challenge Mrs. Woodgate. "People out here are different and broad. It's the soil." She comprehended the whole problem in a vague gesture. "It's the soil. We live outdoor, so free and all, close to the ground. Just look at Mr. Blake, f'r instance. Now, back East ——" She raised a pudgy hand to shove away that memory. "Back there, women are all skimpy and fussy. It's all conventionality there; you go round ducking and think folks are all spying at you. But out here —— Well, women are broad. They don't care. It's the soil. It's magnetic. We grow. It bubbles out o' the ground!" She wriggled her fingers upward in a motion of sprouting.

"Fluidic electrons, that's what the book called it. We grow. Women don't, East. They're skimpy. Ain't they now? Just to be fair, ain't they?"

*"He Treats Me Like—Like Queen Elizabeth! He's Horrid!"*

Mrs. Woodgate looked at her questioner humbly, but with a dancing light in her eyes.

"Ain't they?" said Mrs. Watt.

"We may be," Mrs. Woodgate answered. "I never thought of that very much."

The other wagged her green hat with conviction.

"Well, they are!" she cried; and after a moment's reflection: "Do you like conventionalities?"

This time Mrs. Woodgate smiled.

"If they mean a—a considerate feeling toward other people, I like them," she replied slowly. "I suppose they may be carried too far."

"Humph!" retorted Mrs. Watt, grim as the Cumaean Sibyl. "I should say! Humph!"

She twined her veil to better advantage, relapsed into comfort and stared off across country, pursing her lips like one who has rapped argument over the head and killed it. Silence proved less easy to manage, for, after a brief contemplation of the landscape, Mrs. Watt suddenly attacked the girl beside her. Nodding at a shorn yellow field—

"How many sacks to the acre," she inquired, "do you s'pose there was there?"

"Fourteen," answered Janet demurely.

"Huh!" Mrs. Watt started as though stung, searched her with a cunning look and then laughed. "Ho, yes; he told you! O' course! You'd never guess that without Dan Blake. I know him! Old neighbors we are, Dan and me. Why ——" And thus regaining the upper hand the lady swept into a discourse as wonderful as it was rapid. She knew her subject and gloried in it. Complacency brightening her freckled face, she poured out her lecture copiously, a strange but shrewd compound of many matters. Janet, who listened with admiring envy, felt her own poor mind outstripped, bewildered, teased and thwarted by this bursting Noah's Ark of wisdom. Dobe land, irrigation, seepage and drainage, floods, winter wheat, summer "follerin'," colonies Mormon and Gentile, cattle, separators, pear-blight, flowed forth in a changing stream as of incantation. The green hat tossed like clover in the wind. Mrs. Watt was talking not for mere victory but for annihilation.

"Well, there!" she cried, rising at last and looking down at Janet with a kind of jubilant pity. "There's a lot for people to learn! You don't learn 'em setting on doorsteps, either; so I must be going. Good day!"

Her parting smile was full of malice. She turned and went sailing down the path. Before she reached the gate it swung open to admit the gopher man. Brisk and soldierlike in his worn khaki, Mr. Gitcombe advanced, lifting his cap. The lady paused and seemed to murmur some bit of coquetry. The man, smiling, replied in an undertone. Both glanced toward the veranda.

"Oh, Blake will be sorry!" Gitcombe raised his voice. "I'll tell him. Yes, indeed!" And as the green hat vanished behind the hedge of roses he called after it still more loudly: "Blake will be sorry to miss you!"

He bowed again to the ladies on the steps.

"Good morning!" He left the path and began crossing the yard at a respectful distance, then halted. "Oh!—I say, Miss Woodgate, I'm going round behind for my traps. Should you care to see some gophering? I'm bound for the levee directly."

The girl on the steps appeared to waver.

"No, thank you," she replied at last. "Some other time, I think."

Beyond the fence the dry wagon rattled and creaked. Rosalba Watt drove past the gate, perched high, chirruping to her horse, and broadly smiling her farewell like a freckled Wife of Bath. The padding of hoofs died away.

"Mr. Gitcombe," said Janet suddenly, "you can tell us. Who was our visitor, please?"

The gopher man laughed—a pleasant, frank laugh, that made his gray eyes brighter. Despite wear and tear, his face had an engaging stamp and, like features on a rubbed coin, retained some fineness of cutting. The stained khaki well set off an active figure. He had almost a look of the hero in lowly garb, carrying off adversity like a joke with his cheerful morning manner.

"Oh, that lady?" said he. "That's Mrs. Watt, a neighbor of Blake's. She comes here, you know. Just between friends"—he lowered his voice—"the lady may be trying a third flight in matrimony one of these days. Some little tendresse, I shouldn't wonder, between her and Blake. Capital piece of land she owns. Blake might do worse. A good home waiting for Number Three. And of course Blake understands farming well enough."

Gitcombe laughed, without a hint of scorn. The girl remembered that, when he had skirted the veranda and disappeared behind the house. It was an easy, magnanimous laugh; why did she resent it? The news could make no earthly difference; then why did it seem—in a way—almost revolting? She sat down again below her mother and for a time said nothing, but looked off at the burnt, yellow embankment of the levee. Presently she herself laughed.

"The old frump! Well, that is your nice Mr. Blake!"

*Dan Had Been a Strange Manager*

Mrs. Woodgate found no answer ready. Before they had spoken again a clashing sound came nearer, as though a daylight ghost were dragging his chains in the open air. Mr. Gitcombe returned, carrying his gopher traps, an intricate string of steel and green wire.

"Off to my sport!" he laughed, holding them up.

He had reached the gate when Janet, rising, called after him.

"Wait a moment, will you, Mr. Gitcombe? We'll change our minds." She ran lightly up the steps. "Come along, mumsey, and watch him at work. I'll get our hats."

She went indoors.

Gitcombe waited at the gate, thumbing the latch. A stubble field before him glared empty in the sun. He scanned it, his eyes puckered in a modest smile, like a man who had struck a fairly good stroke that morning.

### IV

THREE turbans huddled over a little fire of cottonwood coals which glowed in the dark. Steam from an iron pot, mounting, twined with the smoke into a thin blue pillar that rose to pierce a canopy of live-oak leaves. A land-mist floated, mingling vaguely with the vague dawn.

"'Who are the chaste in fidelity?'" Lal Singh's voice chanted, in a minor key, the verses from the Granth. "'Not those, O Nanak, who perish in the funeral pyre! The faithful are they who live on with a broken heart ——'"

The Sikh's voice, pitched high for his morning devotions, broke the great stillness of a world asleep. His brothers, Amar and Dhian Singh, squatted listening with heads bowed. The ruby light of the fire under the pot, the reflection of dawn from the sky, barely sufficed to show the color of their turbans, red and yellow, nodding to the same cadence with the black turban of their elder brother. A green obscurity overhung and made them mystical. Hopvines close behind them—the frontier edge of ninety acres—reared like a forest wall. Their sleeping-quarters, a shanty at the edge of the live-oak, might have been a small brown temple.

Lal Singh's voice faltered. His chant from the Golden Book ended lamely.

"I forget the rest, my brothers."

Dhian bent his dingy cardinal turban toward the coals. "That is well. Breakfast by me is ready."

"Oho!" chuckled Amar. "Always of his belly thinks Dhian our youngest! At Amritsar he looked once on the Shining Roof and cried: 'I am hungry: let us go eat!'"

Unabashed, the cook stirred the pot with a stick.

"Men must eat," he grumbled. "If I am no true Sikh what are you? I wear the red, Amar the saffron; both are forbidden colors!"

Lal Singh turned on them, rebuking.

"Chatter-chatter, *bak-bak*," he said indulgently. "We keep the Five K's while Dhian wears his iron bangle. And here"—he drew something bright from his belt—"here is my steel knife. Nor do we shear the head, nor breathe tobacco. When our brother lived we had no wrangling. Now I am eldest. Let us eat."

They scooped out each a bowlful and ate in silence, like wizards round a caldron.

"Our brother who is dead," said Amar thoughtfully. "I dreamed of him yesterday. Why?"

Lal Singh rose, a lean giant in the gloom.

"Why dream?" he answered bitterly. "Why live or why be dead? Daze yourself asking. Come. The sun will rise and we pluck these things until we sweat." He waved an arm toward the green impending wall of the hop-binds. "Why? It is our destiny under the one God. Now let us sleep till the light comes."

He stalked away and, climbing the steps of the little shanty, bent his head and disappeared indoors. The younger brothers followed, tall and languid. The place lay empty, walled with vines and heavy foliage.

Dawn grew pale overhead. Meadow-larks woke to quarrel musically. The hop-binds took shape in slant festoons and broken garlands, which the hidden poles gradually struck through and ribbed with black bars. The Sikhs' fire crumbled and pined away. Its pillar of smoke became a blue thread, lost in the live-oak roof. Snores came from the shanty.

Day was slow in arriving. Under the great tree it was still a waning darkness rather than a waxing light, and the clusters of ripe catkins had only begun to streak the green forest-edge of the vines, when hoofbeats drummed out softly a galloping rhythm, drew nearer from eastward and slackened. Past the shanty rode a man on a white horse, a woman on a sorrel.

"Here," said Dan Blake, swinging out of the saddle. "Hop-house just yonder, Miss Woodgate."

"How pretty!" The girl, an upright hunting figure in dim gray, sat looking about her. "And the fire—it's like a gipsy camp!"

Dan helped her lightly to dismount, then led both horses forward and hitched them to a ringbolt in the oak.

"That was glorious, Mr. Blake!" called his companion. "A splendid ride!"

Dan, rejoining her, gave one of his quiet laughs. For the last ten days he had grown more and more offish, silent, forbidding. But now, in their gallop together through the cool daybreak, getting the start of the slug-abed world, he had dropped his gravity somewhere in the ranch-house yard. The road had flown from under them.

"Good little ponies, that pair," he answered.

"Oh, it was all beautiful!" Janet cried. "Beautiful! Did you see that big old morning star behind us all the way?"

Dan nodded, seemed to hesitate, and looked at her queerly through the twilight.

"Yes; I saw him. He kind of flamed in the forehead of the sky all right, didn't he?"

The girl whipped about and faced him. The vigor of her movement and an odd little catch in her breath surprised him like an attack.

"Why did you say that?" Her voice had the ring of quick offense. "How did you come to—to be thinking that?"

The young manager laughed uneasily, hung his head, became intent on burying his boot-toe in the dust.

"Looked kind of—that way," he mumbled. "The star—kind of—I s'pose."

Miss Woodgate stared at the embers of the Sikhs' fire. Her eyes, large in the half-lights of that woodland place, were very busy with some recollection. She looked up suddenly and severely.

"It was you!" she declared. "The night I came, you were reading that book. Not Mr. Gitcombe!"

Dan stubbornly kicked the dust.

"Yes, I read it," he confessed. "Gitcombe did, too, dare say."

"You told me you hadn't!"

Dan offered no defense. The deep breathing of the sleepers in the hut played a drowsy catch, intake and sigh pursuing, overlapping, exchanging order.

"Why didn't you tell me—before?" The girl still watched the fire. "Why not have told the truth?" She paused; and to Blake her silence, like her question, seemed full of nameless regret. "You never talked openly with me. You don't like—him—Mr. Gitcombe. Do you?"

Dan choked with the words he might have spoken. Ten days were a long time, a long time of hardship and temptation. He had learned a marvelous deal about himself, about women, about the world. And here, before sunrise, all at once, he began to see everything clearly and rightly. This moment was in itself a revelation. The slim gray figure standing before him, the serious brown

eyes fixed upon the fire, the girl's hair blown by the breeze of that gallop, which had gone racing into the past like a dream—all cried out insistently, imploring him to act simply for once, to understand. Ownership was an empty word, so was his own title of manager. He and she owned the present hour, nothing more. The land they stood on was no man's, no woman's—but the human earth. A new day stole overhead; life seemed a swift, irrevocable thing, offering him a single hurried chance, now, to speak out. But that was exactly what he could not do. Indeed, if he took her real meaning, it was too late.

"I never said a word against him." Dan's voice gathered itself, gruffer than usual, for the necessary lie. "Far's I know—Gitcombe's all right."

Janet looked at him quickly, folded her arms with a little motion of the shoulders, and once more fell to studying the coals.

"He's been very pleasant," she said coldly, "to my mother and me. That is something, always: to be pleasant—and frank."

Dan took the reproof, needing no commentary. He outflanked the fire, retreated among the horses, and began with great care to rebuckle the girth of the sorrel.

"Allow something," he retorted as he bent over this subterfuge—"Allow something, you ought, for a man's being scared." He straightened up, amazed at his own boldness. "I never knew a woman was—was made like your mother. You are. I—I came to see that." He looked away, over the withers of the white horse, and stood listening. "Here they are—your mother and Gitcombe."

From beyond the shanty came another muffled beat of hoofs—a gentle canter, declining into a walk. Mrs. Woodgate and her cavalier, on a pair of stout, sober bays, drew rein under the shelter of the oak.

"Here comes your heavy brigade, Mr. Blake," said the mother, with a laugh. "My galloping days are over."

Both men helped her to alight. Dan, hitching the horses alongside his own, displayed a singular awkwardness.

His hands lost their cunning. He tied, untied, fumbled his knots, delayed and altered.

"Will you overtake us, Mr. Blake?" called the girl impatiently. "We'll walk ahead to the barn."

The trio started on, skirting the forest wall of the vines. Dan made his hitch neatly at once, watched the departing figures, but took no step to follow; then suddenly hailed them.

"Oh, Gitcombe!" He spoke as a manager recalling some minor detail. The voice gave no hint of his anger or even of his quick and hard resolve. "Come back here, will you? Just a minute, Miss Woodgate. We'll catch up."

The gopher man strolled back toward his chief under the tree. Janet and her mother, after a pause and a backward glance, passed on together. A little promontory, jutting from the green coast of the vines, presently hid them.

"Well?" said Gitcombe. "What's wanted, old fellow?"

He stood waiting, in the jauntiest good humor. Dan, lounging among the horses, with one arm flung over the sorrel's croup, might have been lost in thought; but his eyes, when he raised them to fix the other man, were keen and truculent.

"Well?" repeated Gitcombe.

The manager stared hard in silence. From the hut the hidden sleepers marked off an interval with their prolonged, vibrating snores. At last Dan gave his order.

"It's no good, Gitcombe," he said quietly. "You can't have her."

His adversary's face brightened on the instant.

"Really? Who says so?"

"I say so," Dan replied. "You can't."

"Can't I, though!" Gitcombe smiled; and the smile was not his usual feigning, but a lively satiric merriment that colored his cheeks and sparkled in his eyes. "A funny chap you are, Blake! I should have thought, you know, it was the lady's place to say that!"

Dan patted the sorrel's haunch with his free hand, but made no other movement.

"Never mind," he answered, staring doggedly. "I say it this time. You can't."

The other laughed outright.

"Come!" he cried gayly. "This is something like! Rivals, eh? But you gave me too much law, old fellow; too long a start. You can't really mean, now, to come into the race ——"

"Stop that!" Dan made a forward step with so much ire that the horses shied apart and bent round their heads in mild apprehension. "I won't have that kind of talk."

Gitcombe laughed again, drew from a pocket his brier cutty, lighted it, and tossed the match into the fire.

"No sense in blustering," he rejoined sweetly; and then with deliberation: "I see, Blake. I see perfectly. Why!" He broke off, grinned, and sucked at his pipe as though gathering courage. "It's 'No Trespassers!'" he snickered. "You've fallen in love with her yourself."

Dan uttered a strange noise, a short, unwilling rumble. He left his intrenchment among the horses, flung caution away, burned his bridges and stalked into the open. For a moment he stood towering over Gitcombe, who shrank away instantly with a frightened face. Dan glared at him. But the fellow's panic was so complete and unexpected, his impudent bearing wilted so lamentably, that anger went out in disgust. Dan snorted his indignation, turned aside, tramped back and forth between fire and hut.

"What if I have?" he grumbled as he marched. "None o' your affairs. But what if I did? Leave that out. All I say is, you can't have her. And you've got to quit hanging round!" The gopher man had won back his composure.

"Oh!" he jeered, tamping with unsteady finger the dottle in his pipe. "That, once more, is for the lady to say. Besides, you're rather too late for the fair, I fancy!"

Dan stopped marching. Glower at the speaker as he chose, he could not tell whether the speech were true or a desperate lie to gain time, a hazard on probable futurity. He could not read his opponent's easy grin; but the words chimed, all too well, with something the girl had lately said, here by this fire.

"After all, why can't I?" Gitcombe pressed his advantage boldly. "You've talked to me, Blake, like a ruffian—a bully. Come, now, why can't I? Do you know anything to my discredit, except that I chance to be taking your play?"

Dan was plainly silenced.

"Come; do you?" his rival urged in growing triumph. "Out with it!"

Blake set one foot on the steps and, with elbow on knee, gazed morosely at the ground.

"Not a word!" continued Gitcombe. "Not one real word against me. I knew. If you had one you'd have told her before now!"

Dan's face went gray under its tan. He opened his lips to speak, then shut them tight. To this mortal affront he could make no answer; but, jerking his body upright, he brought his foot down with a stamp that shook the hut.

As by a signal, almost at the same moment—for day had heightened faster than their quarrel—the earliest wave of sunrise flooded warm and glorious across the plain. The fire withered into a handful of white ash. The shadows of the two men, a many-legged shadow-bunch of horses, spindled flat on the dust, quivered vertically halfway up the screen of hop-binds. The dense green wall itself, pierced by fresh light, magically opened in long parallel vistas, lane upon lane shored up with brown joists and overhung with shining garlands. The last peevish gossip of birds fell silent, extinct without warning, like the fire. A loud yawn, a murmur of voices came from the hut as a bright javelin of light sped through the open door.

"Well?" said Gitcombe. "The ladies—shall we go catch them up?"

The level sunshine gilded all things impartially, and touched him also with a kind of radiant grace. Hands in pockets, pipe in mouth, he stood alert, exultant, his worn khaki glowing like a garment of wrinkled bronze. He could make—as Dan somberly granted—a handsome figure. Now, at least, he posed like a model of Victory in stained yellow armor.

"Have you done making an ass of yourself?" he inquired. "Quite done? Any more prohibitions? Because, really, you can't show cause; no living person can show cause for me to stop ——"

Gitcombe never ended the sentence. He snatched his pipe out, gripped it before him in a frozen gesture, and stood open-mouthed, staring. His whole presence underwent a slow transformation, which, had his clothes peeled into rags, could not have been more abject. All his triumph, all his impudent suavity, fell from him like the bark stripping from a dead tree. His eyes, fixed on something over Dan's head, shone white-rimmed with terror. The change was sudden and brutish. Dan saw it blankly, in impersonal wonder, until the mesmerism of the fellow's eyes forced him to turn and look behind.

"Ho! You are the man!"

In the door of the hut stood a lean, brown prophet, the eldest of the Sikhs, overtopping the lintel with his black turban.

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LAL SINGH reared in the doorway, motionless on his platform, a ragged orator waiting to begin. He remained silent, however, and bent upon Gitcombe a hard, glittering stare. A darkness, at once faint and turbulent, fumed across his brown face like the smoke of a pine torch at noonday. Then, showing his teeth satirically and without moving his eyes, he thrust one arm back through the doorway, to beckon.

Continued on Page 40

"Wait! What are You Chaps Going To ——"

# The Merchant and the Motor

## By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

WHEN the late Marshall Field declared that action was the life of successful merchandising he was simply uttering the keynote of the efficiency of the motor for the merchant. He said this considerably before the dawn of the horseless age too; but, with the large vision of commercial genius, he realized that profit in any business depends upon swift movement, whether it is in the turning of stocks or the delivery of goods. When things do not move they generally do not pay. Herein lies the whole explanation of the utility of the automobile as an aid to modern business.

It has not been so very long since the creak of the six-ton motor truck loaded with coal on your main street or the rattle of the motor delivery wagon as it brought a bundle to your front door aroused your curiosity and your comment. Today you accept it as a matter of course, which simply goes to show that the commercial motor vehicle has made its place in business and every-day life. Yet few people appreciate the extent of its introduction or its manifold uses. In practically every industry the gasoline or electrically propelled vehicle is competing with the horse and the results in many instances are significant and astonishing.

The Motor Truck on the Farm

In considering the commercial use of the automobile many people make the mistake of taking notice only of the vehicle specially built for business. Though there are approximately ten thousand of these in use or nearing completion, more than twelve times that number of regular automobiles—that is, so-called "pleasure cars"—are used every day by business and professional men as a help in their various vocations. Hence the commercial vehicle may roughly be divided into two classes: those that are built expressly for business, such as trucks and delivery wagons, and passenger vehicles that are used for commercial purposes. Likewise there are two kinds of power used in propelling them—gasoline and electricity.

### Questions Raised by Commercial Cars

AT THE outset this question arises: If the pleasure car has been in practical use for approximately ten years why has the commercial car been so long delayed? One reason is that the shrewd builder realized from the start that the owner would demand less of a pleasure car than of a business car; and, therefore, the margin of profit would be larger. So he hastened to get a serviceable and standardized pleasure car on the market. Besides, the wide introduction of a successful pleasure car would be a good means of popularizing the motor-driven vehicle. In this the manufacturers have not been mistaken. The merchant who had a touring car was among the first to buy a truck or a delivery wagon for his business, for he knew from long experience that the automobile was a reliable and fast annihilator of time and distance.

The standardization of the passenger car was a distinct help to the development of the commercial car. This is shown in the fact that there has been more progress in the perfection of the commercial vehicle during the past two years than there was in the perfection of the pleasure car during the five years preceding. The first builders who placed commercial bodies on a pleasure car truck—or chassis as it is technically known—found that what was good for passenger hauling was not always good for heavy transportation. Such problems as high grades, icy streets and backing up against freight sheds and platforms with heavy loads had to be considered. As a result, a whole new phase of the automobile business has been developed and many believe that in its successful exploitation lies the future backbone of the industry.

What, then, are the great advantages of the motor vehicle in business? Summed up generally they are as follows: First, such a vehicle is a good advertisement; in fact, it may be called a conspicuous and movable billboard. Second, it provides for an increased efficiency in time and service and, when kept constantly at work, is profitable. Third, in many cases it is more economical in operation and upkeep than a horse and takes up less room than the horse-drawn vehicle.

Experience has demonstrated, however, that there must be this important qualification in the consideration of the commercial motor vehicle by the average merchant and manufacturer: no two usages are exactly alike in results. This means that though John Jones could use a big truck successfully in the downtown district in Philadelphia for the drygoods business, his colleague, William Brown, might not be able to do so in New York, where traffic conditions and regulations and the delivery zones are entirely different. Yet each might have the same number of customers and haul the same kind of packages in the same quantities each day. Hence each case is an individual one and must be worked out and met according to local needs and conditions.

The second big fact that stands out at this point is that before any man buys a commercial vehicle he must first know everything possible about his horse-hauling. This leads to what seems to be an interesting revelation, which is best put, perhaps, by the head of one of the largest motor-truck concerns in the country. "I have been amazed," he said to me, "at the ignorance of the average big merchant or manufacturer about some phases of his business. Though he can tell you all about his stocks of merchandise or the cost of operation and output of his mill, he knows little about the kind of hauling he does, the extent of the tonnage, the routes over which his stuff goes, his facilities for loading and unloading and the cost of the maintenance of his stables. We believe that before a man buys a commercial motor vehicle he ought to know just what it can do in comparison with his horses. A discussion of this has aided many men in knowing much more about their business than they knew before."

One of the very first services rendered by the cautious and carefully considered purchase of a commercial motor vehicle is that it educates the merchant or the manufacturer in the cost of his haulage and delivery. It fits, therefore, into the scheme of modern business science, where organized knowledge is so essential in determining real profits.

Before going into the definite story of the commercial motor vehicle let us first consider what might be termed the fundamentals of its use.

Since there are two kinds—gasoline and electric—it must follow that each has its peculiar field of largest usefulness. For example, in any business such as department-store delivery, where the wagon is called upon to make a great many stops, the electric car has been found to be very serviceable. It is like a trolley car.

The frequent stops are not a great wear and tear on the mechanism. Likewise the chauffeur of the electric car can maintain a neater appearance than the driver of the gasoline vehicle; for this reason electricity often drives the delivery wagons of the smart tailor, milliner, cleanser, perfumery dealer and jeweler.

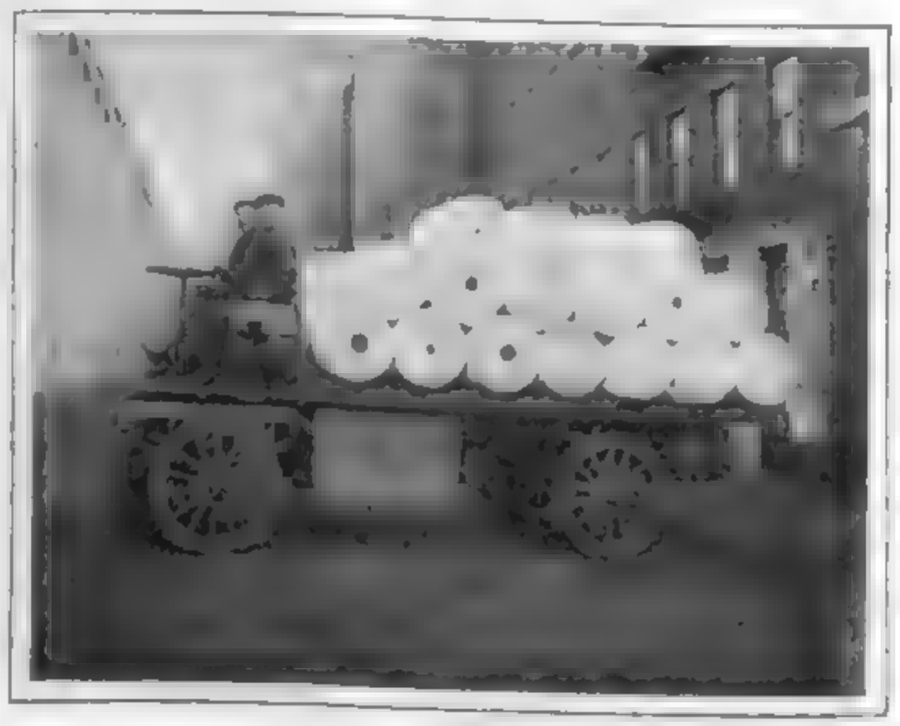
### Long Hauls at Small Cost

IN SOME cities, the electric car has advantage over the gasoline vehicle: it can go to places where the gasoline car is forbidden. In New York City, for instance, a gasoline truck is excluded from steamship piers on account of its fire hazard. This prohibition sometimes extends to warehouses and textile factories. The mileage of the electric car, however, is limited. For service over from fifty to sixty miles it has not been found as practicable as the gasoline car. This is due to the cost and inconvenience of recharging the battery.

For the gasoline truck, on the other hand, the ideal condition is a long haul with a big load. Here there is no restriction on mileage. It is simply a question of feeding more gasoline to the tank. The longer and more continuous the load the greater the service and profit rendered by the gasoline wagon. A big truck of this kind is like a street car; when it is idle and not moving it earns no money.

The matter of quick loading and unloading enters very largely into this proposition. To achieve the very best

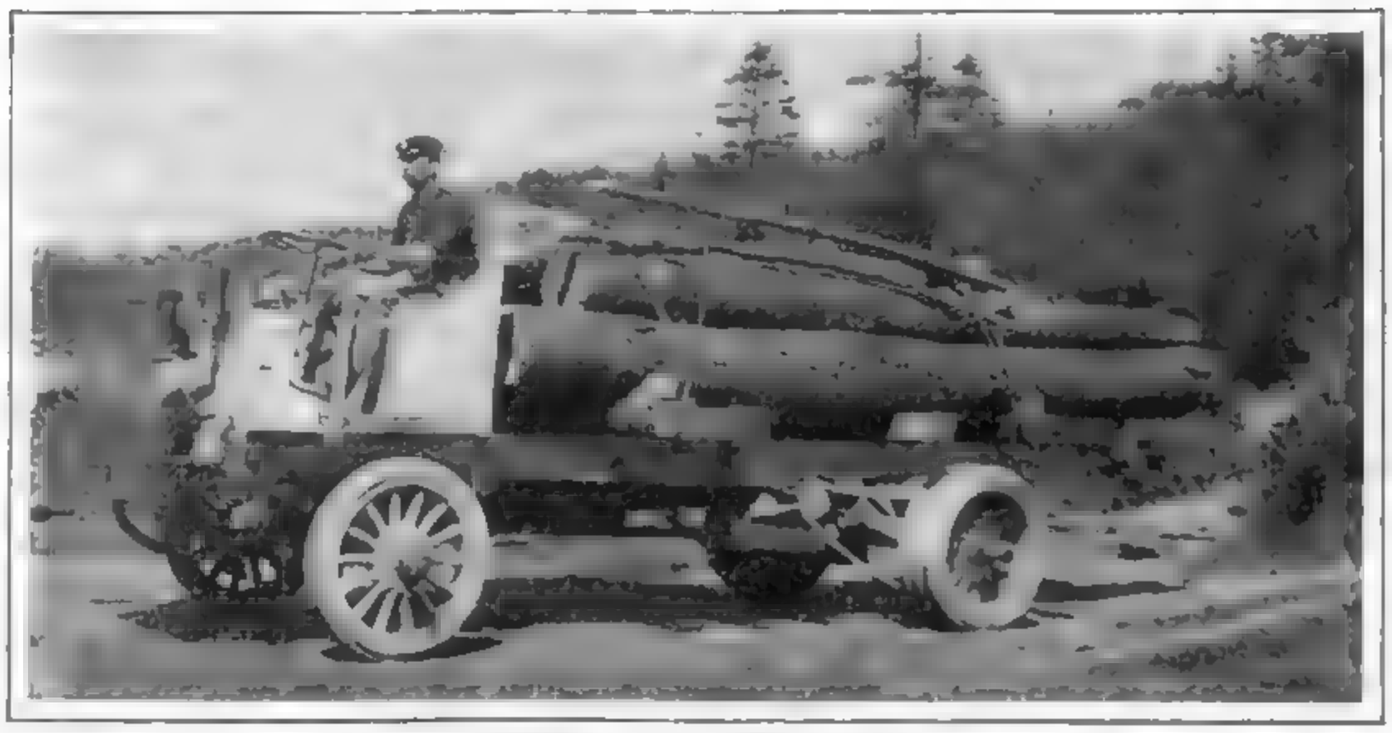
Three-Ton Truck Carrying Express Matter



Two-Ton Commercial Truck

results the owners have found that they must be kept going all the time. Hence organizations like express companies keep their trucks in commission twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four. Unlike the horse, the motor truck never gets tired.

In order to obtain the greatest amount of efficiency out of the big motor truck, which simply means the solution of the problem of quick loading and unloading, some merchants, especially the proprietors of the great department stores in Chicago and New York, have introduced what is known as the interchangeable body. This is a body that can be slipped on and off the truck. In its use you find one of the greatest aids that the motor vehicle brings to big business.



*Logging in the Twentieth Century*

The case of a very successful merchant who has stores in New York and Philadelphia will illustrate. To understand fully this operation it must first be borne in mind that the delivery of goods from a retail store in New York presents problems not met in any other American city. Within a radius of approximately twenty-five miles are scores of populous communities. These suburban millions do most of their shopping in New York. Like any other shoppers, they want their purchases delivered as soon as possible. How to serve these customers quickly has disturbed the department-store owner for years. To expedite the delivery of goods this particular merchant established transfer stations at outlying points. These were the centers of distribution for their immediate vicinity. The goods were sent out in big horse-drawn trucks and then distributed by smaller wagons. The transfer stations and their distances from the store are as follows: Newark, eleven miles; One-hundred-and-seventy-fifth Street and Park Avenue, eight miles; Port Chester, twenty-eight miles; Stapleton, three miles and a half; Hackensack, New Jersey, nine miles.

### *Department Store Deliveries*

LET us take the Park Avenue station—the Harlem branch—for the purpose of illustration. It took a powerful two-horse team two hours to make the trip from the store. But, in addition to this time, an hour and a half was consumed in loading and an hour and a half in unloading. Thus the total time for this particular performance was five hours. When the team got back to the store the driver would have worked seven hours and the horses needed a rest.

Then the merchant adopted three-ton gasoline trucks. One of these vehicles makes the trip from the store to Harlem in an hour. At first there was the old problem of losing an hour and a half for loading and the same time for unloading. Then came the brilliant idea: "Why not have interchangeable bodies—that is, bodies that could be loaded while the truck was out at work?" The result was the building of what is known as the "nest" or "cartridge" body. It is practically a second body for the truck, may be slipped in on wheels and is so built that it can be hauled around from the place of loading to the place where the truck is drawn up.

Here is the way the system works out: At nine o'clock in the morning one of the big motor trucks starts out to deliver furniture in the city. During the day it covers from sixty to seventy-five miles or more, according to the load and place of delivery. At six o'clock it returns to the store. Meanwhile one of these interchangeable bodies has been loaded with packages for Harlem. The moment the truck backs up this body is slipped in and in five minutes the truck is on its way with the load that in the old days would have taken an hour and a half to put aboard. Arriving at Harlem station the body is slipped out in less than five minutes. Perhaps another body has been filled at the station with returned goods or "O. K.'s not wanted"; it is put right on the truck and the return trip to the store begins. One of these trucks makes as many as seven round trips of this kind during the night and, after a little care and lubrication, is on the job at eight o'clock in the morning for all-day service. The trip to Port Chester is made twice a night.

This same merchant has planned an improvement on the type of "nest" now in use. He found that by using it he lost from fifteen to twenty per cent of space; so he has had complete new trucks built which fit right on the chassis of the motor truck. Thus he can haul full loads in the interchangeable body.

The big motor truck has been used to great advantage and profit by the furniture dealer and the moving-van man. In moving furniture in the old horse-drawn way it was always necessary to take the pieces apart and pack them in burlap. With expensive bric-à-brac, much time and money had to be spent on the packing. With a motor truck the furniture can be loaded without so much taking down, and there are soft, well-padded sections for costly articles, which need not be so elaborately packed. Thus the packing and unpacking costs are eliminated.

When people move they want to move in a hurry and the motor truck offers this much-desired facility. Here is a case in point: A woman at Huntington, Long Island, which is about thirty miles from New York, wanted to have her furniture sent down there from the city. With a horse-drawn wagon it would have taken two days; by freight, longer. As it was, the furniture was put into a motor truck, the start made at eight o'clock in the morning, and everything was placed in position in the house by dinner-time that night. The cost of using the truck was less than the cost of packing and other methods of transportation would have been.

A Philadelphia merchant who delivers a great mass of goods in outlying regions found, for one thing, that sending furniture to Atlantic City was very expensive. It had to be taken down, packed, shipped by freight or wagon, then unpacked, set up and placed in the house. Now he sends the furniture by motor truck; the furniture does not have to be taken down and the driver can put it in position. Instead of requiring two days and an expert packer, he needs only one day and saves fifty dollars in help and time.

Thus the motor truck provides quick service, and quick service is one of the best means toward keeping customers. One great Chicago merchant believes in this so thoroughly that he has had light bodies put on high-power touring trucks and uses them for special delivery. A woman in Evanston came down one morning and bought a dress. She was going to New York that afternoon and "had to have it." The dress was sent out by this high-power special delivery and reached the purchaser's residence before she got home for lunch. Of course it pleased her and it made her go back to that store for her next dress.

Service such as I have described in New York and Chicago, especially with food supplies, has had the effect of making the suburban dweller more contented and of increasing the whole zone of suburban trade. It is helping to emancipate the suburbanite from his long familiar burden of bundles too. So wide has become this service that not only do New York stores deliver goods to Yonkers and points in Connecticut, but Boston houses have regular deliveries by motor truck to Fall River, Providence and Worcester.

Since every commercial motor vehicle should be regarded as an investment that must yield a certain definite return, let us now turn to the very important matter of the cost of operation. In many instances the introduction of the vehicle is so recent that no standard figures have been obtained. Only lately a standardized system of ascertaining electric vehicle costs has been perfected. Also as no trucks have actually worn out—they have not been in service long enough—the question of final depreciation on the investment cannot be determined—it can only be estimated. Certain concrete instances, however, will show what various costs have been.

### *Some Comparative Figures*

OF COURSE the cost of the truck is only the initial expense, and there are also the items of operation, depreciation and interest. In considering the efficiency of the truck it may be added here that in many cases trailers are employed which increase the hauling capacity and raise the cost very little. Likewise, in making a comparison with a horse-drawn vehicle, it must be borne in mind that a horse can only draw a load one way while the motor can haul it both ways. This means that a three-ton truck can take a load of coal fifteen miles out in the country and then return with a full load of sand.

The cost of motor vehicles varies. It is often very largely a matter of care and operation. A cautious driver can get four thousand miles out of a tire where a careless driver will get only half that mileage. The builders advise their customers to give their trucks "roundhouse" attention—that is, the same kind of attention that railroad employees give engines after a run.

The comparison between the cost of motor and horse-drawn vehicles is interesting. Take the case of a big industrial concern on Staten Island, which uses a three-ton gasoline truck, a three-horse truck and a two-horse truck. The haul that forms the basis of this calculation is five miles across Staten Island and five miles in New York. The round trip, therefore, is twenty miles. This trip occupies the horse-drawn trucks all day while the motor truck does it twice a day with ease. The three-horse truck hauls four tons and a half and costs $10.03 a day for operation; the two-horse truck carries three tons and costs $7.31 a day, while the motor truck costs $13.40. Though the truck costs more to operate it does much more work. This, you will find, is the general result of similar comparisons.

Yet some operators, especially those who have heavy and wearing haulage, run trucks more cheaply than they can maintain horse-drawn teams. The case of a New York

*Three-Ton Truck for Heavy Express*

*Trucks for Light Work*

contractor, who hauls heavy stone to the crusher and broken stone away from it—thus having full loads all the time—is typical. With a three-ton motor truck he does in a day and a half what formerly took five teams two whole days. He can haul three tons from ten to twelve miles an hour on country roads. Instead of five drivers at a dollar and a half a day he has one motor driver at two dollars and a half. He figures that the total daily cost of operation of the truck, including gasoline, oil, driver and wages of three helpers, is eight dollars and a quarter a day, while the cost of the upkeep of the horse teams was over eleven dollars.

Take coal, which is one of the hardest strains on the horse, because the load, instead of diminishing in bulk all the time as in the case of ordinary delivery, remains heavy over the entire period of the trip. In snow and sleet the wear and tear on the horses is terrific. Often a four-hundred-dollar team is rendered useless after one experience on icy streets. Here is where the motor truck comes in. Last winter in New York the motor coal trucks kept up their deliveries day and night when the horse-drawn vehicles were all put out of business or their service badly crippled. Coal trucks have piled up impressive records. A five-ton truck delivered nine hundred and sixty-three tons of coal in twenty-six working days without any delay from breakdowns. It covered seven hundred and twenty-one miles, the daily tonnage was twenty-seven and the average mileage each day was twenty-eight. A ten-ton coal truck delivered eighty-four tons a day and got two miles and a half out of each gallon of gasoline.

The motor truck is having a big effect on the coal business. In a city like New York the profit gets down to a matter of cartage. This is why the average haul is only two miles and a half. If the cartage can be made faster and more economical then the profit will be larger. So far, the actual cost of motor trucking for coal has been greater than horse delivery, but the efficiency is doubled. The system has not been sufficiently long in operation to get the best maintenance results, however.

The small dealer has fared well with the motor vehicle. The illustration furnished by the experience of a miller in Illinois is worth using. He has a fifteen-hundred-pound delivery wagon. His expense of operation has averaged sixty-eight dollars a month, including gasoline, repairs, oil and a man's services. For the same period his horses had cost him for feed, shoeing, wagon repairs, harness and upkeep generally, seventy-one dollars. The motor vehicle hauls a third more than the horse-drawn wagon and covers more than twice the ground.

An interesting comparison has been made between the horse-drawn vehicle and the electric truck. In this instance the investment in fifty-three double-team wagons, two hundred and twelve horses and fifty-three sets of double harness represented $68,631.05. The annual operating expenses of these teams, including interest on the investment, depreciation and labor, was $149,674.05. Contrasted with this outfit is the work of forty electrics—ten three-ton trucks and twenty two-ton trucks—representing an investment of $140,570.80. The annual operating expenses of the trucks, including interest on investment and depreciation, was $113,902.12, which was a saving of $35,771.93, or about twenty-three per cent.

One of the largest department stores in Philadelphia has a two-thousand-pound truck, which costs in operation, including interest on investment, maintenance of batteries, current depreciation, tires, wages for one driver and one helper, a little over six dollars a day. This car replaced four wagons. On a very hot day it replaced twelve horses and three wagons and in one day it made four hundred deliveries.

Equal saving has been made with gasoline trucks. In Louisville, Kentucky, a flour manufacturer in two months saved one hundred and ninety-four dollars by replacing two two-horse teams with one three-ton truck. In Chicago a piano house uses one three-ton truck where formerly it had three teams. The saving in wages each day by the use of the motor vehicle is eighteen dollars. A Detroit miller averaged twelve tons a day with a three-ton truck whose average daily mileage was twenty-six miles. Excluding tires, his repair bill for five thousand miles was seventy cents.

To set forth the varied use of the motor vehicle means to take a swift trip through nearly every industry and in almost every community of any size. Let us take New York first. Nowhere is there greater need for quick delivery service. You get some idea of the problem in this city when you find that last year fifty-four million tons of freight were handled on its streets. This volume increases each year, yet the streets remain the same in size. The substitute for a widening traffic area has been the motor vehicle, which only takes up half the room of the horse-drawn vehicle and is handled, as a rule, more easily.

One of the largest services that the automobile vehicle renders in New York is to one of the great express companies. This concern practically runs a twenty-four-hour

(Continued on Page 36)

# UNDER THE DECK-AWNINGS

## By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. S. POTTER

CAN any man—a gentleman, I mean—call a woman a pig?" The little man flung this challenge forth to the whole group, then leaned back in his deckchair, sipping lemonade with an air commingled of certitude and watchful belligerence. Nobody made answer. They were used to the little man and his sudden passions and high elevations.

"I repeat, it was in my presence that he said a certain lady, whom none of you knows, was a pig. He did not say swine. He grossly said that she was a pig. And I hold that no man who is a man could possibly make such a remark about any woman."

Doctor Dawson puffed stolidly at his black pipe. Matthews, with knees hunched up and clasped by his arms, was absorbed in the flight of a guny. Sweet, finishing his Scotch and soda, was questing about with his eyes for a deck-steward.

"I ask you, Mr. Treloar, can any man call any woman a pig?"

Treloar, who happened to be sitting next to him, was startled by the abruptness of the attack, and wondered what grounds he had ever given the little man to believe that he could call a woman a pig.

"I should say," he began his hesitant answer, "that it—er—depends on the—er—the lady."

The little man was aghast.

"You mean ——" he quavered.

"That I have seen female humans who were as bad as pigs—and worse."

There was a long, painful silence. The little man seemed withered by the coarse brutality of the reply. In his face was unutterable hurt and woe.

"You have told of a man who made a not nice remark, and you have classified him," Treloar said in cold, even tones. "I shall now tell you about a woman—I beg your pardon—a lady—and when I have finished I shall ask you to classify her. Miss Caruthers I shall call her, principally for the reason that it is not her name. It was on a P. & O. boat, and it occurred several years ago.

"Miss Caruthers was charming. No; that is not the word. She was amazing. She was a young woman and a lady. Her father was a certain high official whose name, if I mentioned it, would be immediately recognized by all of you. She was with her mother and two maids at the time, going out to join the old gentleman wherever you like to wish in the East.

"She—and pardon me for repeating—was amazing. It is the one adequate word. Even the most minor adjectives applicable to her are bound to be sheer superlatives. There was nothing she could not do better than any woman and than most men. Sing, play—bah!—as some rhetorician once said of old Nap, competition fled from her.

"She Took No Notice, but Held Up the Gold Coin Before the Eyes of the Boy"

Swim! She could have made a fortune and a name as a public performer. She was one of those rare women who can strip off all the frills of dress and in a simple swimming suit be more satisfyingly beautiful. Dress! She was an artist. Her taste was unerring.

"But her swimming. Physically, she was the perfect woman—you know what I mean; not in the gross, muscular way of acrobats, but in all the delicacy of line and fragility of frame and texture; and combined with this, strength. How she could do it was the marvel. You know the wonder of a woman's arm—the forearm, I mean: the sweet fading away from rounded biceps and hint of muscle, down through small elbow and firm, soft swell to the wrist, small—unthinkably small and round and strong? This was hers. And yet, to see her swimming the sharp, quick English overhand stroke, and getting somewhere with it too, was—well, I understand anatomy and athletics and such things, and yet it was a mystery to me how she could do it.

"She could stay under water for two minutes. I have timed her. No man on board, except Dennitson, could capture as many coins as she with a single dive. On the forward main deck was a big canvas tank with six feet of sea-water. We used to toss small coins into it. I have seen her dive from the bridge deck—no mean feat in itself—into that six feet of water and fetch up no less than forty-seven coins, scattered at random over the whole bottom of the tank. Dennitson, a quiet young Englishman, never exceeded her in this, though he made it a point always to tie her score.

"She was a sea-woman, true. But she was a land-woman, a horsewoman—a—she was the universal woman. To see her, all softness of flowing dress, surrounded by half a dozen eager men, languidly careless of them, or flashing brightness and wit on them and at them and through them, one would fancy she was good for nothing else in the world. At such moments I have compelled myself to remember her score of forty-seven coins from the bottom of the swimming tank. But that was she—the everlasting wonder of a woman who did all things well.

"She fascinated every betrousered human around her. She had me—and I don't mind confessing it—she had me to heel along with the rest. Young puppies and old gray dogs who ought to have known better—oh, they all came up and crawled round her skirts and whined and fawned when she whistled. They were all guilty, from young Ardmore, a pink cherub of nineteen, outward bound for some clerkship in the consular service, to old Captain Bentley, grizzled and seaworn, and as emotional, to look at, as a Chinese joss. There was a nice middle-aged chap, Perkins, I believe, who forgot his wife was on board until Miss Caruthers sent him to the right-about and back where he belonged.

"Men were wax in her hands. She melted them, or softly moulded them, or incinerated them, as she pleased. There wasn't a steward, even, grand and remote as she was, who at her bidding would have hesitated to souse the Old Man himself with a plate of soup. You have all seen such women—a sort of world's desire to all men. As a man-conqueror she was supreme. She was a whiplash, a sting and a flame, an electric spark. Oh, believe me, at times there were flashes of will that scorched through her beauty and seduction and smote a victim into blank and shivering idiocy and fear!

"And don't fail to mark, in the light of what is to come, that she was a prideful woman: pride of race, pride of caste, pride of sex, pride of power—she had it all, a pride strange and willful and terrible.

"She ran the ship, she ran the voyage, she ran everything—and she ran Dennitson. That he had outdistanced the pack even the least wise of us admitted. That she liked him, and that this feeling was growing, there was not a doubt. I am certain that she looked on him with kinder eyes than she had ever looked with on man before. We still worshiped and were always hanging about waiting to be whistled up, though we knew that Dennitson was laps and laps ahead of us. What might have happened we shall never know, for we came to Colombo and something else happened.

"You know Colombo, and how the native boys dive for coins in the shark-infested bay? Of course it is only among the ground sharks and fish sharks that they venture. It is almost uncanny the way they know sharks and can sense the presence of a real killer—a tiger shark, for instance, or a gray nurse strayed up from Australian waters. But let such a shark appear and, long before the passengers can guess, every mother's son of them is out of the water in a wild scramble for safety.

"It was just after tiffin and Miss Caruthers was holding her usual court under the deck-awnings. Old Captain Bentley had just been whistled up and had granted her what he had never granted before—nor since—permission for the boys to come up on the promenade deck. You see, Miss Caruthers was a swimmer and she was interested. She took up a collection of all our small change and herself tossed it overside, singly and in handfuls, arranging the terms of the contests, chiding a miss, giving extra rewards to clever wins; in short, managing the whole exhibition.

"She was especially keen on their jumping. You know, jumping feet-first from a height, it is very difficult to hold the body perpendicularly while in the air. The center of gravity of the human body is high, and the tendency is to overtopple, but the little beggars employed a method new to her, which she desired to learn. Leaping from the davits of the boat deck above, they plunged downward, their faces and shoulders bowed forward, looking at the water; and only at the last moment did they abruptly straighten up and enter the water erect and true.

"It was a pretty sight. Their diving was not so good, though there was one of them who was excellent at it, as he was at all the other stunts. Some white man must have taught him, for he made the proper swan dive and did it as beautifully as I have ever seen it done. You know, it is head-first into the water; and from a great height the problem is to enter the water at the perfect angle. Miss the angle and it means at the least a twisted back and injury for life. Also, it has meant death for many a bungler. This boy could do it—seventy feet I know he cleared in one dive from the rigging—clenched hands on chest, head thrown back, sailing more like a bird, upward and out, and out and down, body flat on the air, so that if it struck the surface in that position it would be split in half like a herring. But the moment before the water is reached the head drops forward, the hands go out and lock the arms in an arch in advance of the head, and the body curves gracefully downward and enters the water just right.

"This the boy did again and again to the delight of all of us, but particularly of Miss Caruthers. He could not have been a moment over twelve or thirteen, yet he was by far the cleverest of the gang. He was the favorite of his crowd and its leader. Though there were many older than he, they acknowledged his chieftaincy. He was a beautiful boy, a lithe young god in breathing bronze, eyes wide apart, intelligent and daring—a bubble, a mote, a beautiful flash and sparkle of life. You have seen wonderfully glorious creatures—animals, anything, a leopard, a horse—restless, eager, too much alive ever to be still, silken of muscle, each slightest movement a benediction of grace, every action wild, untrammeled, and over all spilling out that intense vitality, that sheen and luster of living light. The boy had it. Life poured out of him almost in an effulgence. His skin glowed with it. It burned in his eyes. I swear I could almost hear it crackle from him. Looking at him, it was as if a whiff of ozone came to one's nostrils—so fresh and young was he, so resplendent with health, so wildly wild.

"This was the boy, and it was he who gave the alarm in the midst of the sport. The boys made a dash of it for the gangway platform, swimming the fastest strokes they knew, pell-mell, floundering and splashing, fright in their faces, clambering out with jumps and surges, any way to get out, lending one another a hand to safety, till all were strung along the gangway and peering down into the water.

"'What is the matter?' asked Miss Caruthers.

"'A shark, I fancy,' Captain Bentley answered. 'Lucky little beggars that he didn't get one of them.'

"'Are they afraid of sharks?' she asked.

"'Aren't you?' he asked back.

She shuddered, looked overside at the water and made a *moue*.

"'Not for the world would I venture where a shark might be,' she said, and shuddered again. 'They are horrible! Horrible!'

"The boys came up on the promenade deck, clustering close to the rail and worshiping Miss Caruthers, who had flung them such a wealth of bakshish. The performance being over, Captain Bentley motioned to them to clear out; but she stopped him.

"'One moment, please, Captain. I have always understood that the natives are not afraid of sharks.'

"She beckoned the boy of the swan dive nearer to her and signed to him to dive over again. He shook his head and, along with all his crew behind him, laughed as if it were a good joke.

"'Shark,' he volunteered, pointing to the water.

"'No!' she said. 'There is no shark.'

"But he nodded his head positively and the boys behind him nodded with equal positiveness.

"'No, no, no!' she cried. And then to us: 'Who'll lend me a half-crown and a sovereign?'

"Immediately the half-dozen of us were presenting her with half-crowns and sovereigns, and she accepted the two coins from young Ardmore.

"She held up the half-crown for the boys to see, but there was no eager rush to the rail preparatory to leaping. They stood there grinning sheepishly. She offered the coin to each one individually, and each, as his turn came, rubbed his foot against his calf, shook his head and grinned. Then she tossed the half-crown overboard. With wistful, regretful faces they watched its silver flight through the air, but not one moved to follow it.

"'Don't do it with the sovereign,' Dennitson said to her in a low voice.

"She took no notice, but held up the gold coin before the eyes of the boy of the swan dive.

"'Don't!' said Captain Bentley. 'I wouldn't throw a sick cat overside with a shark around.'

"But she laughed, bent on her purpose, and continued to dazzle the boy.

"'Don't tempt him,' Dennitson urged. 'It is a fortune to him and he might go over after it.'

"'Wouldn't you?' she flared at him 'If I threw it?' This last more softly.

"Dennitson shook his head.

"'Your price is high,' she said. 'For how many sovereigns would you go?'

"'There are not enough coined to get me overside,' was his answer.

"She debated a moment, the boy forgotten in her tilt with Dennitson.

"'For me?' she said very softly.

"'To save your life—yes; but not otherwise.'

"She turned back to the boy. Again she held the coin before his eyes, dazzling him with the vastness of its value. Then she made as if to toss it out, and involuntarily he made a half movement toward the rail, but was checked by sharp cries of reproof from his companions. There was anger in their voices as well.

"'I know it is only fooling,' Dennitson said. 'Carry it as far as you like, but for Heaven's sake don't throw it.'

"Whether it was that strange willfulness of hers, or whether she doubted the boy could be persuaded, there is no telling. It was unexpected to all of us. Out from the shade of the awning the coin flashed golden in the blaze of sunshine and fell toward the sea in a glittering arch. Before a hand could stay him the boy was over the rail and curving beautifully downward after the coin. Both were in the air at the same time. It was a pretty sight. The sovereign cut the water sharply, and at the very spot, almost at the same instant with scarcely a splash, the boy entered.

"From the quicker-eyed black boys watching came an exclamation. We were all at the rail. Don't tell me it is necessary for a shark to turn on its back. That one didn't. In the clear water, from the height we were above it, we saw everything. The shark was a big brute and with one drive he cut the boy squarely in half.

"There was a murmur or something from among us—who made it I did not know; it might have been I. And then there was silence. Miss Caruthers was the first to speak. Her face was deathly white.

"'I—I never dreamed!' she said, and laughed a short, hysterical laugh.

"All her pride was at work to give her control. She turned weakly toward Dennitson, and then on from one to another of us. In her eyes was a terrible sickness and her lips were trembling. We were brutes—oh, I know it, now that I look back upon it; but we did nothing!

"'Mr. Dennitson,' she said—'Tom, won't you take me below?'

"He never changed the direction of his gaze, which was the bleakest I have ever seen in a man's face; nor did he move an eyelid. He took a cigarette from his case and lighted it. Captain Bentley made a nasty sound in his throat and spat overboard. That was all—that and the silence.

"She turned away and started to walk firmly down the deck. Twenty feet away she swayed and thrust a hand against the wall to save herself; and so she went on, supporting herself against the cabins and walking very slowly."

Trelour ceased. He turned his head and favored the little man with a look of cold inquiry. "Well?" he said finally. "Classify her."

The little man gulped and swallowed.

"I have nothing to say," he said. "Nothing whatever to say."

"She Swayed and Thrust a Hand Against the Wall to Save Herself"

# The Career of Farthest North

## How the Sanitarium Started--By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"But—You See—He Often Speaks; Speaks Quite Distinctly"

BETHANY was the name of the New England hamlet where Mr. and Mrs. Francis North were spending their honeymoon. It possessed trees and scenery, but not much else. Such tides of commerce as there were had long since turned to Avignon, the railroad station on the other side of the valley, six miles away. A row of beautiful old elms bordered the street in front of the inn, but the street itself was overgrown with grass on which infrequent wheels left only a slight mark. Twelve months before, after a valiant struggle of twenty years against adverse Fate, Bethany's one general store had yielded up the ghost. The storeroom, fifteen feet by thirty, now stood empty. Only the blacksmith and the inn held out.

It was, in fact, an inn in name only. Mr. and Mrs. North were the only guests. The establishment really subsisted on a cow, a garden patch and Almira, the landlord's industrious maiden sister. Every morning, not long after sun-up, Almira sallied forth from the inn in a rattling old one-horse buggy drawn by a hoary gray mare, to peddle her milk and vegetables among the prodigal summer cottagers at Avignon. She was a brave sight, sitting very erect in the dilapidated buggy, a calico gown hanging limply on her spare frame, a sunbonnet on her head and spectacles on her nose, her brown and bony hands firmly grasping the patched lines, the vegetable-basket on the seat beside her and a box of milk-bottles at her feet. Not only did she look eminently respectable, but she made one feel that any adverse Fate that sought to down Almira would have its hands full.

Thus it devolved upon Brother Eben, the landlord, to put the breakfast on the table for the guests, Almira having prepared it, and to wash the dishes. Mr. Deming performed these duties as one submits to an unavoidable affliction. On their second day at the inn Almira had informed them sympathetically that Brother Eben was poorly. Farthest surmised that being poorly had been his principal occupation for a long while.

Coming out from breakfast, the guests seated themselves in idle delight upon the veranda. The valley with the early morning sun upon it was very lovely. Dew still shone on the grass, on the unkempt shrubbery and on Almira's regretfully neglected posy-bed. This was their fifth morning at the inn, but each morning it seemed quite as enchanting as before.

"How would you like to live here, dear?" said Farthest abruptly, after they had been dreamily contemplating the valley for some moments.

Edith, as fresh and rosy as the morning, looked around at him, her deep blue eyes wide with surprise. "Why, how could we?"

Farthest, still dreamily contemplating the valley, smiled absently. "Well, when it comes to that," he replied good-naturedly, "how can we live anywhere?" For he had candidly told his beautiful bride that he had only a little money and no particular occupation.

She laughed musically—such was her faith in him. "But there isn't any business here, is there? How could you make money where there isn't any?" She propounded the riddle smiling and with a simple, childlike curiosity.

"There's a heap of money over there," Farthest replied, nodding across the valley toward Avignon. Even at that distance the towering brick battlements and red-tiled roof of the Château Avignon made a sanguine splotch among the treetops. The Château accommodated seven hundred guests and its lowest rate was five dollars a day. Then there were the cottages. Landlord Deming had told them that Wesley Hubbard's cottage cost half a million.

"Oh, yes! Over there," said Edith, as though that put an entirely different face on the matter. For a moment her lovely eyes dwelt fondly upon the prospect. "Why, I think it would be perfectly lovely to live here, dear!" she affirmed with enthusiasm. "Then I could raise berries and flowers, couldn't I?" she added eagerly.

"Certainly you could!" Farthest replied dotingly. "We'd clear out that whole tangle back of the house."

"Oh! Why, Frank!" she cried. "Do you mean right here—at the inn?" She regarded him a moment with affectionate wonder. "But, dear, how could you do it?" She laughed sweetly over her own curiosity—which was much like that of a dear child that eagerly waits while some wise elder performs a seeming impossibility.

"You know I spent a month at a crack sanitarium once," Farthest observed. "I talked to the doctors and patients a great deal and read some medical works. Since then I've always thought I'd like to have a sanitarium of my own if I ever got in a position to build one. I think I know something about how to treat nervous patients. At any rate," he added modestly, "I have some ideas that I'd like to work out."

"Why, that would be fine!" Edith murmured, quite engulfed in wonder.

"Of course we'd have to tear down this old house," he remarked, "and make a great many improvements. But as soon as we came here it struck me the location was ideal."

"I don't see how it could be better," Edith assented, surveying the scene. "But——" Her pretty brows contracted with the unaccustomed effort to think. To buy the inn and build a sanitarium would certainly take a good deal of money, not to mention the matter of getting patients afterward. It all seemed very confusing.

Farthest laughed, his brown eyes dancing merrily; he shook his dark, poetic locks at her mockingly. "But how am I going to do it?" he said. "Why, I don't know at all! But I've found that if your main idea is right"—he nodded at her decisively—"the details will probably work out right. When Eben comes out I'm going to see if he won't lease us the place."

"Really?" she cried excitedly, the immediate prospect instantly catching her attention. "Oh, Frank! See if he won't let us keep the cow, too! I do want to learn to milk. And we must have Almira! She's such good fun. I'll clear out so you can talk to Eben."

Thus when the landlord appeared, to take his customary seat in the rocker with the cushion in it, Farthest was gazing rapturously after the retreating and lovely figure of his wife. Mr. Deming was a round-shouldered and hook-nosed Yankee. He wore his upper lip smooth-shaven in a sacerdotal manner, which gave the whole stage, so to speak, to an upper set of large, glittering, pure white false teeth. A heavy beard, originally reddish but now nearly white, clothed the lower part of his face and fell upon his breast. He looked out upon the world with a pair of dull and hostile eyes. Farthest guessed his age at three score and five.

"Doctor!" he snorted in reply to the guest's friendly interrogatory. "I can tell you what a doctor would do for me before he'd ever feel my pulse, young man. He'd skin me out of my eyeteeth. That's what he'd do for me!" The old gentleman lifted a long, bony arm, pointing. "See that clump of ellums yonder side the road? You can just see the end of a red barn beyond the trees. That's where Eli Prothroe lives—son of old Jonathan Prothroe that's lived right here in Bethany all his life. Eli married a girl over from New Castle—sort of hoity-toity. She was goin' to have a doctor that was up to snuff. So Eli goes over to Avignon and gets one of them Boston chaps—felleh with eyeglasses and a little red ottymo-bile. And what do you s'pose he charged Eli? What do you s'pose he charged him?"

When Mr. Deming's conversation approached a sum of money he always betrayed suppressed excitement. Now he grasped his beard firmly around the waist with his right hand, and bit his nether lip with the glittering false teeth as he waited for Farthest to guess.

"A hundred and twenty dollars—for a confinement!" he announced deliberately when the guest had given it up. "A hundred and twenty dollars. Of course Eli told him to go to. And the felleh sued him and got judgment. Got judgment for the bill and costs—costs come to thirty-six dollars and eighty-five cents. A hundred and twenty dollars and thirty-six dollars and eighty-five cents costs. That's what Eli Prothroe had done to him by a jury of his peers," said Mr. Deming, whose aversion to lawyers was even greater than his aversion to doctors. "And when that youngster was a year and a half old," the landlord added impressively, fixing Farthest with a dull, hostile eye, "it was bench-legged as a bulldog."

He plainly inferred that with such a doctor no other result could have been expected. After a moment he turned to Farthest again, but somewhat doubtfully as though uncertain whether the guest were a man to whom he could tell a weighty secret. Then he said, lowering his voice and nodding confidentially: "This country is goin' to the dogs. Our doctors don't come within gunshot of the German doctors. Those fellehs over there know their business and they ain't skins. There was 'Lijah Newcomb's nephew—he's got a big job with a railroad in

Almira Was Paralyzed to See Her Brother, Therefore of Unblemished Reputation, Shirtless in the Face of Day

Omaha. Well, sir, his eyes went back on him and he fooled around and fooled around with these American doctors. Of course they couldn't do him any good. All they could do was to skin him. So finally he got desperate and went over to Germany. Doctor there treated him six weeks and cured him. And what do you s'pose he charged?"

Again the landlord grasped his beard and waited intently for the guest to answer. Again Farthest gave it up.

"He charged him," said Mr. Deming solemnly, "just exactly three hundred marks. That's sixty dollars of our money. Yes, sir; eye specialists; one of the big men over there; cured him and charged him sixty dollars! This country? Shucks!" Mr. Deming seemed to toss away his native land as an article too contemptible for notice. "Germany's got us beat a mile. And that's what I said—I said to Almira when I heard Wes Hubbard'd got a big heart specialist over from Germany—I said maybe he'd stand a show to live the summer out. But he's got a big nerve specialist from New York, too, so I guess it's just about a stand-off."

"And Mr. Hubbard, you say, used to live here?" Farthest observed designedly.

Upon which hint, as he had expected, Landlord Deming retold the golden legend—how he and Wes Hubbard had gone to school together when they were barefoot boys, at which period the whole Hubbard family could scarcely boast a shirt to its back; how Wesley had gone West and got into timber, and now was worth twenty-five million dollars. Mr. Deming slowly rolled the precious vocables over his tongue—"Twen-t-e-e-five mil-yon dol-lars!"—holding his beard with both hands the while. Not that Wesley was deriving much joy from his twenty-five millions. At his grand cottage in Avignon he was perishing of some mysterious ailment, with a specialist from Germany, a specialist from New York, a professional masseur, three trained nurses, a daughter and a noble son-in-law. "I'll bet ye," said Mr. Deming, leveling a bony forefinger upon far Avignon, "that New York chap is gittin' ten times as much as the German—and don't know putty, either; don't know putty!"

Farthest led the conversation around to the present condition of the inn, which the landlord painted in dark colors. The country had practically gone to the dogs, he explained; Wall Street had all the money. Thus you could get a thousand rich loafers to spend ten dollars a day over at Avignon, but there was no sturdy middle class to patronize a modest, respectable establishment like the inn.

"Would you care to sell it, Mr. Deming?" Farthest inquired softly.

The landlord started in his chair with a look of pain, for he perceived that if Farthest were a possible purchaser he had made an enormous tactical error in depreciating the property. He admitted that he might possibly be induced to part with the inn, although he had refused innumerable offers. A great many people wished to buy the place, for it was universally conceded that the location was the finest in New England.

"What do you consider it worth?" Farthest asked.

The landlord braced himself. "I consider it worth," he said firmly, gazing away over the valley, "five thousand dollars of any man's money, and I wouldn't look at a penny less!" Having made that declaration he looked around at Farthest with an angry, threatening expression. In fact, it was a sore point. For the last eighteen years 'Lijah Newcomb had been dickering with him for the inn, Mr. Deming insisting upon five thousand dollars cash, and 'Lijah offering fifteen hundred, on time. The discrepancy had worn upon the landlord's temper.

"I should think that was a very reasonable price," Farthest observed lightly. "Do you think it's going to rain today?"

Mr. Deming thought it wasn't going to rain, but exhibited little interest in that subject. For some time he sat slowly twisting his beard and surveying the elms, while the hope of a sale gnawed his vitals. "What business might you be in?" he inquired at length cautiously.

"I am a galmerpraktor," Farthest replied absently.

Using both hands Mr. Deming tugged manfully at his whiskers, staring the while at his guest. He didn't wish to seem ignorant, but presently he ventured to say: "A which?"

Farthest, as though waking up from a day-dream, looked around, smiling. "A galmerpraktor," he explained pleasantly. "Gal is from Galen, the greatest of ancient physicians. Mer is from Mesmer, who discovered animal magnetism—what we call hypnotism, you know. Praktor is a Greek word meaning I practice that. It's a new German school of healing. If I bought the inn," he added incidentally, "it would be to set up a sanitarium and introduce the school in this country. But it depends a good deal upon Doctor Schiller. In a day or two I'm going over to Avignon to see him about it. Of course I'm a young man, not known in this country, and the medical profession here is so hidebound that it's hard for a young man to introduce anything new. But Doctor Schiller has a great reputation. All the rich people have heard about him since he came over here to treat Mr. Hubbard. So, you see, if he would approve this location and back me up by recommending me I believe I could make a success of it."

Farthest spoke modestly, yet in an offhand manner, as though it were extremely likely that the celebrated German specialist would coöperate with him. Mr. Deming, who personally conceived the great German as moving on Olympian heights, stared at the guest with emotions not unlike those of the peasant who discovers that he has been familiarly entertaining the king.

"Yes, sir," he said humbly; "if Doctor Schiller would give you his recommend I reckon that would settle it. You know him?" he ventured to inquire almost timidly.

"Oh, not personally," Farthest replied cheerfully; "but that doesn't matter—not with a German scientist. They're different, you know. With them it's all for science and the cure of disease. If Doctor Schiller was satisfied that I was all right scientifically he would recommend me just as readily as he would his own son. They're not out for money. If he were at home now, and you were suffering, he'd come right here and treat you and charge you ten cents if that was all you could afford to pay."

The statement awoke strong emotions in the landlord, and it was a full minute before he could marshal them satisfactorily in words. "This country'll never be any good," he pronounced with energy, "until we get some of the German spirit into it. Look at me!" He spread his arms in an unusual gesture. "I ain't had no health for thirty years. What'll an American doctor do for me? He'll just skin me! I can't git no help!" he declared with bitter passion. He gnawed his nether lip to regain self-control; tapped his breast significantly and nodded at the guest. "Heart's all wrong."

*It Devolved Upon Brother Eben to Put the Breakfast on the Table*

Almira had told them about that afflicting organ, and Farthest had formed an unscientific suspicion that possibly heartburn resulting from an inordinate use of sweetened fine-cut was what really ailed it.

"There are plenty of other men like you who might be helped," said Farthest in a burst of generosity. "I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll lease the inn of you, just as it stands, for six months."

Brother Eben didn't quite catch the connection between that proposal and his ailing heart. He rather thought, if he disposed of the inn at all, he would prefer to sell it outright for five thousand dollars cash. He mentioned that his son living in Denver had often written him to come out there, and if Mr. North wanted the inn at five thousand cash he was inclined to surmise that he might part with it and visit Colorado.

However, Farthest soon discovered that Brother Eben had informed Almira of his quality, for that energetic spinster for the first time treated him as though he were grown up; and the next day when he asked her to let him use the hoary mare and rattling one-horse buggy she readily intrusted those mainstays of the family to his hands.

This was about the highest expression of confidence in a human being that Almira was capable of.

Although the walk was six miles Farthest had already visited Avignon several times. Naturally he found it a pleasant place, for not only was the scenery fine but it smelled of loose cash. He had sauntered about the vast and ornate Château, even making observations and social inquiries respecting certain of its distinguished guests.

For this particular visit he chose the suit that he had brought along for fishing and tramping. It was clean, but rather shabby. And he timed his visit so as to arrive at the Château about three o'clock. Tying the hoary nag in front of the Avignon Courier office he tripped briskly up the hill, crossed the broad, flowery lawn and mounted the wide steps that led to the enormous veranda of the hotel. Before he was at the top of the steps his soft but alert eyes had discerned the figure that he sought.

It was a very large figure seemingly composed of bone and gristle, upon which some wrinkled and shapeless clothes hung loosely. It was seated in a willow chair, with its huge legs crossed, deliberately reading a German newspaper and absently smoking a stogy. Farthest softly advanced to a vacant chair ten feet away, upon the extreme edge of which he sat down with the humble manner of a conscious interloper, holding his shabby hat deferentially in his hands. He then fixed his soft dark eyes steadily upon the great specialist's broad, smooth-shaven and leathery face. In a moment Doctor Schiller's gray eyes left the newspaper page and turned to Farthest impersonally, through the large-rimmed spectacles. He was used to being stared at and to the other incidents of greatness.

Farthest sprang up, took two quick steps toward the chair, stopped abruptly and caught his breath. His own figure was slight and graceful. He had delicate, regular and pleasing features and his voice was as soft as his eyes. His clean clothes were noticeably seedy, his air humble. When he managed to ask, "Doctor Schiller?" he would have made some sort of appeal to any heart capable of a generous emotion.

"Yes," said the Doctor impersonally, in a deep and guttural voice, with a strong German accent. For

Continued on Page 44

*He Asked Her to Let Him Use the Hoary Mare and Rattling One-Horse Buggy*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## The Servants of Capital

CONSOLIDATION of capital has been going on rapidly over the world for at least twenty years. Germany has no Morgan or Rockefeller; but her "cartels" and syndicates correspond to our trusts. In 1871 the number of iron works there was two hundred and thirteen, with a yearly output valued at twenty-five million dollars. In 1907 the number of works had fallen to one hundred and three, though the value of output had risen to a hundred and sixty-five millions. In England and Wales, exclusive of London, in 1889, there were ninety-six joint-stock banks, holding eight hundred million dollars of deposits. In 1908 the number of such banks was only thirty-seven and their deposits had risen to a thousand millions. Since 1908 further consolidation of banks has taken place there. Instances outside the United States of this powerful tendency of capital to combine might be multiplied.

With instances inside the United States every reader is familiar; but our instances are often misunderstood because they are treated as personal movements—as something that Morgan and Hill, Harriman and Rockefeller are doing. This consolidation is not a movement of men at all. It is a worldwide movement of capital; and it would have gone on in the United States in substantially the same way if the gentlemen named had never been born.

The grand object of consolidation is to suppress competition; and for capital that has become a measure of self-preservation. The New York Central Railroad was made up of a dozen small local lines. A fight among them would have been much like a war between two Indian tribes—some scalping, a few acres of corn destroyed, fifty bark huts burned. In the present New York Central system something like a thousand million dollars is invested. Just south lies the Pennsylvania system, in which another thousand million is invested. Actual war between these two huge systems would destroy capital as fast as many a campaign that figures in international history. Capital says there shall be no such war; and because that is necessary to capital's self-preservation it will keep on saying it as long as water runs downhill—given the continuation of present conditions.

One might say that personally Mr. Morgan has nothing to do with it. He is the agent of capital only because he does the things that capital requires. If he did not do them there would instantly be another agent.

Perhaps those publicists are right who say that this consolidation of capital is the most important phenomenon of our times; but whoever regards it as in any degree a personal movement, or subject to the discretion of any one man or any limited number of men, will never understand it.

## Democrats and the Tariff

THE times are so mixed that almost anything of a political nature which is not a paradox would be paradoxical. Republicans are now for tariff reform and some Democrats are against it. After wandering in a tariff bog for the Scriptural period of forty years the country seems in a fair way of getting out, and at this critical juncture it is less the Republicans than the Democrats who invite us to step back into the slough. Attacks upon the Tariff Commission now come from Democratic rather than Republican sources. Spokesmen of that party would throw overboard the Insurgent program of ascertaining the facts and amending each schedule in accordance with the facts—which constitutes the only advance yet made toward a rational settlement—and adopt instead an act framed on the grand principle of "tariff for revenue only."

The party gave the country a "tariff for revenue only" in 1894. It imposed duties practically as high as those of the present act; important schedules were dictated by the trusts and log-rolled through just as though both Houses had been Republican. In framing the last tariff act more Democratic Senators voted for duties on iron ore and on lumber than voted to put those articles on the free list, where a Republican President wanted them. Some of the Senators explained that they were imposing the duty not for protection but for revenue only. No one has yet explained what difference that made either to the trust or to the consumer.

A log-rolled tariff for revenue can be told from a log-rolled tariff for protection only by the label. The Democrats stood for tariff reform so long as the country was not ready for it.

Now that the country is ready for it, are they going to stand in opposition simply because a Congress nominally Republican—but compelled by a small number of Insurgents—adopted the only promising reform program?

## The Economy of Kings

AN IRREPRESSIBLE propensity to give away gold watches is one of the reasons why Dom Manuel II no longer reigns in Portugal. The country is poor and the royal estates are heavily burdened with regal relations, but the young monarch left as golden a wake as though his father had recently struck oil or was a steel magnate. Portugal's foreign trade is about one-fifth that of Canada or of Switzerland—its budget nearly as large as the former's and more than twice the size of the latter's. To make the cause of the rebelling Portuguese perfect, nothing was lacking but a speech from the throne enjoining them to beware of extravagance. "It is the highest impertinence in kings," wrote Adam Smith, "to pretend to watch over the economy of private people and to restrain their expenses, for they are themselves always, without any exception, the greatest spendthrifts in society. If their own extravagance does not ruin the state that of their subjects never will."

We are speaking, of course, of Portugal and of kings; but several eminent financiers in this country who denounce the extravagance of the people might take the lesson to heart.

## An Object Lesson for Lawyers

SPEAKING in Chicago two years ago, President Taft said: "In England the judge controls the trial, controls the lawyers, keeps them to relevant and proper arguments; the lawyers are made to feel that they have an obligation not only to their clients but to the court and to the public at large not to abuse their office in such a way as to unduly lengthen the trial and unduly to direct the attention of the court and jury away from the real facts at issue. A murder case in England will be disposed of in a day or two that here will take three weeks or a month; and no one can say, after an examination of the record in England, that the rights of the defendant have not been preserved and that justice has not been done."

In England the trial of Crippen, the wife-murderer, lasted four days. Here it would have consumed more than as many weeks. Contrast it with such ghastly travesties as the Thaw trial in New York and consider which is the most likely to encourage reliance upon legal process instead of lynching—which is most likely to discourage murder.

What grave doctors of law call "our sporting theory of justice"—making a murder trial merely a contest of wits between opposing attorneys—is maintained at a heavy cost.

## Amending a Constitution

PROBABLY great and long-enduring changes will presently be made in the British Constitution. The signs point that way. Months ago a small and unofficial committee of Liberals and Conservatives met to consider whether and how the power of the House of Lords to reject a bill passed by the Commons should be limited. This, in itself, was as revolutionary as would be a proposal to limit the Senate's power of rejecting a bill passed by the House of Representatives; but, for a good while, reports have been current that the committee would go much further and recommend separate home-rule Parliaments for England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, with a Federal or Imperial Parliament in which those divisions of the Empire and all the self-governing colonies should be represented. This would be nothing less than taking the Empire to pieces and putting it together again on a new plan. These reports have been discussed, on the whole, dispassionately, with an evident disposition to wait in patience until the committee finished its labors and published its recommendations. Meanwhile the committee itself has not divulged a word of its proceedings or intentions—all of which looks like business.

When the body that set up independent government for the United States assembled, newspaper reference to the fact consisted of the following: "The gentlemen appointed to meet in the General Congress are arrived"—from which a good psychologist might have deduced the forthcoming declaration of independence.

Perhaps the noisiest and most impassioned of conventions was the French National Assembly, whose Constitution fell to pieces before the ink was dry.

## An Instance of Progress

THIS was written by the author of Robinson Crusoe concerning the great plague in London in 1665: "On the other hand, it is incredible and scarcely to be imagined how the posts of houses and corners of streets were plastered over with papers of ignorant fellows quacking and tampering in physic, set off with such flourishes as these: 'Infallible preventive pills against the plague,' 'Never-failing preventive against the infection,' 'Anti-pestilential pills,' 'Incomparable drink against the plague never found out before,' and such a number more that I cannot reckon up, and, if I could, would fill a book of themselves. 'Tis sufficient from these to apprise any one of the humor of those times and how a set of thieves and pickpockets not only cheated the poor people of their money but poisoned their bodies with odious and fatal preparations."

This was written by a Washington correspondent the other day: "Although many quacks have been put out of business merely by barring their circulars from the mails, others, more powerful, have survived by turning to newspapers and flooding the country with their advertisements."

Hopeless of reaching such newspapers, the Government, it seems, is seeking a way to prosecute the quack advertisers; which shows that in two hundred and forty-five years the world—excepting newspapers that fall within the above reference—has moved.

## How to Pick a Judge

THE Juvenile Court has been described as our finest improvement in the science of jurisprudence. For this institution probably we are indebted to Julian W. Mack, of Chicago, more than to any other one man. This sufficiently indicates the quality of his citizenship. His professional quality is indicated by the respect in which his unusual legal learning is held by scholars of the law. It is said that Judge Mack was chosen by President Taft as a member of the new Commerce Court, but whether the appointment will be made seems, at this writing, in doubt. The "organization" in Illinois is much opposed to it—not because it fears any disability to discharge the duties of the office, but because Judge Mack is a Democrat and the appointment of a Democrat to an important Federal post would spread discouragement and disaffection in the party.

According to this view, the way to keep a party enheartened, loyal and victorious is not efficient service to the public, but a distribution of offices among its lieutenants. That this is the view of most of the Republican party's official leaders in Illinois we do not doubt. The condition of the party in that state seems to prove it. Leaders who think they can improve a party's chances of success by making helpfulness to the organization a test for one of the most important judicial positions in the country haven't yet heard that General Jackson is dead.

## The Consumption of Cotton

LAST year's cotton crop was smaller by three million bales than that of the year before, and three months after harvest cotton sold in New York at sixteen cents a pound. In the cotton year, from October to October, the average export price was fourteen and two-tenths cents a pound against nine and four-tenths cents the preceding twelve months. This was the highest average price in a generation. Though production in the United States was short, stocks of old cotton on hand in this country and Europe at the beginning of the crop year were ample—nearly two and a half million bales. Statistics now at hand show that stocks of cotton were not very greatly reduced during the year. At the end of the crop year nearly two million bales were on hand. Consumption fell off nearly as much as production. The high price cut down the use of cotton in the world by over half a billion pounds. Here and abroad mills ran on part time, not because they couldn't get the cotton, but because they couldn't sell the cloth at prices commensurate with the cost of the raw material.

But in 1906–7, and again in 1908–9, the world used much more cotton at ten cents and nine and two-tenths cents a pound than it used in 1897–8 at five and six-tenths cents or in 1898–9 at four and nine-tenths cents; in fine, last year's experience does not prove that the world will not use cotton freely even at fifteen cents. The sudden jump of fifty per cent in a year threw the trade out of gear.

# WHO'S WHO--AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

This Is His Second Time on Earth

### The Man Who Came Back

NOT so long ago—indeed, so recently as the natal day of our grand republic rising-young-orator slang for Fourth of July—the question of whether a man could come back was debated at some length and with some acrimony at Reno, Nevada, and the result seemed to justify the opinion that some men cannot—one in particular.

Without attempting to identify in any way the subject of these few polite remarks with the lambasted and larruped Mr. Jeffries or the business formerly engaged in by the said expert—now retired—it seems proper to say the world is full of men who have come back, just as conversely it is full of men who have gone away. Likewise it is full of men who have done neither. This classification, on second glance, seems to inhabit the world rather multitudinously—filled three times—but why sacrifice a thought to a fact? Why, indeed? inquire our leading historians in clarion tones. And suiting the epigram to the epistle they put the reverse English on it and produce those brilliant tomes which we hail with great admiration and never read.

Dissecting this proposition to its minutiæ, has it ever occurred to you that the coming-back idea presupposes a place of some importance from which the returning hero went away at some previous time? The has-been who remains a has-been is so common you step on several of them on any crowded corner, but the has-been who changes his tense from past to present is not so numerous that some slight celebration of his recrudescence is unwarranted.

Of all fields of human endeavor, politics is the one where the once-great who has been dropped on the ash-heap almost universally spends the rest of his life trying to brush the dust off his clothes and get again in the game. There is something so fascinating about being on a political payroll—whether the wages is money or power—that the fingers of the man who has had that sort of increment never get over the itch. Most of them want to come back, most of them try to come back and few of them get back.

Wherefore, after several years of study of the problem and those who try to solve it, together with frequent observations of the scattering few who made the riffle, it seems proper at this time to point out the greatest comer-back or come-backer of them all, General J. Warren Keifer, of Ohio, who, when this was written, was taking another fall out of the scheme; and who, whether he gets past on election day or not, certainly is entitled to medals, bouquets, epaulets, chevrons and such other insignia as may occur to the decorative mind for the way he did come back, his present attempt to keep up his batting average being a work of supererogation anyhow.

The general is at present seventy-four or something of the kind. He is well stricken in years whatever the exact statistics may be. This is his second time on earth. He forged rapidly to the front more than forty years ago as a soldier and, bulging into politics, he got to the top rung of the ladder in Congress before a good many members of the present House of Representatives could vote. Then, to his surprise and dismay, he turned a series of back somersaults into oblivion and rested there for a quarter of a century or such a matter.

Another war came along and he landed in that as a major-general; and, right on the heels of it, he came to Congress, where he still is and where he is trying to remain, subject to what the voters in his particular section of Ohio have to say about the matter on November eight.

#### Down and Out for Twenty-five Years

THE general fit nobly in the Civil War. It takes about half a page in the Congressional Directory to tell about it; not many statesmen, saving H. Cabot Lodge, C. Mitchell Depew, and Dr. Jacob Gallinger, of New Hampshire, having anything on him when it comes to space occupied in that valuable publication, although the general has it all over those mentioned in the matter of soldiering. He was a major-general when the little episode between Messrs. Grant and Lee occurred at Appomattox; and he presently joined the soldier vote in the House of Representatives. Presently, also, he was elected Speaker—a job, to hear the men who hold it tell it, which is second only to that of the President of the United States and can afford to make snoots at that distinguished situation at times.

It is entirely too late for casting up, so there is no need here to review the general's career as Speaker. Suffice it to say that career did not meet with the approbation of General Henry V. Boynton, himself a soldier of much renown, then engaged in telling the statesmen of the period all about themselves in the old Cincinnati Gazette—maybe it was the Commercial Gazette in those days—anyhow, in the leading Republican paper of Ohio. General Boynton, being a fearless and fearsome citizen, who had neither axes to grind nor anything on his mind but getting all the news for his paper, had occasion to go out after his brother-in-arms, General Keifer; and when it was all over General Keifer was not in Congress, nor Speaker, and General Boynton was putting crimps in a dozen other statesmen elsewhere.

When we took over the little task of whipping Spain General Keifer, long in the high grass in Ohio, emerged with a commission as major-general signed by President McKinley and marched valorously to some camp or other. As was the case with many others of our leading soldiers of those parlous days, the war with Spain did not last long enough to get them into action, but did last long enough to get them into politics.

What did we observe? We observed, among other things, General J. Warren Keifer, major-general in two wars, Speaker of the House of Representatives once upon a time, marching back to said Congress and wearing the identical suit of clothes he had on when he left those resounding halls so many years ago. His whiskers were a little grayer, but his suit was the same. It was and is a clawhammer affair, made of the heaviest black broadcloth, with a low-cut waistcoat and bell-topped breeches. The general, you must know, is a busy man, sought after at dinners and such; and this suit saves him much time and trouble. He is dressed according to his own ideas for the labors of the day and according to the ideas of others for the pleasures of the night.

He has served several terms and only once, so far as recorded, has he abandoned that suit of clothes. Once he appeared in a suit of gray cloth from which a sack coat had been fashioned. Probably he was having the other suit mended. At any rate, they wouldn't let him pass the doorkeepers and he hastened home and donned the broadcloth never to leave it off again, we all hope. It is pleasant to have about a statesman who links the past with the present, but it is rather tough on the general on those hot Washington days.

Still, he probably doesn't mind it. He is the most virile old citizen that Congress boasts. One would expect him, at his advanced time of life, to be doddering about, maundering of what happened in the days gone by; but not the general. He has no use for the days gone by. His interests are in the present and the future. He takes active and forceful part in the debates; works all the time; plays as hard as any of the younger ones, harder than some; never thinks of his health, nor needs to, and is as big, burly, strong as an ox.

More than that, the general is the president of the University of Gerstenberg, which is an organization that meets in Washington along about eleven o'clock each night when work is over on Newspaper Row, in a place where cheese and sausages and beer and such other light comestibles are obtainable; and he presides with great dignity, consuming his sauerkraut and pigs' knuckles with the courtly grace of the older school. Here all important questions are discussed and the general has the casting vote—also a voice—do not forget that—a voice. Then, at midnight, when these sessions of the university close, the general walks home.

Major-general in two wars, member of Congress for two series of terms, and Speaker once. Seventy-four years old—a pretty fair set of qualifications for a Grand-Old-Man button, I should say.

### A Linguistic Look

"CAN you talk Swedish?" they asked Adam Bede when he went to a small town in Northern Minnesota to make a speech.

"No," replied Adam; "but I can look it."

### Manor Manners

HENRY SCHOTT, the Kansas City editor, recently met an English curate on board ship coming from England. The curate dearly loved a lord. He talked constantly of the nobility. One day, to illustrate the inherent grandeur of character and consideration for the common people among the upper classes, he told how a certain lord once exemplified his consideration in a very marked degree.

"I was walking down a country lane," he said, "and I came upon a farmer lad who was trying to get some escaped horses into a field. Presently there rode up the lord of the manor. Instantly perceiving the predicament of the boy, he rode over and opened the gate for him and stood there until the lad had accomplished his object.

"That," continued the curate impressively, "is no idle tale or chatter. That I saw myself!"

### According to Mammy

"DEAR mamma," wrote a bride transplanted from a Southern family to the North, "please have Mammy Johanna send me her recipe for hot cakes."

Mammy Johanna had presided in the kitchen for thirty years. With much labor she wrote the recipe.

This was it: "Take as much flour as you need 'cordin' to how many folks they is to eat; put in some salt—Miss Mary knows how much; put in all the rest of the ingrediums and be sure to have your griddle hot."

### The Prisoner's Escape

JUDGE PHILLIPS was holding court in Missouri and stopping at a hotel that was known all over the state as one of the worst, if not the worst.

A man was brought before the judge charged with larceny and pleaded guilty. "Prisoner," said the judge, "this is an atrocious crime you have committed and I intend to punish you severely. I wish I had it in my power to send you to our hotel for six months, but I have not that power and therefore can only put you in jail."

### The Passing of Myer

HERBERT MYER had out a show with a well-known New Yorker ahead of it.

The show came to Memphis and Myer found that his advance man had given out scores of passes. He telegraphed to his agent: "What do you mean by giving out so many passes in Memphis?"

The agent replied: "You are booked there for two nights. Play three and you can get all the passes in."

### Generous Jim

JIM THORNTON, the vaudeville wit, did not like a certain old-time showman. Once, before the showman died, they gave him a benefit in New York. Thornton was out on the road, but heard of the plan. He telegraphed to the showman: "Hear you are to have a benefit. I hope you will have to have many of them."

# THE CROP SCOUT

## By FORREST CRISSEY

GROWING good crops is only half the farmer's battle. Getting them to market in the right condition and in shape to command a fair going price is the other half of the transaction.

For years Uncle Sam considered that his duty to his farmer folk ended with teaching them progressive and economical methods of production. He sent tons of literature, in the shape of agricultural bulletins, to those who were wide enough awake to ask for light. Then, finding that this shot over the heads of a vast multitude most in need of an agricultural uplift, he dispatched several hundred missionaries throughout the South to teach the farmer, right on his own farm, how to double his crops and at the same time to increase the fertility of his soil. Also, more than forty thousand boys were organized into corn clubs under the direct patronage of Uncle Sam; and competitive corn growing by farmer boys is now a big national movement.

But however revolutionary and far-reaching these field efforts have been they represent the activities of only a single subdivision of one bureau of the Department of Agriculture, and the fact remains that there is scarcely a line of activity followed by the department which has not its distinct phase of missionary work, of carrying the gospel of better crop methods straight to the farmer, to meet his deficiencies and overcome the obstacles that stand between him and a generous reward for his toil and investment. Today Uncle Sam has turned Business Instructor to his people of the soil and has taken hold of their marketing problems with the same patience, the same searching scientific investigation, with which he has applied himself before to the problems of production.

Perhaps no incident in Uncle Sam's new rôle of Business Instructor stands out more conspicuously than does his experience in connection with the harvesting, handling and transportation of California's citrus fruit crops. Since 1883, when the Department of Agriculture sent to Riverside, California, two trees of the Washington navel orange, propagated from trees secured from Bahia, Brazil, by the department in 1870, the industry has grown by leaps and bounds, until the shipments of oranges from California last year amounted to forty thousand carloads. And all this immense volume of citrus fruit has been, from the start, grown in a remarkably small area. Up to about eight years ago the industry had expanded so rapidly—so feverishly, in fact—that the people engaged in it had given practically no attention to perfecting its small details or to placing it upon a scientific or a business basis calculated to insure reasonably uniform success and a reasonable profit for the industry as a whole. Then a fact came to the surface which gave a jolt to the growers themselves and to the Department of Agriculture: The losses in transit, at that time, were estimated at from seven hundred and fifty thousand to fifteen hundred thousand dollars a year.

### What Causes Blue Mould

Here was an industry in distress, and that industry belonged in a peculiar way to Uncle Sam's agricultural fold, for had not the very trees which started it been brought by the Government's own agency from Brazil? Previously it had been considered that investigations in the department and in the experiment stations should properly be confined to the production of crops. Also that the problems relating to the harvesting and distribution of the crops were questions of commerce and trade that should and could be most effectively handled by business interests, not by scientific investigators; and that they were not problems that could be reduced to broad scientific principles, and did not belong to the proper business of the department.

But here was a signal of desperate distress from an agricultural industry the products of which were vital to the comfort of the people. The Secretary of Agriculture pondered the problem and decided that it was a legitimate subject of special missionary effort, of careful scientific investigation, in the hope that fundamental principles might be brought to light that would put a stop to the almost ruinous losses in citrus fruits while in transportation. Therefore G. Harold Powell, "Pomologist in charge of fruit transportation and storage investigations" in the Bureau of Plant Industry, was instructed to investigate the conditions with a view to locating the causes of the losses due to decay of fruit in transit.

Up to that time the losses had been almost unanimously "blamed on the railroads," to use the phrase of a veteran shipper. They were attributed to improper icing, delay in trains, slow schedules, and to all the other sins of omission and commission of which the freight department of a railroad is supposed to be capable. The department investigators shared this common opinion, but in the spirit of true scientists they put their preconceived notions into suspension and went after the facts.

Early in their investigations they were forced to the significant conclusion that the blue mould, which was found to be the organism responsible for much of the decay of oranges and lemons, did not have the power to penetrate fruit with sound, whole skins. Then, by repeated and tireless investigations and experiments, they established their conclusion as an indisputable fact. Previously they had discovered that, in working with deciduous fruits, the most serious cause of loss of fruits in transit was the ripening of fruit in the handling—the ripening which takes place after the fruit is severed from the tree. The determination of these facts led the investigators straight to the problems: Where and how did the bruising of the fruit occur and by what means could it be prevented? How could the too rapid ripening of the fruit after picking be most effectively checked?

### Little Lessons on the Lemon

The scientists promptly went into one of the largest and best-managed packing houses in California and took down ten boxes of oranges ready for shipment, in order to see how many bruises they could detect with the naked eye. To their astonishment they found about thirty-five per cent of the oranges with holes punched through the skins. These punctures were clearly visible to the naked eye. Many more were seen under the microscope. Further examinations disclosed that these abrasions were mainly injuries from the clippers used in cutting the fruit from the trees. Other abrasions were found to be caused by the fingernails of the pickers, by gravel carelessly left in the boxes and by the rough pulling of the oranges off the trees in a manner that caused them to scrape against the branches.

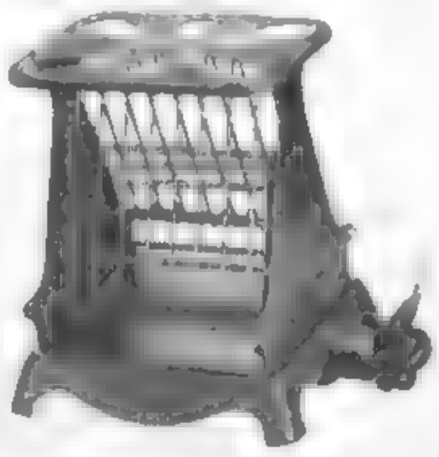
Then these scientific sleuths began to trail the pickers and found that of two men, working side by side, one man's average of injured fruit would be as low as one per cent and the other as high as seventy per cent. Next, the investigation was switched along associational lines, where it was found that the association having the largest losses from decay of its product in transit was the one in which the highest percentage of careless picking prevailed, and that the association having the most careful and well-trained pickers came out at the top of the market with the smallest losses in transit. About one thousand separate and distinct investigations were made in picking and in shipping oranges, all of which confirmed the fact that the blue mould was powerless to injure an orange with a whole and unbruised skin; that the bruises and abrasions came mainly from careless picking and rough packing-house methods, and that it was entirely practicable, as a commercial proposition, to have the oranges and lemons picked without bruising or puncturing the skins.

About thirty different associations in the citrus belt were placed under investigation, a Government scientist calling at each packing house once a fortnight and putting up a shipment of oranges—a certain number of sound fruit and a certain number of injured fruit. These were used as "educational boxes" and were left in the packing house about the length of time that would have been required to ship them to an Eastern market.

Put in the switch plug. Place a slice of bread on each side of *El Tosto*. The coils are already glowing—the bread is toasting.

In an incredibly short time you turn the slices and soon the toast is ready—evenly browned—crispy—wheaty.

It's as *easy* as that. And *such* a delight. Coils of wire are kept glowing hot by the current.



El Tosto

El Tosto uses about the same amount of current as an electric iron. Instantly attach to any light socket—dining room or sick room—in hotel, on boat—anywhere.

Perfectly insulated. Impossible to give a shock. Easily cleaned.

Made entirely of pressed, rolled steel. Highly nickel plated.

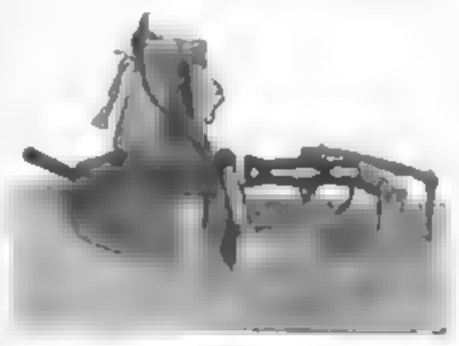
Table keeps the toast hot—or the plates—or coffee pot, or food.

If your lighting company or dealer can not supply you, we will ship express prepaid.

## Hotpoint Electric Irons

We also make the famous Hotpoint irons in twenty-three weights and sizes for domestic use, laundries, tailors, etc.

The Utility Iron, packed telescope style with dish, cover and handle, connecting cord and stand, all enclosed in a dainty ooze leather shopping bag. The whole outfit weighs 3¼ lbs. The iron is entirely practical for all the lighter forms of ironing. Heats the curling tong without additional current.



Invert the iron on the stand, set the dish on the bottom of the iron and in a few minutes you have a pint or more of boiling water.

There is no other utility iron—no more perfect electric outfit for travelers—so get what you want, or write to us.

**Go to your dealer. If he cannot supply, order direct**

*In almost every city the lighting company, or some progressive electrical supply, hardware, house furnishing or department store can furnish our appliances at the below prices. If you can not get them in your town, send your order to us and we will ship direct, paying all express charges. Remember—two years' guarantee is attached to each of these articles. Be sure to give voltage.*

***El Tosto, Electric Bread Toaster, $3.50***
***Utility Travelers' Outfit, $6.00.***
***3 or 5 or 6lb. Hotpoint Iron, $5.00.***

Remember: We pay the express charges, if your dealer cannot supply you. Remember: We guarantee them for two years.

**To Lighting Companies and Dealers in Electrical Appliances**

If our line is not adequately represented in your town we want to hear from you. We have a ter position that will prove interesting. Send for samples of the above, subject to trial and return in 30 days. If not rated, give references. To secure lowest prices, state how much you can place in a year.

**Pacific Electric Heating Co., Ontario, Calif.**

**Chicago, 560 Washington Blvd. New York, 136 Liberty St.**

You who realize the importance of Pure Foods—please observe the above illustration closely. It is printed for your protection.

The Sealshipticase pictured here is an exact reproduction of the Blue and White Porcelain Store Refrigerator from which genuine Sealshipt Oysters are sold.

Sealshipt Oysters are grown, shipped and sold under the supervision of the Sealshipt System.

This is the original hygienic system of shipping oysters upon which is based in effect the new Pure Food Law governing the handling of oysters.

# Sealshipt Oysters

Only the most reliable dealers in each city and town are qualified to act as registered agents of the Sealshipt System.

Thus when you see our Sealshipticase in a store, you are not only sure of genuine Sealshipt Oysters, but you are also sure of a *trustworthy* dealer from whom to purchase your foods.

**Sealshipt Supervision Insures Purity**

From the moment they are planted in our ocean gardens until they come to your table, Sealshipt Oysters are rigidly protected by the Sealshipt System

Even the waters where our oyster beds are located, besides being under the supervision of State and Federal Government, are constantly analyzed by the Lederle Laboratories—the famous food experts.

When you buy Sealshipt Oysters you get all plump solid oyster meat—no water. The price of Sealshipt Oysters is the standard of value. When you pay less you get less.

*Send for Mark Twain's Oyster Story together with Recipes for delicious oyster dishes, FREE*

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Handed

**To Dealers Everywhere**

Send for our book and full particulars regarding our co-operative plan of selling Sealshipt oysters. Address Dept. F., Sealshipt Oyster System, South Norwalk, Conn.

Then the investigators would call a packing-house meeting of growers with a generous sprinkling of business and professional men and capitalists. In the presence of this gathering the boxes were opened and the findings recorded. This kind of a packing-house school, operated on the object-lesson basis, did quick and sweeping work. The growers, the capitalists, the bankers and the merchants saw with their own eyes that the fruit injured in various ways was decayed in proportion to its injuries, and that the fruit that had been put into the box sound had remained sound—for the fruit had been put up in the presence of a packing-house superintendent, who was able to identify it and bear testimony accordingly.

All of the pupils in this school had a direct and vital interest in the success of the citrus fruit industry. The banker was almost invariably "among those present" and his word carried weight with the growers and the association managers who came to him for funds. Thousands of these demonstration boxes were opened before packing-house classes, and the result was an almost complete revolution in the picking and the handling methods of the growers and the packers, all this being done through the association.

These packing-house demonstration schools were kept up continuously for four years, and all the time Uncle Sam's little band of scientific missionaries held rigidly to the rule of letting the work speak for itself.

The associations selected by the scientists for their work were either of the highest or the lowest type of efficiency. This rule of selection was adopted for the reason that when the association of high standing in any industry makes a departure in its methods it does so with great thoroughness and exerts a large influence by reason of its example. On the other hand, when an association without standing and known only for its loose methods and poor results takes up new methods and makes a success of them, the demonstration is so striking that it impresses the industry as a whole perhaps more than does the demonstration of a high-class association. The middle class adapts itself to the changes made by the others without special attention being given to it. The investigators found that this principle of selection justified itself, and consequently the work was confined to associations of the top and bottom classes.

### *A Revolution in the Fruit Market*

Six years ago a certain large citrus organization had a decidedly poor standing in the industry and its loss of fruit from decay varied from twenty-five to forty per cent. The investigators found that thirty per cent of the oranges of this organization were injured in picking and ten to fifteen per cent in the packing-house handling. They also found that its fruit was generally held in the packing house from two to five days before it was shipped. Under the tutelage of Uncle Sam's missionaries this organization cut out all contract work and substituted day labor under careful supervision, altered the equipment of the packing house to avoid bruising the fruit, and saw to it that no delay occurred in shipping out the fruit after it was picked. Within two weeks after the adoption of this system decay in its shipments was commercially eliminated and there has never been any since. This corporation, which then had no standing in the market, immediately jumped to the top and became the equal of two other associations or individuals that had adopted the same method, leading the market from fifty cents to one dollar a box. Also, it was able to ship its fruit under ventilation—because of the improved methods of handling the fruit from the tree to the car—fully six weeks after the industry as a whole was icing its cars at high expense. The influence of the reform achieved by this corporation was most striking because of its great change of position in the ranks of the industry and because its cash returns stood out as a living example of the fact that it pays to do work well.

It was a great educational force in the missionary work among California citrus growers. One prominent grower in California has built a packing house according to lines laid down by Government advisers and has publicly dedicated it "to the careful handling of fruit." A certain association, whose fruit had the reputation of being so tender that it could not be successfully shipped across the continent under the ordinary conditions with icings and reicings, asked the cooperation of Uncle Sam's scientific missionaries. They found that the oranges traveled through more than a thousand feet of machinery in the packing house and that there were some fifteen places where the orange dropped from one to two feet in the course of its travels. By demonstration experiments in the packing house for one season this association was conclusively shown that the trouble was not in the special tenderness of the fruit but in the improper methods of handling it. The next year they reorganized their methods and simplified their machinery. The result was that this association immediately came up in the ranks, shoulder to shoulder with the very best organizations in the industry. This demonstration had a powerful effect in stimulating other lagging associations to adopt new methods and proper machinery.

When the suggestion was first made by the scientists from the department that each association should take over the work of harvesting the fruit, the idea was generally rejected as the notion of a dreamer. But the Government men insisted that this was the only way in which uniformly careful picking could be secured and the crop saved from mutilation and consequent decay. At length one association was prevailed upon to adopt this plan. It worked admirably and has now become so general as to be almost universal. As about ninety per cent of California citrus fruits are handled and packed by cooperative association workers, the introduction of this reform has been easy and rapid.

### *Uncle Sam's Successful System*

According to the estimates of growers and shippers themselves three-fourths of the losses from decay have been eliminated, this saving amounting to seven hundred and fifty thousand to fifteen hundred thousand dollars a year. Under the old system the contract basis ran through the whole industry; the fruit was picked by the box and the picker's only interest was in the number of boxes he could fill in a day. Now the premium is on the careful handling of the fruit from the tree to the car. Though there are some laggard and unprogressive growers who still follow old methods and still attempt to compensate for their losses by "cussing the railroads," the fact remains that the industry as a whole has been revolutionized and put upon a basis of profit, and that the difficulties that used to arise between the shipper and the transportation company have been practically eliminated.

The Interstate Commerce Commission specifies the careful handling of the fruit as the big factor in the present successful commercial shipping of oranges; but the leading men of the industry do not hesitate to place the credit for the great change which has taken place in the industry at the doors of the Department of Agriculture. They know and appreciate the value of Uncle Sam's missionary movement, as well as do the poor farmers of the South who have felt the rejuvenating effects of the cooperative demonstration work in that section.

The business end of farming, the selling and delivering of the crop, is henceforth bound to receive fuller and freer attention and investigation on the part of the Government as a direct result of the department's California experience.

This is indicated by the fact that the Government is greatly extending its investigations regarding the better handling and delivery of deciduous fruits. This means much to the growers of peaches, cherries, early apples and other delicate fruits of the deciduous family. For example, the area of distribution of Georgia peaches, without precooling, is limited by the proper condition of the top tier in the car, where the air is warmest. By quickly precooling the peaches after they are packed and reducing them to a very low degree of temperature they can be delivered in as good or better condition at a destination some hundreds of miles beyond that to which they can now be shipped under ordinary icing and reicing. This will mean fewer congested markets and many more new and eager ones for the Southern peach growers, and it will also make it possible for hundreds of communities, which now are not able to do so, to get Southern peaches in prime condition. Extensive precooling work is now

**A sure success**

"WHEN the soup is just right" said a clever hostess recently "then everybody is good-natured; and I feel that my whole dinner will be a success."

"I always have that feeling," she added, "with

Campbell's
TOMATO
SOUP

Unless you have eaten this soup you cannot imagine how tempting it is.

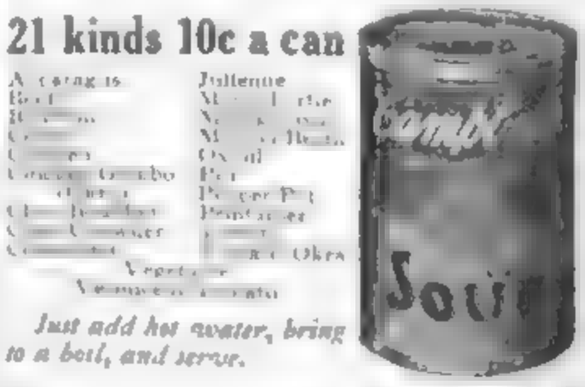
The flavor is lively and at the same time delicate. It has an appetizing richness that satisfies the most exacting taste. And it is entirely suited to all except the heaviest dinners.

We use only perfect tomatoes fresh from the vines. And we put them up immediately by a method of our own which retains indefinitely all their natural flavor and wholesomeness.

Thousands of dainty housewives who pride themselves upon a perfectly-appointed table regard Campbell's Tomato Soup as indispensable. And if you don't agree with them after trying it the grocer returns your money.

Could we or anyone give you a stronger assurance than that?

**21 kinds 10c a can**




*Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.*

**Look for the red-and-white label**

Why not write us for Campbell's Menu Book today?

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

I told the bees
That soups like these
Are sweeter than the care.
I've left their comb
To chase me home
And take away my share.

being carried on in the Georgia peach district, and requests for the extension of this work are now pouring in upon the department from all parts of the country; in fact, from practically every deciduous fruit section of the United States at all remote from the great Eastern market.

Comparatively few farmers realize that, while they work and sleep, Uncle Sam's agricultural scouts are busy scouring the continents of the Old World for the things of which the American farmer stands in special need—for new crops and new varieties of familiar crops specially adapted to overcome the handicaps imposed by climatic and soil conditions in the various sections of the United States. This work is under the direction of David Fairchild, as Agricultural Explorer in Charge. The practicality of these seed and plant introductions is well illustrated by the recent history of alfalfa growing in this country. In large sections of the Northwest it was found that the ordinary and prevailing varieties of alfalfa were subject to winter-kill and that hardier strains were needed in that locality.

### *The Value of Durum Wheat*

To meet this demand the yellow-flowered Siberian alfalfas, the Turkestan alfalfa, and strains from Mongolia, Tibet, Peru, Spain and Arabia, have been assembled in the trial gardens of the department and tested by a large number of farmers; and it is already apparent that certain strains, hybrids of the yellow and purple-flowered alfalfas, are hardier than others, and these will be utilized by the farmers of the Northwest. Other forms of this great crop, especially those from Arabia and Peru, have proved their special fitness for the irrigated Southwest, where they grow throughout the mild winters and produce one or two more cuttings than the ordinary alfalfa. Certainly no hay crop in the world has been so thoroughly investigated or shown such possibilities of improvement by the blending of hardy strains as has the alfalfa, and the introduction of the Turkestan dry-land form by Professor Hansen is what first called attention to the existence of these widely different races of this great hay crop adapted to the various conditions of soil and climate in the West.

In securing valuable varieties and strains of wheat from foreign countries, Mr. M. A. Carleton and others of those who explore for Uncle Sam have been particularly happy and successful. From eastern Russia, in the spring of 1899, an entirely new class of wheat, known as the Durum wheat, was brought to the United States and has filled a distinct need. American farmers now grow about fifty million bushels of it each year, and this crop has an estimated annual farm value of thirty-five million dollars. Its yield, according to the Bureau of Plant Industry, is at least thirty per cent greater than that of other prevailing varieties.

The story of how this wheat was started in the United States shows that it is no easy matter, as it might seem, to hand a good thing to the American farmer, and that to introduce a new crop into this country often requires the cleverest kind of missionary work. After a considerable number of farmers had been prevailed upon to grow this new Russian wheat, and some five hundred bushels had been distributed as seed in South Dakota, Uncle Sam found himself up against the business end of the proposition—that of making a market for the new wheat among the millers and consumers.

To do this he had to go into the baking business. One of the largest baking companies in Washington, District of Columbia, was engaged to produce two hundred loaves of bread from Durum wheat flour, and two hundred loaves from flour ground from ordinary wheat. Two loaves, one of each kind, were sent to a select list of bread experts, mainly millers, bakers and chemists—with the request that the person receiving this Government gift would send a careful and critical opinion of its value to the department. These returns were very highly satisfactory and all of them were then submitted to the big milling companies of the country. This did the business and the millers are now glad to get Durum wheat.

First, however, they had to be carefully instructed in the art of successfully grinding it. Owing to its extreme hardness it was necessary first to subject it to a moistening process by means of steaming. But the educational work of the Government, in popularizing this wheat and creating a market for it, did not stop here. Bakers and others who used it had to be instructed in preparing the dough, as this flour requires an especial amount of kneading to drive sufficient air into it. The housewife had to be taught the desirability of using a "sponge" for this bread.

Kansas alone now grows annually fully ten million bushels of another variety of wheat, known as the Kharkov, introduced at the same time as the Durum. Ten million bushels more of this variety are now grown in other states. Its strong point is its power to resist both cold and drought, and it has established its ability to make a crop where other kinds fail. Its average yield has been found to be two or three bushels more an acre than Turkey wheat. Its area is steadily extending northward and westward because of its capacity to survive cold as well as drought.

In oats the "sixty-day oats" is perhaps the best-known importation at the hands of the Government explorers. Probably ten to fifteen million bushels of this oats were grown in the United States last year, and though its distribution is wide its greatest popularity is in the South. The chief value, perhaps, of this immigrant from southwestern Russia is its earliness. To this fact is attributed its ability to escape many diseases and insect pests from which other varieties suffer. The straw and husk of this grain are thin, but the kernels weigh well. As it averages the earliest of any oats in the United States its value and popularity are undoubtedly destined to be great.

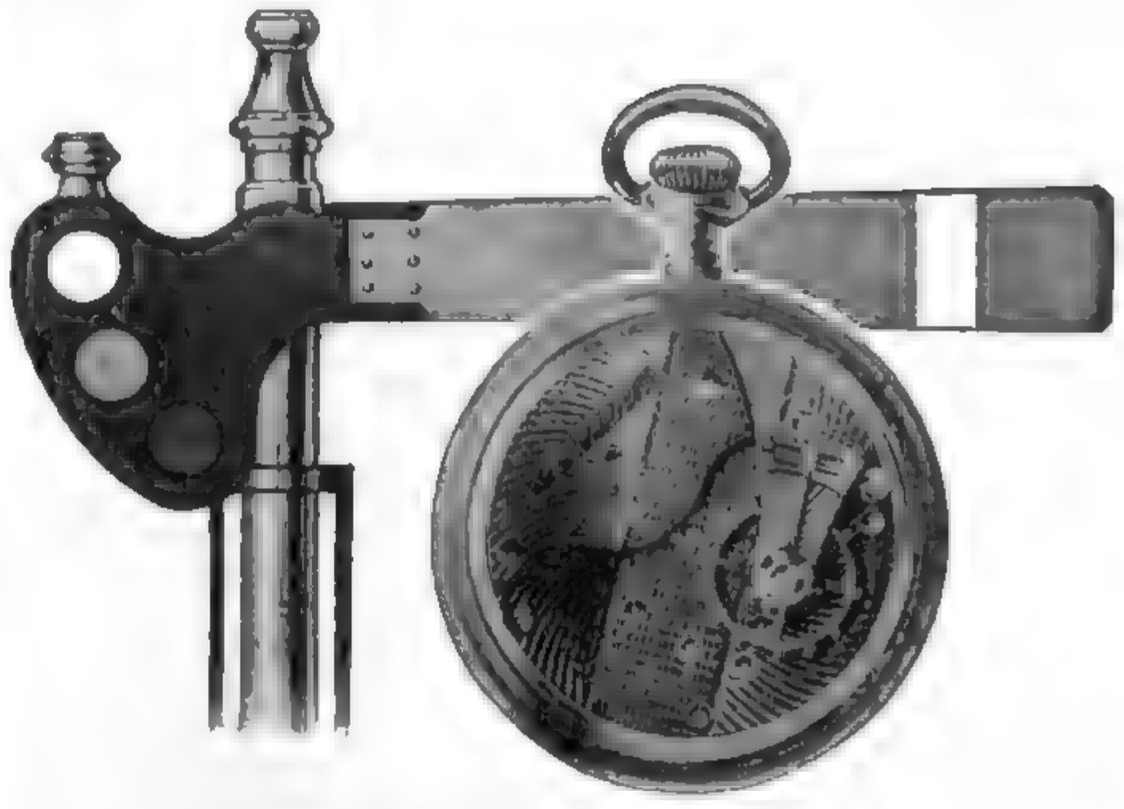
The same explorer who brought Durum wheat from Russia in 1899 at the same time introduced into this country an oats called the Swedish Select, of which forty or fifty million bushels are now grown here, Wisconsin alone producing thirty million. Only thirty bushels of seed were originally imported. Here is another example of a special crop to meet a special need. There was a keen demand in the most northern states for an oats that would withstand the rigors of the climate and at the same time produce a more generous yield than the strains in common use. This oats has filled the bill admirably, for it thrives well in Alaska. Especially good results have been obtained with it in Wisconsin, Montana, northern New York, Maine and Washington. The increase of yield of the Swedish Select oats over the yield of ordinary varieties, for the acreage occupied in 1909, is put at a cash value of two million one hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

Placing the farm value at thirty cents a bushel, last year's crop of the Swedish Select oats was worth fifteen million dollars to the farmers of the United States. It has a very large and heavy white kernel and thrives better on the high and poorer soils than other varieties.

Good things are expected from Egyptian cotton, which is now being grown, mainly by the department, in southern Arizona and southeastern California. Its first serious introduction was in 1899, when a very little of it was brought here by Mr. Fairchild. In eleven years, through the investigations of Messrs. Cook and Kearney and Collins, it has been made a commercial success, and forty acres of it were grown in this country last year. Its distinctive feature is a fiber of great strength and small diameter, which makes a very good canvas for automobile tires. Also it is especially adapted for manufacture into fine sewing threads, umbrella covers and balbriggan underwear. There can be little doubt that a few years hence it will be extensively grown in the United States.

### *Feeding Cactus to the Cow*

Not all of Uncle Sam's scouting for his farmer people is done in foreign lands. For example, in the Southwest valuable investigations into the use of cactus as a forage food have been carried on since 1902. To be able to secure a good forage crop that is sure in a region where rainfall is a conspicuously uncertain quantity, solves a great problem for the farmers of such sections. It has been determined by the investigations of the department that an acre of cactus will produce more than enough roughage to keep a cow. Six tons of the green "prickly pear," it has been determined, are equal to one ton of dry sorghum hay as a food for stock. The department is now distributing the spineless variety of cactus in California, Texas

# A Railroad Watch

## *As Dependable as the Automatic Block Signal*

A railroad depends for the safety of its passengers upon three things—human intelligence—the automatic block signal—and the watch.

Peculiar though it may seem, man is today able to construct machinery, such as the automatic block signal, which will be more accurate than he himself can ever hope to be.

But even the block signal, accurate and wonderful as it is, is not so necessary to railroad operators as the watch, for railroads are run without block signals, whereas without watches they would have to suspend at least for awhile.

So dependent are railroads upon watches that every watch in railroad use is a specially made watch and is rigidly tested and inspected every fifteen days by a regular railroad inspector.

Recently these inspectors have been astonished by a certain watch which is continually getting "perfect scores."

This watch is the new Railroad Model "South Bend" Watch called "The Studebaker."

### *Used on Famous "Mile-a-Minute" Trains*

So perfectly is this watch made that it remains accurate even when carried continually in the jolting, swaying, bounding cabs of the great "mile-a-minute" trains.

The engineer in charge of one of these monsters carried a "South Bend Studebaker" for four months with no attention whatever except winding. The hairspring of that watch during that time made 12,096,000 vibrations. It didn't vary from absolute accuracy *even two* of those tiny pulsations.

Take out your present watch; note how quickly two pulsations of this spring are completed, and you gain some idea of what this means.

Then imagine how accurately a Studebaker model "South Bend" Watch would run *for you* after being adjusted *to your personality* by an expert retail jeweler.

### *Why a Watch Needs "Personal Adjustment"*

A *good* watch is *so well made* that, after it has had personal adjustment, it will keep perfect time *for its owner* while it will probably tend to run fast for one of his friends and maybe slow for another.

A watch has a tendency to run faster when lying flat than when standing upright.

Quick movements affect a watch—riding a great deal in automobiles has another effect.

If you move quickly or ride much or travel most of the time or bend over while at work you must have your watch, if it is a good one, adjusted to meet these conditions.

Then you'll have a really perfect timekeeper.

A cheaply made watch isn't *sensitive enough* to regulate in this way, hence seldom keeps time for *anybody*. "Mail Order Watches," of course, aren't given regulation by jewelers, for jewelers don't sell them. You don't want either a cheap watch or a "Mail Order Watch."

A reputable expert jeweler can *regulate* a "*South Bend*" Watch to run *perfectly* for you, and only such jewelers sell South Bend Watches.

Ask your jeweler to show you the wonderful South Bend "Studebaker" movement.

If he hasn't it send us his name and we'll name a jeweler near you who has.

The "Studebaker" with 17 jewels (without case) sells for $24.00—with 21 jewels (without case), $35.00.

*The Most Carefully Made Watch in the World*

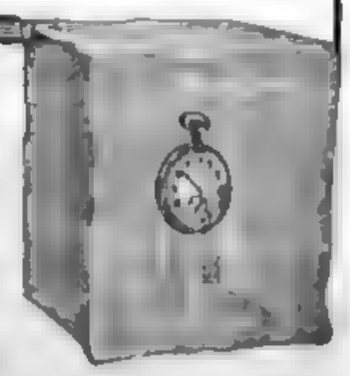
Every "South Bend" Watch is from seven months to a year in the factory before it has passed our tests and earned its way into the market. That's longer than a modern skyscraper is in the course of construction

But there are over 1,500 different operations in the making and the motto for every operation is—"Make it twice as good as the usual 'Good Enough.'"

A "South Bend" gets *250 inspections*, mostly under a double magnifying glass.

That's why a "South Bend" costs more than common watches. It is also the reason why "South Bend" Watches keep *perfect time—all* the time.

You may as well carry a "South Bend" and have that satisfaction



*Frozen in Solid Ice—Keeps Perfect Time*

# The Great "South Bend" Watch

*Sold by 14,680 Retail Jewelers in the United States*

*The South Bend Watch Co.*

*Dept. B* *South Bend, Ind.*

(24)

and Florida, but admits that it is at present difficult to tell whether it will become cultivated to any general extent in the hot and arid lands of the extreme South. There seems to be good reason, however, to believe that it will, as it grows with remarkable abundance, is relished by stock, and will thrive under heat and drought conditions that other kinds of forage cannot withstand.

Another interesting importation for the arid section of Uncle Sam's domain is the date palm. By the most careful and elaborate investigations on the part of department scientists Swingle, Kearney and Fairchild, it has been determined that the great Salton Basin, or Colorado Desert, in southeastern California, is as well adapted for the growing of dates as is the northern part of the Sahara Desert, which now furnishes the choicest dates obtainable in Europe or America. The fact that the climate of the Salton Basin is the dryest and the hottest to be found in the United States is an advantage instead of a drawback to the successful growing of dates, and now that a great irrigation system has been established in that sizzling basin there seems to be little doubt that date culture there is destined soon to become a large and thriving industry.

This country buys nearly half a million dollars' worth of dates a year and would probably take several times what it now uses if the dates could be had. The utility of the date palm is by no means confined to its yield of dates; it furnishes just the right amount of shade under which to grow figs, almonds, pomegranates, peaches and grapes, which could not otherwise be produced in the burning and rainless regions where the date palm best thrives.

These are only a few of the valuable and practical things which Uncle Sam's scientific scouts are finding in their travels for the farmers of America. As a farm missionary Uncle Sam is tireless, determined, and filled with the burning purpose to make every acre of soil in his vast domain bring forth abundantly, and to make his farmer people increasingly prosperous, comfortable and progressive.

# OUT-OF-DOORS

## Cold-Weather Camping

IT IS awfully good form to go in for big-game hunting these days. If you do not believe this, inquire at Oyster Bay. Perhaps some of the Oyster Bay enthusiasm for the chase got instilled into the brain of Mr. Collector Loeb when he was Mr. Secretary Loeb. He immured himself in the fastness of the Rockies this fall with all the enthusiasm of the true New York politician.

Any big-game hunter is perforce obliged to camp out in cool or cold weather. There is no big game seasonable in the spring or summer except bear; and even on a spring bear-hunt one usually is high up in the mountains, where snow and freezing weather are very likely to be met. During the legal season for moose or deer, in the fall, hunting is bound to be cold work for the inexperienced man who really hunts and does not play cards.

In much of the moose country patronized by Eastern sportsmen the hunting is done from permanent log camps, owned by guides who furnish the sportsman with everything except his rifle and personal kit. The Western guide who takes you in for elk must have a movable camp; but he, too, will gladly furnish the hunter all he needs by way of house, grub and bedding—and incidentally a long string of packhorses at a dollar each a day, to carry the outfit into the mountains. The deer hunter who goes into the pine woods in the fall may be one of a large party who pool their issues in an extensive camping outfit, with a captain, cook, and so forth. In any case, however, no matter how one goes big-game hunting, much of one's comfort will depend upon one's personal outfit.

### *The Disadvantage of High Boots*

Footwear, for instance, is always an important matter in the woods. Each man is expected to take in his own footwear; and if he be not wise in this regard he is apt to be in for considerable discomfort, if not for disappointment and failure. There will always be plenty of sportsmen who will go still-hunting in high and heavy leather boots. Not long ago pictures were printed of the field meet of the largest and best organization of big-game hunters in the world. The members were mostly in costume and the high boot was very much in evidence. It seems scarcely worth while to point out that the heavy boot is not ideal footwear for the average big-game hunt. It is stiff, and, worst of all, it is very noisy. If you go out after moose or deer with a Cree or Chippeway he will try to induce you to wear moccasins. In dry weather and in average footing the moccasin is the ideal shoe for the still hunter. It will take you a little while, even if you wear moccasins, to learn to go through the woods as quietly as an Indian born to the business; but if you wear heavy, hard-soled shoes you never in the world can do so, no matter how carefully you walk; and very often, in the real business of getting game, a broken stick means failure.

The average man cannot walk in moccasins in the average hunting country. Perhaps the best substitute is the rubber shoe with leather top, which can be bought in the sporting-goods shops. It is almost as silent as the moccasin; and it is waterproof, although heavy. It offers a firm footing where the moccasin is sometimes slippery.

If the moccasin is the typical foot-covering of the tribes of the far Northwest the natives of eastern Canada are equally addicted to the shoepack, made of grain leather and soaked full of oil. This foot-covering is next to the moccasin for still hunting and better than the moccasin in snow or wet country. You can wear the shoepack where high boots will tire you out. High boots are all right for horseback work and they typically are very fit for sandy or rocky country, where noise is no objection. If you are climbing for sheep or goats you can do fairly well with the rubber-soled shoes, so long as they are fresh and new; but you ought to have spikes instead, and that means stiff soles. Even so, a low shoe is better than a high boot, because it can be more easily adjusted and is lighter. The high boot is better suited for upland work, bird hunting and the like.

### *The Comfort of Moccasins*

The moccasin is better foot-covering than one would think who never used it. In the far-off fur country, where the Hudson's Bay posts lie, the moccasin is worn by white and red men alike. One has seen two members of Parliament talking on the street, each wearing the native moccasins! All of the Hudson's Bay supply boats are taken upstream by half-breeds who wear moccasins and who in some way manage to endure the discomfort of travel over the stony beaches. Gravel is the worst thing underfoot when you are wearing moccasins. In time you get used to stubbing your toes, stepping on sharp roots, and such things, but gravel is something that even the Indians detest. In any ordinary going, the man in moccasins can outwalk the man in boots. He does not have to relace his shoes or shift the wrinkles in his socks. He walks with all his feet. If you will go out into the wilderness and wear moccasins for a month or two, walking a few hundred miles, you will be surprised when you come back to discover a change in your carriage. You will stand more easily on your feet and will not sag back on your heels in the clumsy attitude that all city men have.

Of course if you are going to wear moccasins in very cold weather or in snow you must get them large enough to go on over very heavy socks. In the early fall you will not need to bundle up your feet so much, because a moosehide moccasin is very warm. The white man who is used to wearing the native foot-coverings will not get them so large, as you probably will with your first pair. He will pull on the moccasin as tight as he can skin it on over his foot, knowing that the leather will stretch to some extent. The Cree moccasin, like that of the Chippeway, has a straight seam down the upper in front. It does not have an ankle flap rolled down

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like the Chippeway shoe, but its flaps come up around the ankle, folding in front and being held in place by thongs. This make of moccasin has a little short cross seam at the heel; if you know how to buy your moccasins you will get them short enough so that this seam will come just under the heel and not behind it. In time it will flatten down and then your shoes will fit you firmly and not slip. If a moccasin is too severe you can soak it in water while on the foot and let it dry in place. It will shrink a little when it is dried, but otherwise will not be injured in the least, although moosehide, when Indian-tanned, does not pretend to turn water.

There is just a little art in tying on a moccasin; and if you are going among the men who wear them all the time—the most critical and observant men in all the world—you ought to know how to tie your moccasin just as well as how to arrange your snowshoe straps. For instance, in the Cree moccasin the thongs are brought around from the heel just under the anklebone, passed once through the leather on the side and brought out again through the front end of the flaps, one at each side of the instep, and rather low down. The tenderfoot will simply wrap these thongs around his ankle in any fashion. To be workmanlike, you should pull up the thongs in front of you and cross them over in front. Then pass the end of each thong under the thong where it runs at the side of the foot. Now bring up the thongs again, cross them, pass them evenly around the ankle in opposite directions and tie them in front. This pull of the thongs up at the side brings the bottom of the shoe up under the instep and in at the heel, so that it will not slip and will always feel snug and neat. It is not known whether Mr. Loeb ties his moccasins in this way, but this is the way he ought to tie them in order to appear the real thing before a critical wilderness public.

The average moccasin of the sporting-goods store is of the eastern Indian model, with the sole brought up in a rolled edge and no seam down the front. This moccasin is usually found with a Creedmoor flap which, of course, is fastened precisely like a shoe. Such a moccasin, if you can get it in real moose leather, is serviceable. You can get it in a size sufficient to allow plenty of socks. It is by many preferred to the Cree model. The Indian of the Hudson's Bay Company does not wear socks even in the coldest weather, but something that is much better and warmer.

### *Making Your Own Socks*

He takes a square of soft woolen cloth, or "duffel," and folds it around his ankle and over his foot in front. It projects slightly in front of the toes and he folds back this projecting front over the foot, holding everything in place by the moccasin, which he now slips on. At night, when he gets to camp, he removes his moccasins, unwraps his duffel, and is able easily and readily to dry it out. In some ways duffel beats socks if the weather is very cold. If in camp you have worn out your last pair of socks you need by no means despair. You can make a very excellent pair out of a square of coffee-sacking and thus have what is known in the West as a pair of "California socks." Very likely you will not care to hunt in moccasins, but in every case, when you go out on a big-game hunt, be sure to take along a pair to wear around the camp. Nothing will give you more comfort. You will feel rested, warm and comfortable as soon as you take off your hunting boots and put on moccasins. It is not considered good form to go to bed with your boots on, but this objection does not lie against moccasins in very cold weather.

The Indian who of necessity invented the buckskin shirt fabricated the best hunting garment in the world. If you are going out into an actual wilderness, where you will not meet any one and where you will not be ashamed to wear buckskin, you can do no better than to take along one of these shirts not made by a white man but by a red woman. You need not go in for quill or bead work on your hunting shirt. Get it plain and use it sensibly. Buckskin is better than elk or moose hide, because it is lighter. If you like you can carry such a shirt folded under your belt when you are hunting, and put it down when you sit at lunch or when you stop walking for any other reason. You cannot get any other garment so warm in equal weight.

You ought also to have a good wool sweater, or preferably a heavy jersey that buttons up in front. The seamless sweater is harder to regulate, but if you want a high collar you can get that in a buttoned sweater. In any case you ought to have a large silk handkerchief—and if you are hunting in the pine-woods country of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota or Maine, the redder this handkerchief is the better for you. There is extreme danger in the woods nowadays. It is not a bad plan to tie a red handkerchief over the top of your hat, and some even wear a bright red coat. These, however, are not matters pertaining to proper camp outfitting for cold weather. A good sweater, a good buckskin shirt to go over it, a soft silk muffler to go around your neck—and you can both walk in comfort and sit or ride in comfort, without needing any overcoat.

Most men simply wear an old suit of clothes when they go hunting, but for cold-weather camping it is just as well to have a special outfit. With the foregoing you will need a pair of woolen trousers, with plenty of room in them. You will walk better in knickerbockers and heavy socks. The native woodsmen pin their faith to mackinaw trousers; indeed, there is nothing very much better to be had in a cold-weather camp. This fabric is shoddy wool, but it is so woven that it is warm, soft, light, snow-proof and almost waterproof. If you have not a buckskin shirt, to put on when you come into camp, you will find a heavy mackinaw coat ideal. Besides, it is not hurt by rain as buckskin is.

### *Concerning Safety Pins and Snoring*

You will need your heaviest woolen underwear, two suits of it, even though it seems too warm when you start from home. You should have a couple of flannel shirts, tan or blue, but of real wool. You will need three or four pairs of heavy woolen socks, the sort lumbermen wear. One pair of the felted "German socks" is desirable. Your hat should be broad enough to keep snow out of the back of your neck and soft enough for use as a nightcap. Even a potential candidate for governor may need a nightcap in camp.

The foregoing outfit will not make a very big pack and it will all go into a canvas bag. You might get one of the little United States haversacks for your private and personal kit. It will hold your razor, your brushes, your private soapbox, private washbasin and private towels; all of which you will find very desirable if not essential. You can put this small bag inside of your regular woods bag which, of course, will have carrying straps so that you can pack it if necessary. Inside this little bag you can throw a few of those little buttons which clamp on instead of sewing on. Take also a few large safety pins, the kind they use for horse blankets. With one of these you can pin together a coat collar or a sweater collar, or, better still, the mouth of the pocket. You ought not to carry money, or anything you want to keep, around loose in your trousers pockets while you are in camp, because such things are very apt to fall out of the pocket when you are sitting or lying on the ground. Pin these working pockets shut with a big safety pin and you will not regret the trouble. Your watch, if you have taken along a valuable one, should be attached by a good, stout thong of buckskin or moosehide. If you have a compass, this also should go into a pocket and be fastened to a thong. You should always have a waterproof matchbox along with you when you are in camp, whether or not you are a smoker. A corked bottle will do if you have nothing better.

The sort of tent or house you will live in depends on many circumstances. Unless you are going into absolutely bitter weather it is a nice thing to have along a small tent of your own. Made in pyramid or cone fashion and of balloon silk, it need weigh only four or five pounds; and it will not be much trouble for you to put this up as your own sleeping apartment. It is not pleasant to sleep in the same room or the same tent with others if that can be avoided. One snoring man may break up the rest of many others. You are entitled to your sleep and if you do not rest well you cannot hunt well.

The chances are you will not sleep well unless you have a good bed. The native guide or the Indian can sleep hard and so can you when you are used to it, but probably you will not have much time to get


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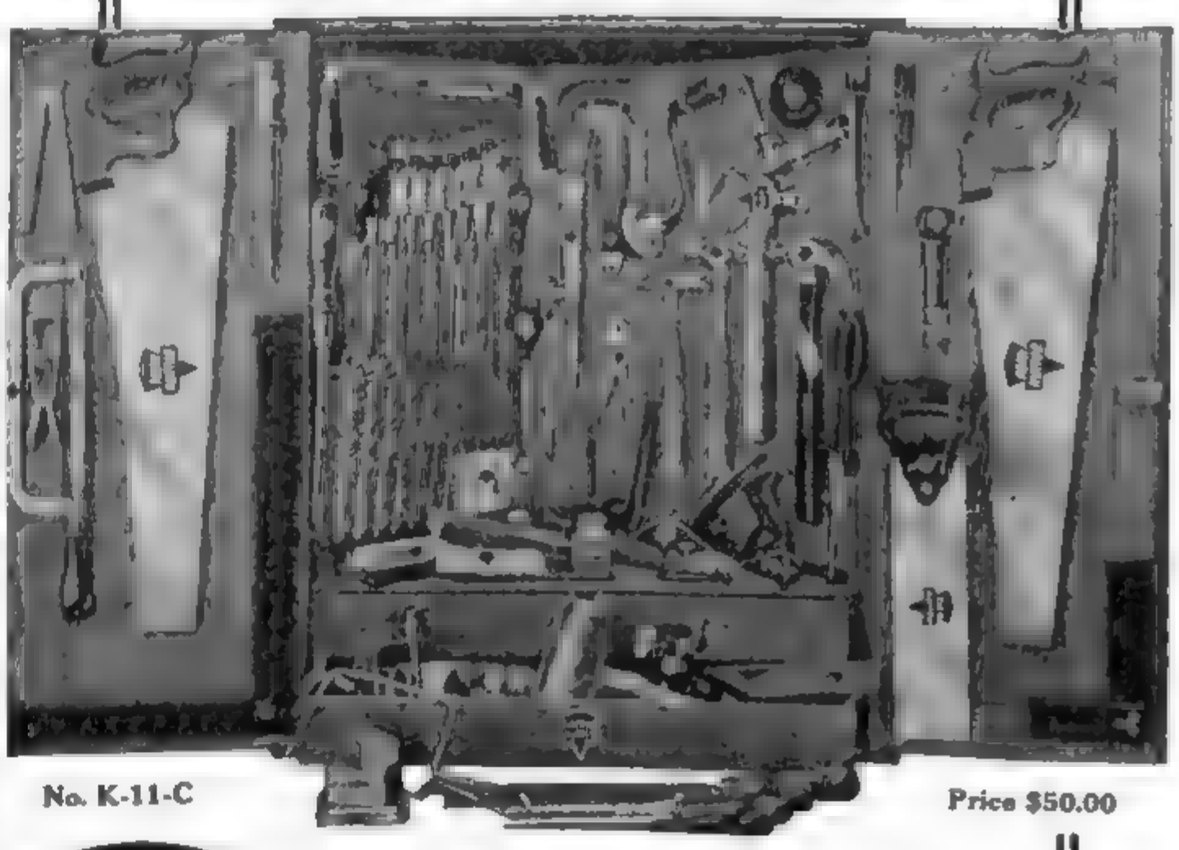

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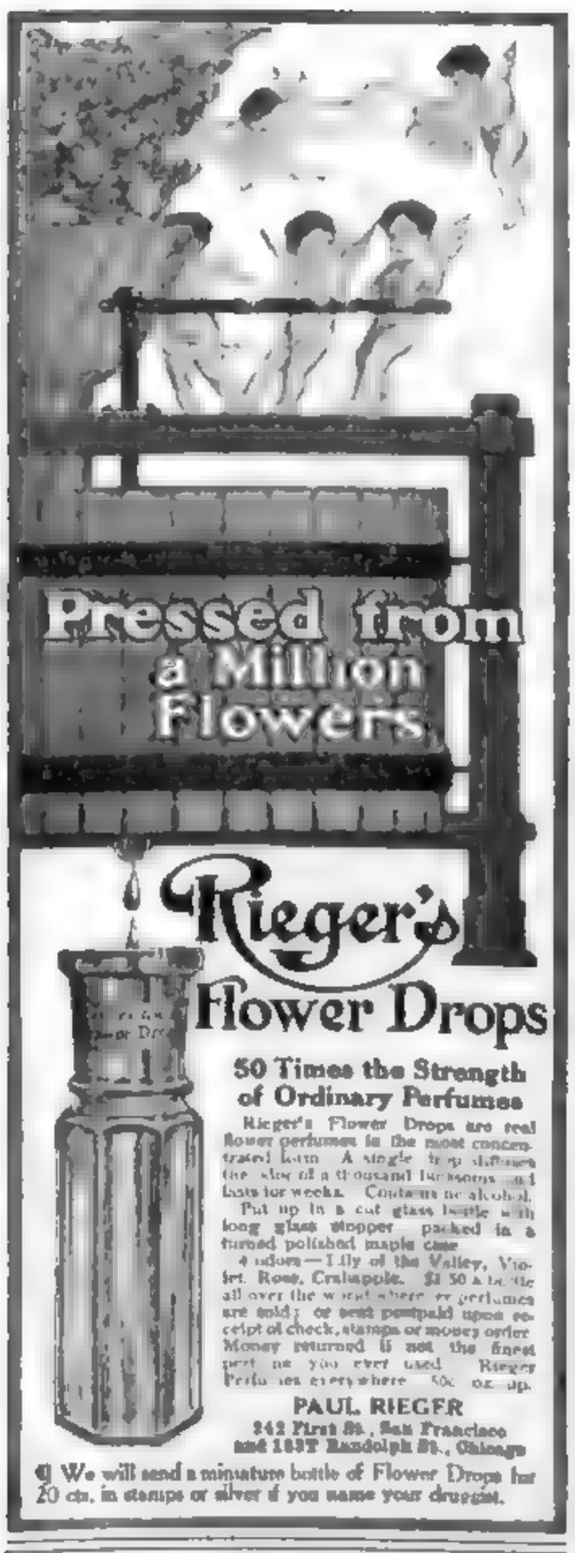


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### *Rabbit and Lynx-Paw Robes*

Perhaps the best and most convenient bed for you to take into the camp will be a couple of heavy woolen blankets, not less than four-point in size. You can provide for these a long strip of canvas, a little more than double their length and wider than your blanket. This sort of bed you can throw down on the boughs, or even on the snow if you must. You should not forget the canvas, because it will keep out wind as well as snow or rain, and will be almost as warm as a blanket in its effect. The canvas, too, will enable you to keep your blankets neat.

Of course, in very cold weather, if you are camping in the open you will need to keep a fire going all night. This means a cord of wood for an experienced man, two cords for an inexperienced. If you are in the hardwood country you can get hardwood fuel. Sometimes you will have to use just what you are able to get. Cottonwood makes a warm fire, but does not last long. Usually you can get spruce for back logs and aspen or birch for your main fuel, keeping it going by the use of dry pine or cedar. It is hard work for one man to keep warm in bitter weather in the woods. If there are two in camp one can watch the fire while the other sleeps. If you are in a tent, or in a log camp, it is simply a question of having blankets enough to keep warm after the fire goes out. If you are lying out in bivouac, in the snow, you should always have some kind of windbreak back of you. Stretch your strip of canvas not over you but back of your bed, and fill in behind it with boughs and snow. Build your fire against a rock or heap up two or three logs to make a reflector. A night or two like this, with the thermometer thirty below zero or worse, will make you think of home and mother.

The average city man who goes out for a big-game hunt will not be obliged today to endure any very severe discomforts. Hunters and others who live in the far North, where the weather is very cold, are sometimes obliged to travel in desperately used to it. Indeed, men who are obliged to live out-of-doors all the time—on the range, on the trail or in the forest—are apt to be the very ones most particular about their beds. The tenderfoot is likely to be the one to boast about the smallness and the lightness of this part of his outfit. A good bed is no disgrace even to an old-timer. It is the more necessary if you are camping out in weather that may go to twenty or thirty below zero.

The old question of the sleeping bag against the blanket bed is one not yet settled, though neither side of the argument can see any reason for any schism. There are even some men who do not scorn an air mattress, although they eschew a sleeping bag. Again, there are others who eschew blankets and go in for the eiderdown quilt, claiming it is the lightest and warmest thing obtainable. On the one side it is charged that the sleeping bag commonly used, made of several light blankets folded and put into a permanent canvas cover, is a contrivance of the Evil One, devised only for tenderfeet, and of necessity unsanitary, unventilated, narrow, cramping, cold and inconvenient. The adherent of the sleeping bag points out that such a bed requires no making beyond unrolling; that it keeps out pine needles, sand and other débris; that it keeps the blankets always dry, and that it will serve as protection against any weather, even without a tent. Moreover, he will point out triumphantly that Peary used the sleeping bag—and Peary found the North Pole. It is no valid retort to say that Doctor Cook also used the sleeping bag—and did not find the North Pole.

Since most big-game hunting is scarcely Arctic after all, your bed will probably be of blankets, whether or not permanently incased in canvas. There is an eiderdown sleeping bag made which is very fine for extremely cold weather; but, in much of the autumn weather, such a bag is smotheringly hot and it cannot be regulated. The occupant of the blanket sleeping bag will tell you that he can get under or on top of any number of blankets that he likes, but the truth is the operation is impossible or inconvenient in the middle of a cold night. Perhaps, indeed, the most valid argument against sleeping bags is the fact that the professional outdoor men never use them. You never saw one, for instance, in a cook's wagon on the old cow-range.

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cold weather and to sleep in the open. One recalls a talk with a sergeant of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, who once traveled over a thousand miles in the dead of the northern winter, with a dog train and with a prisoner in charge. The prisoner was watched every night, yet he was delivered hearty and unfrozen at the end of his journey. The sergeant had with him one extra man, else it must have been a feat impossible of performance. On the march the prisoner was kept between the two guards. He did not much care to escape, for if he had left his captors he must surely have perished before the next day.

These northern men have a bed outfit that is worth knowing. Our sergeant had first a good-sized rabbit robe. This is the warmest fur fabric known to man. The Indian women cut the rabbit skins into long strips, which they tie together, each strip being twisted so that the fur stands out all around the hide thong. These strips are interbraided into a loose web. As rabbit fur sheds a great deal and is none too strong, it is customary to cover such a robe on both sides with light cloth or canvas. It is rather heavy, but is soft. It is the warmest thing you can get, although so loose that you can poke your finger through the mesh anywhere.

Under this rabbit robe the northern traveler always used his canvas sledge cover, which he first put down upon the snow. Then came the rabbit robe, which kept out all the cold of the snow and earth. On top of that there was used another sort of covering not very well known to most of our big-game hunters, although excellent to have along on a hunt, if possible. This is the lynx-paw robe—next to a rabbit robe held staple for winter travel in the North and much better than fox, wolf or even wolverine.

The foot of the northern lynx is a big shaggy ball, as big as your fist, with fur on the under side. When the Indian skins a lynx in the northern country he cuts off the pelt at what you would call the knee of the leg, since the trader does not care for anything but the body fur. It will take at least one hundred and fifty lynx paws to make a robe. The best and strongest robes are made of the pads alone, but most usually the skin of what we may call the ankle is also used. These little strips of fur, not much bigger than one's hand, are sewed together with sinew, edge to edge. The result is a robe very much stronger than could be made from the body skin of the lynx—softer, springier, tougher and warmer. There is no fabric just like it. As an automobile robe, or as the biggest three-fourths of a camp-bed, it cannot be equaled. If you can get one you are very fortunate. Few of them are sent down from the North, where they are so useful and so hard to obtain. You will have to pay from twenty to sixty dollars for a good one, even at a Hudson's Bay post.

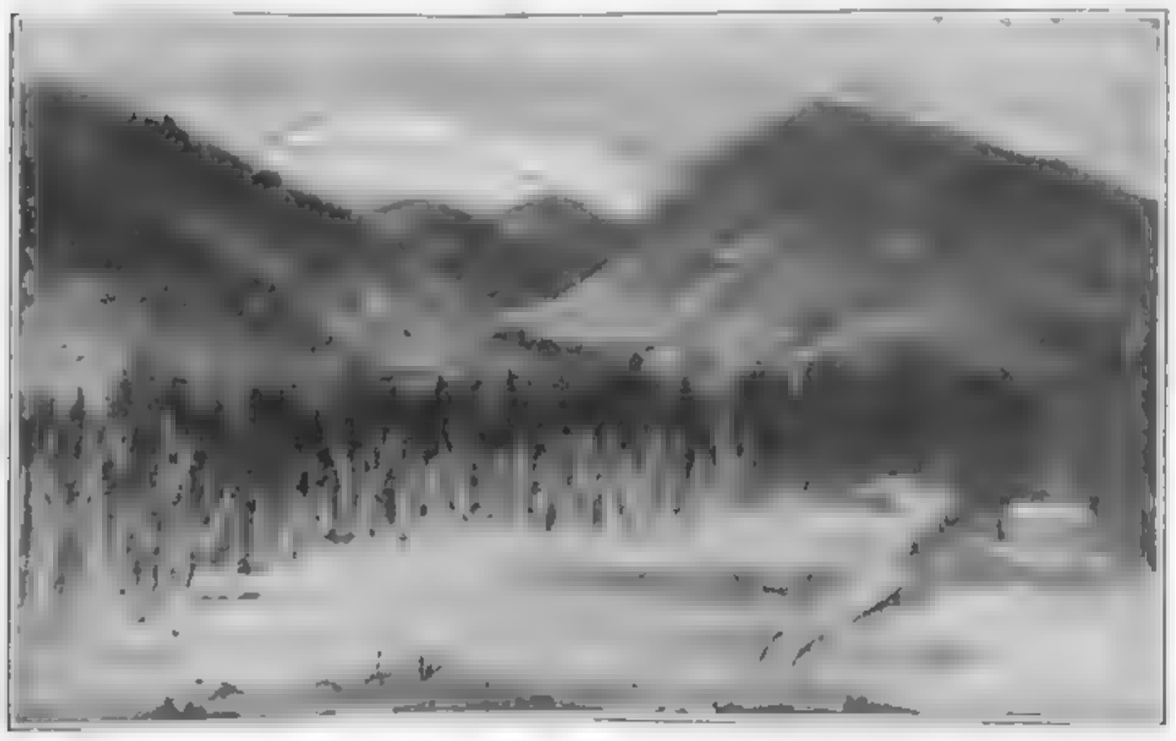
If, now, you have a good canvas sheet, wider than your bed and twice its length; if you have one of these lynx robes, seven feet square or more; and if you have also one pair of genuine four-point blankets, of the Hudson's Bay make or a good equivalent, you have what in the opinion of a good many men of wide experience is the best camp-bed on earth.

Leaving aside the question of the grub list, which does not come under the head of your personal equipment, you will not need much more than the foregoing to make yourself comfortable in any hunting weather. Let us hope that you will not take along a sharp-pointed hunting knife and strap it tightly to your waist in such a way that the point or the handle of it will be driven into your ribs if you fall down. A short-bladed, crooked skinning knife will be better. In all likelihood you will buy a dozen before you will get a good one. Usually the steel is too hard. The best sharpener is not a whetstone, but a file, and you ought to have along with you a rather coarse file, at least an inch or so wide in the blade. It will also sharpen the ax.

If you wish to go to the far North once more for hints on equipment for cold-weather, big-game work, you might do worse than have in mind the old "buffalo knife," which is universal in all the Hudson's Bay country. The old company has furnished these knives in the same model for a couple of hundred years, but the best specimens are made by the Indians themselves out of large files. There is no better steel made than file steel for use in knife-blades. The native workman has no anvil and few tools, but he will take one of these big files and hammer it out on a rock, using an ax for his hammer. When he gets it to the right shape he tempers it, not in water but in oil—bear's oil or beaver oil preferred. He digs a little trough in a log and fills it with oil; into this he plunges the edge of his heated knifeblade. Each man will have his secret method of tempering steel, but some of these blades turned out by the Crees and the Beavers are as wonderful in their way as the best of Japanese steel. The Indian always sharpens his blade on one side, with a single bevel; and he does this with a file. He puts on the last touches with a little sharp-edged steel, which he tempers very hard and makes from a file. The handle of his knife he is apt to make of moose horn or bone; sometimes his handles are beautifully engraved. A specimen of this kind of knife now at hand is as fine an example of native handicraft as one would be apt to see. The Indian carries such a knife at his back, just under his belt at an angle; and he seems not to notice it much in his travel.

With such a knife one can drive a tent-pin or a nail; can cut down a small tree or cut up a large moose. It is said to be the best single tool for a trapper and hunter that ever has been invented. If it seems not handy to your hand you would better take along at your belt one of the light, American-made camping axes, with a head of about one pound weight. The pound ax issued by the Hudson's Bay Company is a tomahawk shape and the model is not quite so good as that of the American camp-ax, although the steel is usually good. Some men do not like to carry an ax; but there is nothing that looks quite so good about dark, when you don't know where camp is.

With such equipment as the above and the rifle which you personally fancy you will be able comfortably to stay out-of-doors indefinitely in a good game country. It will not come to any very great total weight and there are not very many items with which you can well dispense. Sportsmen are individualists; you scarcely will find two outfits alike. Yet, if you are not entitled to be called an old-timer, you will find it safe to work toward something on the above-mentioned lines.



# Adler's Collegian Clothes

conform first of all to the necessity of giving the wearer a becoming garment, and then meet the requirements of prevailing style, with a result that they are the clothes preferred by men who desire tone, individuality and distinctiveness without attracting attention by extremes. Men who recognize these features in their garments also recognize our unusual quality of cloth, linings and interlinings.

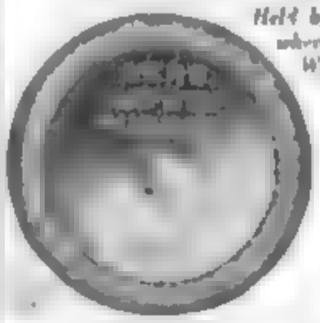
Foremost dealers in all sections are showing our overcoats, suits and raincoats at $15.00 to $30.00. Our style book will thoroughly post you. Mailed upon application.

**David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.**
Nobby Clothes Makers — Milwaukee

**Roosevelt's Own Book** "African Trails"
"The Book of the Year." N. Y. Tribune.
Agents wanted in every community to sell the sole account of Theodore Roosevelt's adventures, by his own hand. Strongest co-operation; large commission, monopoly of territory. For prospectus, write
Charles Scribner's Sons, 151 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

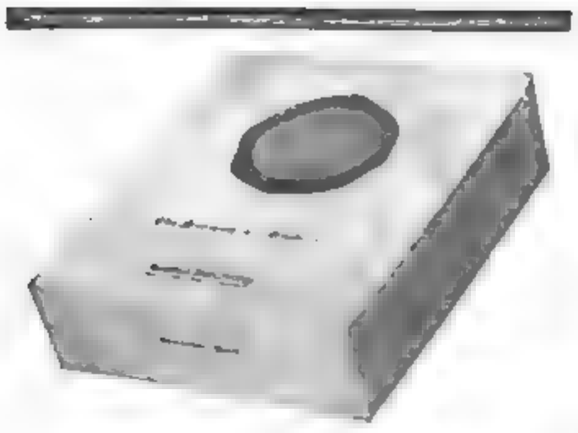
DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?
That's all we want to know
grand prize
free stuff
rich in a week
make
copy of this picture, with
for our portfolio of cartoons
The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
315 Kingsmore Bldg., Cleveland, O

**A Wonderful Shaving, Toilet and Traveling Glass**



*Held by air on your window where you get the best light. Will not break if dropped.*
A necessity for
ful. Price with
ror and pigskin
case $2.00.
Sold by dealers or sent by mail
Aero Safety Mirror, 14 Alden St., Hartford, Conn

**Wherever You Sell Your FURS** they will finally reach New York
It will pay you to send at once for price list and ship to
M. F. PFAELZER & CO.
6 E. 12th St. (Desk 45), New York City



## A Letter From Home

NOT ONE *received* from home, but a note which occasion requires you to send from your own house. What sort of stationery would you use then? Is it a choice between frilly feminine note paper and the children's school tablet? Wouldn't you prefer to have a box of

*Old Hampshire Bond Stationery*

a personal note paper with matched envelopes that pronounces you a man of business without proclaiming you a business man?

"The Stationery of a Gentleman"
is what somebody named it for us.

Send For A Sample Box

mailed you for four cents postage—costs us five cents to mail. Address

Hampshire Paper Company
*The only paper makers in the world making bond papers exclusively.*
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

*The Modern*
**Soap Convenience**



In the Watrous Liquid Soap Fixture [illegible] most efficient and satisfactory soap [illegible]

One filling equals four cakes of soap The Watrous Fixture does not clog or spoil [illegible] like other fixtures and [illegible] of soap lasts [illegible] Cake soap carries disease germs from one person to another [illegible] when the Watrous is used

**THE WATROUS LIQUID SOAP FIXTURE**

consists of nickeled bracket and crystal container. A slight pressure on under part of nuture delivers *just* deposit of soap to the hands. Various styles all extremely low priced for *Homes, Clubs, Hotels, Offices, Factories, Private Institutions,* etc Watrous Liquid Soap is made of best vegetable oils and is especially adapted for use in Watrous fixture.

**FREE** [illegible] "The Modern Soap Convenience" [illegible]

The Watrous Co., 1251 Fisher Bldg., Chicago

**MOUNT BEAUTIFUL BIRDS**

We can [illegible] by mail [illegible] Birds, Animals, Game Heads, Fishes, Tan Skins, etc [illegible] mounted by men [illegible] Free [illegible] Write today Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 4018 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

# Magazine Men

*John Fleming Wilson*

*M. L. Blumenthal*

*J. W. Foley*

THE "WEEKLY CATALOG" OF THE

# RALSTON

A FOOT-PRINT in the sand shows a perfect mould of the sole. But the insole of the ordinary shoe bears little resemblance to such a mould. How, then, can it fit?

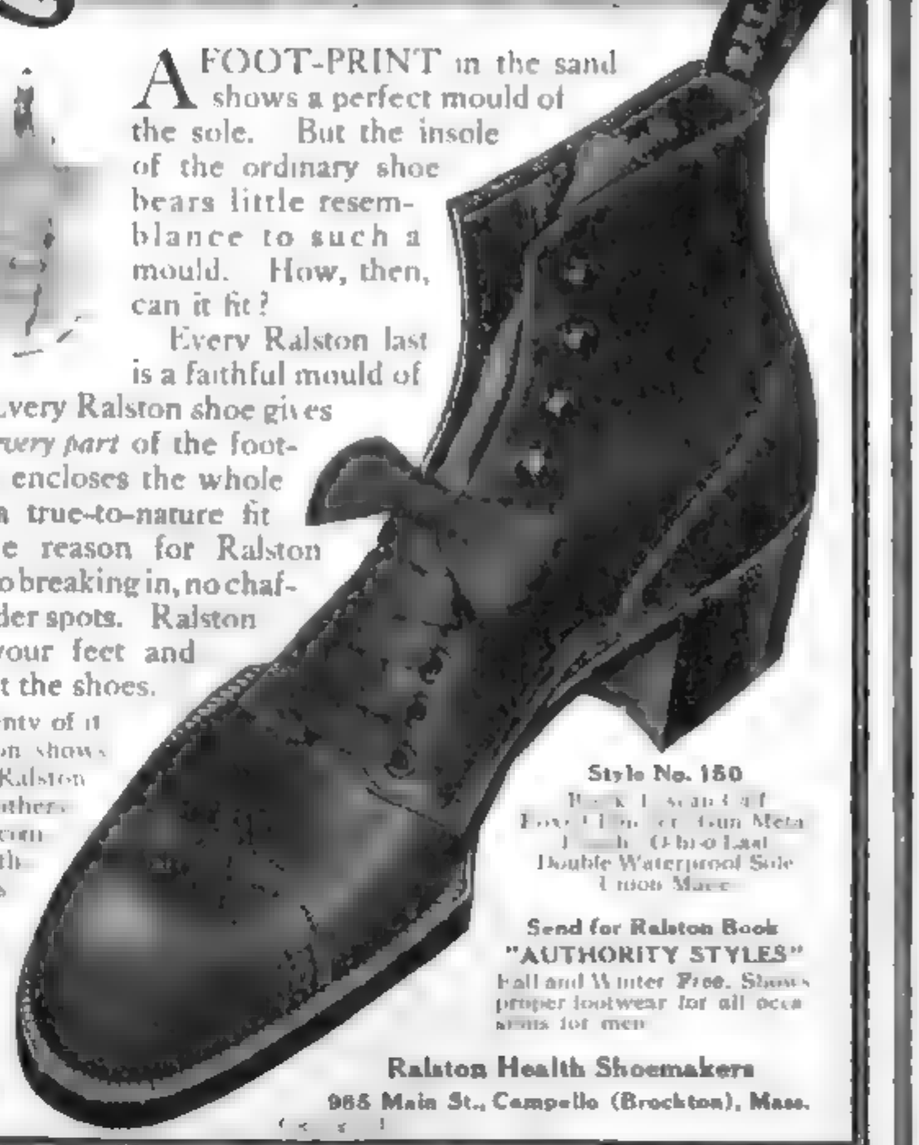
Every Ralston last is a faithful mould of the foot. Every Ralston shoe gives support to *every part* of the foot-bottom and encloses the whole foot with a true-to-nature fit This is the reason for Ralston comfort; no breaking in, no chafing, no tender spots. Ralston Shoes fit your feet and your feet fit the shoes.

Style? Plenty of it the illustration shows that Where Ralston Shoes beat all others is in style *plus* comfort. Get both Get Ralstons

Ralstons sell at

**$4.**

$4.50 $5.



Style No. 150
[illegible] Calf
[illegible] or Gun Metal
[illegible] Oil-tan Last
Double Waterproof Sole
Union Made

Send for Ralston Book
"AUTHORITY STYLES"
Fall and Winter *Free.* Shows proper footwear for all occasions for men

Ralston Health Shoemakers
985 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.

ANOTHER STYLE NEXT WEEK

# Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!
## Water! Water! Quick!
### Wonderful Little Pumping Engine Gives Instantly Available Fire Protection

Here's fire protection for Home Owners! This powerful little pumping engine is a fire-fighter, tried and true. Fits any pump. Works in any well. No belts, shafts, arms, anchor posts or special platform needed! Ready for instant action day or night Always ahead of the Fire Department! Plays a strong stream of water on the blaze before it has time to gain headway. When attached to a pump with an air chamber, it throws water higher than a house or barn or 60 feet on the level. Saved one of San Francisco's fine homes from destruction by fire just a short time ago. Absolutely indispensable to the safety of country homes. Yet **fire protection** is only a "side line" of this

**Pumps 800 to 1,000 Gallons per Hour!**

[illegible] applied for.

**Self-Contained Portable Power Plant**

*The Engine to Tried and True*

The FULLER & JOHNSON
## Farm Pump Engine

### Pumps Powerfully and Runs Light Machinery

The engine pumps 800 to 1,000 gallons per hour Provides an abundance of pure, fresh water for stock and domestic water supply systems Irrigates gardens, waters lawns, washes buggies, etc., etc Has 4-inch pulley for running hand-power or foot-power machines Easily moved from place to place and works **anywhere.**

### The Ideal Power for Small Workshop

Equally desirable for farm or shop use. The engine is perfectly air cooled without fans. Cannot freeze or overheat. Self-oiling Tank holds a day's supply of gasoline. Simplest, neatest, strongest, handiest and most adaptable little engine ever built. We could not make it better if we charged $500 for it. Costs less than a good windmill. Free Catalog tells the whole story of this amazing engine

**Fuller & Johnson High-Powered Double-Efficiency Engine**

[illegible] frost proof and trouble proof [illegible] more power at less cost, [illegible]

**Sold Only Through Dealers**

[illegible] not engage [illegible] dealers in territory where we are not represented.

**FREE ENGINE BOOKS**

FULLER & JOHNSON MFG. CO.
11 Seaborn St., Madison, Wis.

*Please send book checked below:*

☐ Farm Pump Engine Catalog.
☐ High-Powered Engine Catalog.

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

**FULLER & JOHNSON MFG. CO.**
(Est. 1840) 11 Seaborn St., Madison, Wis.

# Put some Chr... into a C...

## —a Columbia Graphophone

Columbia (disc)
Graphophone Type BNWM
Price $50—other models from
$17.50 to $100

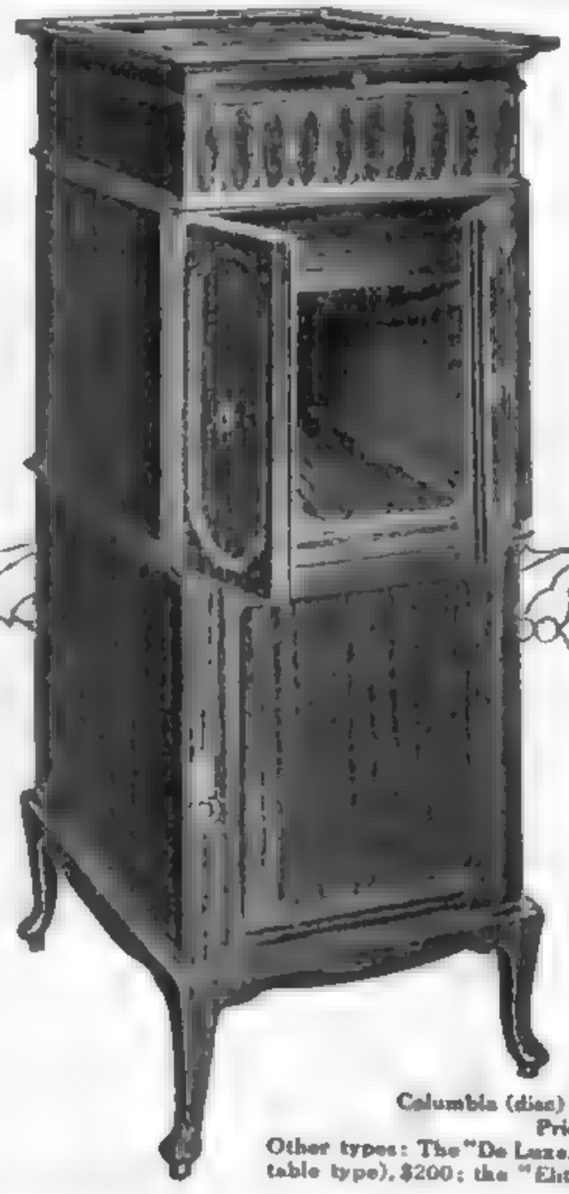
ALL the music of all the world is at the command of the owner of a Columbia Graphophone. It is the one perfect, complete musical instrument, the one ideal home entertainer, the one ideal gift for all the household for all the year around.

If you are confusing the words "talking machine" and "phonograph" and "*Graphophone*," or if you are not familiar with the extraordinary improvements developed in the Columbia laboratories within the last few months, you cannot possibly know what a wonderful musical instrument the Columbia Graphophone is *Hearing is believing*,—and any of the thousands of Columbia dealers will gladly play your favorite selection on any model of the Columbia Graphophone that appeals to you.

The Columbia Graphophone was [illegible] the first practical sound recording and sound reproducing instrument [illegible] "phonograph" was an entirely different machine and never became commercially possible. The original Columbia Graphophone contained the basic principles used today, and throughout the life of the basic patents all other manufacturers have paid us a royalty on every machine they have made

Let us send you the name of *your* nearest dealer—and a catalog. Never mind if you *haven't* made up your mind: that's what the catalog is *for*.

## —or a Columbia Grafonola



Columbia (disc) Grafonola "Mignon"
Price $150
Other types: The "De Luxe," $200; The "Regent" (library table type), $200; the "Elite," $100; the "Favorite," $75

THE Columbia Grafonola is "the incomparable musical instrument," beyond dispute.

It is of such distinctive yet unobtrusive design, and of such elegant construction, that it appeals to those who can appreciate and afford an instrument not only embodying perfect reproducing powers but forming a harmonious part of the accessories of the best-appointed music room.

The Columbia Grafonola "Mignon," illustrated above, is built on straight, severe and classic lines, with just sufficient ornamentation to bring into proper relief the engaging symmetry and the fitness that characterize its general design. Its cabinet construction is genuine mahogany throughout—selected grain, joined in a craftsmanly manner, and finished like the case of a thousand-dollar piano.

We have ready for you a large and elaborately illustrated catalog showing all the various types of the Columbia Grafonola, including the famous "Regent"—a combination library table and concealed Grafonola.

**Columbia Phonograph Company, Gen'l, Box 219, Tribune Bldg., New York**— Creators of t... Owners of th...

# istmas money
# olumbia

—and complete the welcome of your gift with a varied selection of
Columbia DOUBLE-DISC Records

COLUMBIA *Double*-Disc Records! Music on *both* sides! A different selection on *each* side! And both at only a few cents above the price of *one!* They may be played on *any* disc machine, and they give you double value for your money, plain as daylight. At 65 cents for the regular 10-inch Columbia Double-Disc Record, you are paying only 32½ cents per selection, which is far below the price of any single-sided record.

Each Columbia Double-Disc Record is enclosed in an envelope which carries a printed guarantee of its quality. You are assured of a better record on *each* side than you ever bought before, under any name, at any price: better in surface; better in tone; and better in durability, for the Columbia Double-Disc Record will unfailingly outwear any other disc record.

The art of sound-wave recording has reached such a stage of perfection in the Columbia laboratory that the singing voice, as heard on Columbia Double-Disc Records, is the living voice of the artist—clear, flawless and natural, and with all its individuality preserved. With Columbia Double-Disc Records, whatever machine you own, you can entertain yourself and your friends with every latest popular musical "hit," in the same voice that made the hit possible, with the highest grade of every class of instrumentalism, or with absolutely any other music that appeals to you—laughing songs, sacred songs, ballads, oratorios, or grand opera—solos, duets, trios, quartettes, sextettes or choruses. The greatest renditions in all opera, sung by such artists as Cavalieri, Constantino, Bispham, Mardones, Blanchart, Freeman, Boninsegna, Bronskaja, Campanari, are reproduced with such fidelity that the more familiar you are with the performances of these artists at the great opera houses, the more certain you are to realize that the reproduction cannot fairly be called a reproduction at all, for it is *the voice itself*—rich, full and unmistakable.

Columbia *Double*-Disc Records! Double discs, double value, double wear, double everything except price. Don't put your record-money into any other!

**Talking Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art Fundamental Patents. Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World**

**Dealers Wanted:** **Exclusive Selling Rights Granted where we are not actively represented**

The Bradley Muffler gives perfect protection against the elements because it fits the neck snugly, and lies smoothly over the chest, while fully protecting the throat, neck and shoulders.

This is due to the patent V-Neck principle on which the Bradley Muffler is knit, coupled with the superior quality of the yarns from which it is made.

Bradley Mufflers are the most durable—always hold their shape—and can be washed when soiled.

Bradley

**Full-Fashioned V-Neck**

**Mufflers**

**(Patented 1908, 1909 and 1910)**

have the appearance and texture of silk, with all the warmth and comfort of pure wool. They are made in 20 stylish shades, all collar sizes, and several styles, and are sold by leading stores everywhere at 50c, $1.00, $1.50, and $1.75, and are guaranteed to give lasting service and thorough satisfaction.

There is no muffler made that compares with the Bradley in actual value, because the output of the Bradley Mills exceeds that of any other, and the Bradley can therefore afford to use, and actually does use, the finest quality of yarns, and the highest grade of workmanship.

Bradley Knit Coats for men and women have the same quality standard as Bradley Mufflers, and are made in many different styles, at prices ranging from $2.00 to $10.00.

***Look for the Name***

Bradley

***On all Knit Goods***

It is your assurance of getting the best possible value and the most durable service.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Bradley Mufflers or Bradley Knit Coats, fill out and mail the coupon below and we will send you free the Bradley Style Book, illustrating the different Bradley products, and we will see that your needs are promptly supplied.

**Bradley Knitting Co.**
**115 Bradley Street**
**Delavan, Wisconsin**

*Mail the Coupon Right Now*

Bradley Knitting Co.,
115 Bradley St.,
Delavan, Wisconsin.

Please send me the Bradley Style Book free

Your

Address

From

Dealer's Address


# Sense and Nonsense

### *A Clam Roast*

HARRY BULGER, the comedian, was out on the road and telegraphed to New York for an engagement. Jim Thornton, the vaudevillian, was in the manager's office when the telegram arrived.

Thornton answered. He telegraphed: "Come on at once and take out a troupe of trained clams. If the show strands you can eat the clams."

### *A Justifiable Rebuke*

*We was twenty days from Deadwood, headed for th' Big Missouri,*
*We had lost th' trail completely an' our grub was all run out;*
*Snow was knee-deep on th' level, with a wind that blew like fury,*
*An' with not a deer, a buffler or a bit o' game about;*
*"Texas" Follis killed a coyote an' we ate it up for dinner,*
*It was young an' tender pickin', but it didn't last th' bunch*
*Quite as long as we expected; an', as I'm a wicked sinner,*
*We ate it at one sittin' without leavin' none for lunch.*

*We had pitched a camp, despairin', in a bit o' sheltered holler,*
*We had give up hope o' livin' an' had turned our hosses loose;*
*We was burnin' up our saddles in an old-time buffler waller,*
*An' was prayin' somethin' handsome—but it didn't seem much use;*
*We was chewin' boots an' leggin's, which as nourishment was slender;*
*We had et our caps an' mittens, which was creatures of th' past,*
*An' was lookin' through our beddin' for a blanket that was tender*
*For a tabble-doty dinner, which we thought would be our last.*

*I was tightenin' my belt up, after forty hours o' fastin',*
*When "Smoke" Allister, he ast me if my mother used t' roast*
*Turkey with a ches'nut dressin', an' he follered up by astin'*
*If I liked baked sweet potaters or th' Irish kind th' most!*
*He said he could remember th' mince pie an' apple brandy*
*That they used to have for dessert, an' th' puddin' after that;*
*An' though I was weak I hit him with th' first thing that came handy—*
*Hit him with intent to harm him; an' I knocked him cold an' flat.*

*I'm a peaceful-minded feller, but I hit him somethin' awful!*
*Th' boys stopped eatin' harness for a minute to ast why,*
*An' when I had explained it they agreed that it was lawful,*
*Justifiable an' proper, as they bandaged up his eye;*
*I was chewin' on a buckle at th' time he made his sallies*
*About turkey an' plum puddin', an' I give him a new scar,*
*An' when he come to I told him that I didn't bear no malice,*
*But there's such a thing as carryin' a feller's joke too far!* —*J. W. Foley.*

### *A Charitable Charge*

AN ARKANSAS lawyer was pleading for a client who was on trial for stealing a mule.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "this poor, unfortunate man is sorely beset here. Everything seems against him; but, gentlemen of the jury, if you, in your wisdom, see fit to eliminate the law and the facts, my poor, unfortunate client has a chance."

### *Life's Journey*

*We do not half enjoy the day*
*Because the night is coming;*
*We only just begin to sleep*
*When lo! again 'tis morning!*

*We hustle down our city streets,*
*We hurry in our pleasures;*
*And why, good Lord, we do not know,*
*Since Time steals all our treasures.*

*And, as this thief has winged feet,*
*Vain, vain is our pursuing;*
*Eternity is long enough*
*To prove the rogue's undoing.*

*Now, since Eternity is ours,*
*Let's take our time in living,*
*With eyes to see, walk thro' a world*
*Made fair by God's good giving.*

*With ears to hear His angels sing,*
*Where winds blow soft and sighing,*
*Let's learn the sacred things of Life,*
*And lose our fear of dying.*

*For, sure as you and I are here,*
*And gone away tomorrow,*
*This world's our only Paradise,*
*And Haste our greatest sorrow.*

—*Louise Paley.*

### *A New Fish Story*

FRANK ANDERSON, of the 'Frisco road, was in a hotel in the West.

"Got any oysters?" he asked his waiter.

"No, sah."

"Got any clams?"

"No, sah."

"Have you any shellfish at all?"

"Boss," replied the waiter, "the only kind of shellfish we has is eggs."

### *Guilty*

A POLICE court judge in a Louisiana town had before him, one hot Monday morning in July, a number of negroes committed for various offenses.

The room was very hot and very close. The judge was hurrying the cases through in the hope of getting into better air, when a perspiring negro was shoved up.

"What are you charged with?" asked the judge.

"'Deed, boss, I ain't 'cused of nothin' only fragrancy."

"Guilty!" howled the judge. "Take him away."

### *The Boss*

*Behold the Boss! A silent, watchful man,*
*Whose baleful eye is on the Common People;*
*Sphinxlike he sits compounding plot and plan*
*Never proclaimed from housetop or from steeple.*
*Some strive for power and others sigh for fame,*
*While some waste nights in dreams and schemes ambitious:*
*Give him—the Boss—the profits of the game;*
*Give them who dream the projects adventitious.*

*The Boss with satisfaction keenly notes*
*How wide and rich the stretching city waxes;*
*In growth he sees new vassals and new votes,*
*More places, contracts, dollars, grafts and taxes.*
*The splendid mem'ries of the past may thrill*
*Some dreamer's heart who reads his country's story;*
*But men of sense know well we cannot fill*
*An empty stomach with a tale of glory.*

*Imprudent thrills ne'er stir the Boss' breast—*
*He treats with men upon a belly basis;*
*The vote delivered is the only test*
*Of worth among his many subject races.*
*Honor and duty! Tell us, what are they?*
*Do they yield contracts? Do they finance the freight?*
*Do they fix courts and juries? Do they pay?*
*Honor and duty? Such things are out of date.*

—*Joseph Smith*


## You Can Depend On

EST 1864
STEIN WOOLENS GUARANTEED
NEW YORK LONDON

EVERY first-class tailor favors *Stein Woolens* because he knows they are dependable.

*Stein Woolens* are the product of the best mills in Great Britain and America—pure wool and fast color—absolutely *guaranteed* by your tailor and by S. Stein & Co.

## STEIN-ALPINES

An ideal fabric for a black or blue suit. They are made of the finest imported yarns—have exceptional wearing qualities. *Stein-Alpines* are "London shrunk" and will retain their shape as long as the garments are worn. They are made in soft finished worsteds and worsted-cheviots in every fashionable weave. See them at your tailor's.

## S. STEIN & CO.

**Foreign and Domestic Woolens**
**FIFTH AVE. and 18th ST., NEW YORK**

**STEIN WOOLENS FOR WOMEN**
Have the same superlative quality that distinguishes the *Stein Woolens* for men. *Ask your Ladies' Tailor.*

## HILL'S "Hustler" Ash Sifter

will make a big reduction in your coal bill—25 per cent of ashes is **good coal**—a minute a day saves the coal—no dust—no trouble—ashes go into barrel and coal into the hod.

*Write today for full descriptive folder 1-S*

**HILL DRYER COMPANY**
**201 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.**
Sold By Dealers Everywhere

## FOR MENDING LEATHER

It takes a waxed thread that feeds from a spool and does the work of any harness maker's machine. For sale by dealers or sent prepaid for $1.25. Send at once for catalogue. Agents wanted.

harness, tents, awnings, pulley belts, saddles and all leather repairing, also rubber patches on tires or any rubber material.

**Stewart's Automatic Awl**
is the most perfect Sewing Awl.

**STEWART SKINNER CO. 77 Harmon St., Worcester, Mass.**

## PARKER'S Arctic Socks

*Registered in U. S. Patent Office*

Healthful for bed, bath and sick room. Worn in rubber boots a soft perspiration. Made of [illegible] by dealers or [illegible] pair. Parker gives coupons. Catalogue free. Look for Parker's name in every pair. J. H. Parker Co., Dept. 57, 25 James St. Malden, Mass.

# Big Ben

Life Size

THE alarm of to-day is thirty-five years old. It is hardly the better for age; if slightly lower in price, it is also decidedly cheaper.

Battered by years of competitive strife, flimsy, noisy, unsightly, it has become a short-lived bargain, the constant butt of the cartoonist's joke.

But out of Illinois comes a candidate for national favor — BIG BEN an alarm masterpiece, a thin beautiful punctual sleepmeter with a quiet running motor, selective alarm calls, a mellow, pleasing voice and a frank open attractive face.

Mounted in a massive, dustproof, triple-plated case with large easy winding keys and reinforced suspension points, Big Ben is the most durable and most handsome alarm it is possible to make.

Watchmakers are everywhere endorsing him. The National Jewelers, Tiffany of New York, Spaulding of Chicago, Baldwin of San Francisco, have already adopted him. A community of clock-makers stands back of him, the Western Clock Company of La Salle, Illinois. They will gladly tell you where you can see him.

## $2.50

*Sold by Jewelers only.*

Three Dollars in Canada.

# THE MERCHANT AND THE MOTOR

(Continued from Page 18)

schedule with its trucks. An enormous amount of expressage is dumped into the metropolis every night; and to run the continuous service with horses has always been very expensive, for it has required the maintenance of stables in various parts of the city to provide relays of teams. Now this company has twenty-five gasoline trucks. Each evening these trucks are backed up against the freight sheds in New Jersey where the packages are transferred to them from the cars. Then the trucks whiz over to New York. They take only forty-five minutes to go from Jersey City to Brooklyn. They go from distributing point to distributing point and this interesting thing happens: they are never empty. When they discharge a load at the Grand Central Station they take on a bunch of packages for Harlem. Thus they carry a full load all day long and all through the night. Nearly all of these trucks have averaged twenty-two hours' work out of every twenty-four since they have been in commission. The company has found that they do the work of more than double the number of horse-drawn vehicles and in much less time, with greater and more consistent efficiency.

### The Rubber-Tired Ice Wagon

Take a commodity like ice. One of the great sources of loss in this business is from melting on the wagons in hot weather. This melting is estimated to be from fifteen to thirty per cent, depending upon the heat and the length of the wagon's route. Ice dealers have begun to use motor trucks for retail delivery. They go three times as fast as the horse-drawn vehicle; therefore the loss from melting is only one-third as great. When ice is selling at forty cents a hundred pounds, as is often the case in New York, this is an item to be considered.

The motor truck is becoming more and more used in the delivery of freight. Near Baltimore the other day a three-ton truck hauled eighteen tons of coal twenty miles to a tannery in two and a half days. It made six trips. Formerly it took a six-mule team nearly two weeks to do this work.

A Detroit piano jobber formerly had six or eight agents working for him in the suburbs and in the adjacent towns. His problem was to find some cheap and efficient means of transporting the pianos, for under ordinary conditions the cartage ate into his profits. He bought two gasoline motor cars, one a two-ton truck and the other a regular passenger car. The result is that now he employs only one salesman. With the automobile this salesman covers more ground than all the others did formerly and does more work. By means of the motor-truck delivery the jobber does the work of three teams. Here is a case where the passenger and commercial automobile have made a winning combination.

Uncle Sam has taken violently to the use of the motor vehicle. In New York, Philadelphia, Milwaukee and Detroit mails are collected in motor vehicles. The best results have been obtained in New York, where seventeen light cars covered twenty-one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven miles during the month of August.

### Thirty Per Cent Saved

The big public-service corporations have found the motor vehicles to be of great service. One large Rochester lighting company estimates that it saves thirty per cent by the use of motor wagons. Formerly this company used forty-seven horses. Now it has nine trucks and twenty-five horses, and its business has increased twenty per cent. It uses motor vehicles for the night patrol that inspects the street lamps. For this work one-thousand-pound electric cars are employed.

One of the most interesting uses of the motor wagon by this company has a human side. The company is constantly extending its gas mains out into the country. Formerly the Italian laborers who did this work had to walk out—often a distance of three or four miles. In bad weather this was disagreeable and the men were tired before they began work. Then they thought all day about the hardship of the return walk and it depressed them. Now these laborers go to a central station in town, hop on a big motor truck, which also hauls their supplies, and go to the scene of their labor rapidly and with no exertion on their part. At night they are brought home the same way.

The use of the motor vehicle has aided the linemen. In winter these men, who had to drive to the scene of a break in the wires, were often chilled by the time they got there. This interfered with their climbing of the poles and in more than one instance caused accidents. Now they are rushed out in an emergency automobile and are fresh and warm when they get to the scene of the accident. Besides, much time is saved not only in getting to the source of trouble but in not having to blanket a horse and watch out generally for a team.

In Oklahoma City the gas and light company is using two trucks in the place of four one-horse wagons. One of the trucks, which is used to set electric meters, has effected a saving of one hundred and thirty-seven dollars a month or a total of over sixteen hundred dollars a year. The other truck, which is used to set gas-meters, executed ten hundred and ninety-two orders during one month as compared with nine hundred and eighty-seven orders executed by two one-horse wagons. The number of employees needed to run these trucks is only half of the number necessary in the days of the horse and wagon.

But no service that the automobile vehicle affords has a larger significance than the fact that it gives the small merchant the same delivery advantages as the big department store and for a minimum cost. A city in the state of New York affords a very striking illustration of how this has been successfully worked out. For years a large concern that used horse-drawn vehicles had a monopoly in the delivery business. The service was generally unsatisfactory and the rates high. The small merchants who could not afford to own their own teams and were dependent upon this company had no redress, because it was a monopoly. Two enterprising men saw that competition might work some benefit and at the same time result in profit. They started a messenger boy service with motor cycles. Then they took to delivery by automobiles. Today this concern employs twenty-two one-ton delivery wagons, has revolutionized delivery conditions in that city, and has brought down the cost of transporting packages to a scale within the reach of the humblest storekeeper.

### Merchants' Delivery Service

This company has a service that costs the merchant five dollars a week and includes three calls a day for packages—there are four calls on Saturday—to be delivered in any part of the city. There is no limit on the number of packages. For those who cannot afford this service the company sells stamp books. The stamps have a denomination of ten cents each. When one of them has been affixed to a package it is delivered by the company to any place in the city. By adding another stamp it may be sent to any of the suburbs or adjacent towns. Here is a service that touches all the average business men and enables them to meet the service of their bigger and richer competitors.

The above concern also rents out its delivery vehicles to stores and corporations by the year. The name of the renting company is painted on the wagon and it is to all external appearances this company's vehicle. The renting concerns have found this practice a great help when their horse teams break down.

One of the most picturesque uses of the gasoline automobile truck was during the army maneuvers around Boston last year. One truck in addition to doing the work of three mule teams in hauling baggage and supplies was cleared for action and a rapid-fire gun mounted on it. It was rushed across a swampy field, surprised a moving column and technically "annihilated" a whole regiment. It covered four miles in twenty minutes. During the maneuvers on the Gettysburg field a three-ton gasoline truck hauled all the canvas of a regiment in two loads, a task that formerly occupied seven two-mule teams twice the time. Thus the automobile is displacing the army mule.

It would indeed be difficult to find an activity that has not been invaded by the

"It's a Waltham!"

How the gift is enhanced by this discovery. WALTHAM was the watch name he knew best in his boyhood—the watch his father and grandfather before him wore,—a watch "hoary with reputation." This inbred confidence in

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is strengthened in every generation by the constant application of modern watch-making methods to old-fashioned standards of integrity.

Waltham is the oldest and youngest watch on the market. The highest inventive genius is always at its command, designing new models and keeping WALTHAMS constantly in the lead.

*"It's time you owned a Waltham."*

For a high-grade up-to-date watch—made as thin as it is safe to make a reliable timepiece; ask any JEWELER to show you a Waltham Colonial. Prices $50 to $175.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, - WALTHAM, MASS.

REIS UNDERWEAR

TRADE MARK REGISTERED U·S·PAT OFF

for Men

*"Burn it into your memory"*—the LABEL that stands for

**Guaranteed Underwear**

It is applied to every good fabric in every weave and weight. You are not asked to buy something you do not know about—you can continue to wear your favorite fabric but *get it with the REIS LABEL* and you will get a better fit, longer wear, more comfort and better value at every price than you ever had before.

Ask your dealer. Write for interesting catalogue of Winter Underwear—mailed FREE.

**Robert Reis & Co., Dept. S, 560-562 Broadway, New York**

motor vehicle. Farmers are using the truck to haul cream to the central creamery stations established under their coöperative schemes; the Chicago police force uses motor patrols, while many hospitals in some of the large cities have automobile ambulances. In New York many of the high-pressure hose wagons of the fire department are propelled by gasoline or electricity and Chief Croker and all his aides go to conflagrations in automobiles at the rate of a mile a minute. Nor is this enterprise confined to the big centers, for Tulsa, Oklahoma, has a completely equipped motor-propelled fire department. The New Theater hauls its scenery in a motor truck with a trailer behind it. Not long ago an elephant was hauled on a big truck from a lot where a circus was showing. Even the undertaker has taken to the motor. There are enterprising men in Chicago, Detroit and Fort Worth who have automobile hearses. At the funeral of a prominent capitalist in Detroit last spring there was not a horse-drawn vehicle in the line.

Of course the taxicab—of which there are more than fifteen thousand in the United States now—is technically a commercial vehicle; but whether it is strictly a commercial or a pleasure car depends largely upon your experience with it and the way you fare with the meter.

As you go deeper into the study of the utility of the automobile you find that motor usage, like some history, repeats itself. Just as the western farmer jacks up his pleasure car and uses it as a stationary engine, so does the merchant or the public-service corporation use the power of his truck.

### *A Boston Pumping Truck*

The coal merchant dumps his coal by means of a little motor hitched under the driver's seat. The big public-service and especially the lighting corporations use the power on their trucks to raise iron and wooden poles and draw wires and cables through conduits.

These corporations are often called upon to pump water out of manholes. Formerly this was done by means of a handpump manned by two or four men. A Providence electric-light company improved on this by mounting a gasoline pump on its truck, which required less labor and time. Then a Boston company developed this plan even further. It ordered a one-ton electric truck and equipped it with a stronger battery than usual. This battery was coupled up with a rotary pump which will raise one hundred gallons of water a minute out of a manhole. This truck will travel forty miles and pump one hundred and eighty thousand gallons of water on a single charge. It does the work of from two to four horses and six men.

An interesting double use has been found for the big gasoline trucks. On some of them are power hoists connected by a series of gears with the motor. These winches have a lifting power of three tons and are used to raise safes direct from the truck to the floor where they are to be placed.

One enterprising electric company exhibits its electrical heating and cooking devices in public by a street demonstration from the rear of one of its electric trucks, where flapjacks and coffee are made and served free to the crowd.

Nothing could be more significant of the growing sway of the motor vehicle than the school for truck-drivers which has been established in a great automobile factory, one of the largest producers of business wagons. The room where the sessions are held is like a schoolroom, for it has blackboard and benches; but, instead of the terrestrial globe in front of the teacher's desk, you will find the chassis of a big truck and parts of the machinery of a gasoline wagon. Sessions are held every morning, when there are lectures on the various mechanical features of the truck. It includes illustrated talks on the oil, water, gasoline, ignition, steering, wiring and the transmission systems. The chassis is taken apart too. Then the pupils are asked to quiz the teacher and each other. In the afternoon the men are taken out on a truck and each one is given a chance to drive the vehicle. When the pupil has attained proficiency he is permitted to take the demonstration truck downtown in the crowded streets. Sometimes the truck is stopped on a hill and the amateur driver asked to get it started. This is practical work.

No feature of this school is more valuable than the lessons in "trouble-hunting." The instructors put parts of the mechanism out of order and the pupil is asked to locate the source of trouble. The teacher may break the connection in the ignition system or shut off the supply of gasoline from the tank. Instruction in this school is free to the representatives of all purchasers of the company's trucks. You get some idea of its democracy—as well as the widening use of the truck—when I say that on the morning when I visited the school I saw in the class a Detroit policeman, who was later to run a patrol wagon; an Indianapolis fireman, who will run a gasoline hose wagon; a millionaire Texas ranchman, who is going to use a big truck on his farm; a colored boy from Louisville, who will drive a truck for a miller; and a husky brewer's hand from New York, who will guide a truck through the metropolitan streets.

So far you have seen the uses of the machines built solely for commercial purposes, but they comprise only a very small part of the vast number of automobiles that have practical service every day. The 1910 pleasure car output will afford a good illustration. The estimated number of machines turned out this year is one hundred and eighty thousand. The largest number—that is, approximately fifty-eight thousand—range in price from one thousand to twelve hundred and fifty dollars; nearly forty thousand cost from seven hundred and fifty to one thousand dollars, while fifteen thousand vary in price from four hundred and eighty-five to seven hundred and fifty dollars. It is estimated that more than seventy-five per cent of these moderate-price cars are bought by people who have some practical use for them. They are farmers, physicians, architects, contractors, collectors, purchasing agents and salesmen. Of the remaining number of cars more than half are used by their owners in some way other than for pleasure only. Every automobile that you see standing in front of an office building means that its owner is using it to go to some meeting or to save time on an errand. Busy men who are in numerous boards of directors find that they can stay at their own desks so much longer when they can whiz to a meeting in their motor cars. This saving in time means money. The woman shopper who has a car can expedite her shopping by using it and have more time for her social and household duties.

### *Ingenious Financing*

Let us take the case of a city salesman who uses an automobile in his work. More than half of the time of the average worker of this kind is used up in transporting himself from place to place. His actual work occupies the balance of the time. If this fifty per cent of wasted time could be cut in half the man's efficiency is doubled. For the employer it means that he only needs half as many salesmen. With an automobile a salesman can carry a full line of samples. The man who carries samples on a street car gets tired and it lessens his enthusiasm. If he has a motor car he can keep fresh and interested; and he can take his customer out for a ride, which in many cases stimulates his buying desires.

I could cite many instances of how the automobile has aided the city salesman. In Detroit there is a large wholesale dry-goods house which has a big city and suburban trade. Formerly its salesmen used horses and buggies. Not long ago the house equipped these men with gasoline runabouts. Their earning power has not only been increased but their zone of operation has been widened.

This firm's method of installing the automobile will provide an interesting and helpful precedent for other houses. Although the house bought the car it is making the salesman pay for it. The cost of each runabout is four hundred and eighty-five dollars. Formerly the house allowed its salesmen thirty dollars a month for the upkeep of horse and buggy. This allowance continues for the automobile, but at the same time the firm assesses each salesman fifteen dollars a month on the cost of the car. The salesmen, however, have found that they can operate the car for fifteen dollars and this means that they can devote the other fifteen dollars to paying their assessment. In short, if they can keep up this ratio of cost of maintenance they will get their cars for nothing.

Bearing directly upon this particular use of the runabout was an experiment made

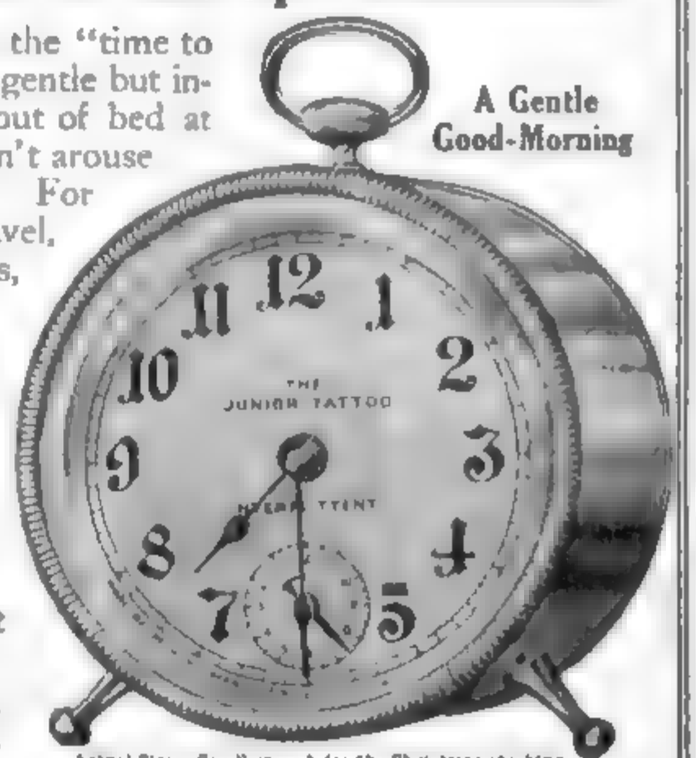

# The Junior Tattoo

## A Gentle "Time To Get Up" Reminder

The Junior Tattoo solves the "time to get up" problem. In its gentle but insistent way it takes you out of bed at the desired time. It doesn't arouse those in other apartments. For the man and woman who travel, for pleasure or for business, it is ideal, making them independent of servants, hotel clerks, etc.

Doesn't this suggest something for Christmas? Aren't there a half-dozen on your list to whom the Junior Tattoo would prove a lasting, pleasant reminder of the giver?

Resolved for Christmas 1910. I shall Tattoo all of my friends. Price $1.75 each.




Actual Size. Small enough for the Christmas stocking

The Junior Tattoo is a durable, accurate timepiece made in our fine watch department. It is very small, hardly larger than a watch. The alarm will ring at the desired time. **If you do not rise and turn the switch, it will repeat every twenty seconds for five minutes.**

The price is $1.75 each. (In Canada the duty is added.) You can buy it with a rich red or black leather case for $3.00. Nearly all dealers sell it. If you can't buy it in your town, send on the price and we will ship as many as you wish, provided you give us your dealer's name. Ask your jeweler to show you the Junior Tattoo in the gilt finish—a special style for Christmas.

Send for our short story, "The Uprising of John Hancock, Salesman," free, if you give your dealer's name.

*Dealers wanted everywhere. If you can't see our watch at leading jeweler, write The Junior, edited by Charley the Shipping Clerk.*

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN CONN. 139 Hamilton St.

**The Original Lindeman Piano, direct to you from the Factory, at wholesale price. Secure one *now*, before Christmas, and begin paying afterwards.**

John Wanamaker
New York

One Month's Free Trial

$220 Freight Prepaid

In 1821 in Dresden, Saxony, William Lindeman began making the Lindeman Piano, from his own scales; and it was soon recognized as "a *better* piano."

Thousands of the Lindeman Pianos are in use today, to the satisfaction of their owners. Their handsome *appearance*, their enduring *quality*, and their sweet *tone* prove that they have been wisely builded.

We have searched for a high-grade, everyway-satisfactory piano to sell by Mail Orders at a low price, and we now offer

### The LINDEMAN Endorsed by JOHN WANAMAKER

We knew the Lindeman to be just right as to quality, but the wholesale price had been $220, which required that the local dealer sell it at $350, or more. (Ordinarily, remember that between the factory and the home there is the Jobber, the Wholesaler, and the Local Dealer, each of whom must have a profit; to say nothing of the various storage, freight and handling charges.)

We have at last found a way to get around all these "middlemen profits": First, *we take all the pianos the factory can make.* Second, *we are content with such a small profit* that we can sell the Lindeman, with all the Lindeman excellence, at the former *wholesale* price, $220. We not only ship it directly to your home from the factory—*it is moved but that one time*—but we pay the freight ourselves.

**Every possible saving is thus made for the purchaser. No jobber, no wholesaler, no local dealer, no freight. The saving on this "bed-rock" offer is all yours.**

To show our confidence in it: We shall allow you a free trial for a month, without any payment. At the end of that time you will know that the piano is satisfactory, or *that it is not.* If you do not want it, then simply tell us so, and we will advise you how to return it at our expense. If it is satisfactory, you either send us $220, or a small sum down and the balance monthly. *You must be satisfied* in this transaction, or else, "no sale." *Detach and mail coupon.*

JOHN WANAMAKER New York

John Wanamaker
New York

Please send full particulars of your offer to ... Lindeman Piano, with Catalog.

Name _____

P. O. _____

Cold Weather Comfort in this Sweater Coat
You can keep warm and comfortable without bulk or weight — spend hours in the open in every sort of weather if you wear a
Schmidt-knit Sweater Coat
In special styles for motoring, hunting, etc. Schmidtknit Sweater Coats are knit from the finest yarns, perfect in fit and finish. Retain their shape, but cost no more than the ordinary kind. Your dealer should keep them; if not, write us direct.
Send for our free Style Book, and see the many Schmidtknit Styles
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Dept. 28, Cleveland Ohio
SCHMIDT KNIT

TRADE Flinch MARK REGISTERED

**More Simple than Authors**
**More Scientific than Whist**

"The public took it like wildfire."
—Milwaukee Sentinel
"A Flinch craze from one seaboard to the other."
—Philadelphia Press.

**150 Superfine Quality Cards**
**50c**
At your dealer's, or prepaid from us.
**Gold Edge, $1.00**

Flinch is the greatest game success of a century. More Flinch has already been sold than the entire output of any other game brought out in the last hundred years.

A game of keen competition, valuable mental training and pure fun—for young and old. Just the right mixture of chance and skill to make **a perfect game.**

Any number from 2 to 8 can play. Sample cards, instructions, etc., **FREE.** Write us today.

FLINCH CARD COMPANY
124 Burdick Street, Kalamazoo, Michigan

**MARGATE**
**The fashionable small tab**

# ARROW COLLAR

**Proper for day or evening wear**

*15c, 2 for 25c.* **Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers**
ARROW CUFFS 25 cents a pair


## A Look Into the Future

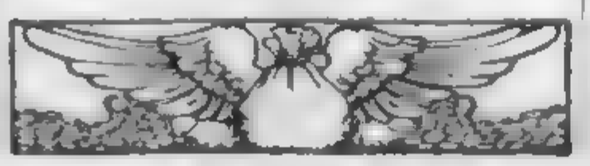
An engineer in the employ of a gas company in Detroit covered twenty-one thousand miles in a runabout with an average cost of one and forty-four hundredths cents a mile. The little car has taken the place of two horses and a buggy. The saving in upkeep almost paid for it in ten months.

To no individual has the automobile brought more benefit than to the doctor, whether in the city or in the country. One of its great virtues in this connection is that it is always ready and needs no hitching up. In the great farming belt of the Middle West I found that the country doctor who had no automobile was like the country swain who had no car in his family—he was not in demand. In times of emergency the automobile has saved many lives by quick action. Every day you read in the New York papers how some child, run down by a truck or a street car, has been rushed to a hospital in a passing automobile and its life saved or prolonged because there was no delay in getting it there.

One more phase of this subject remains to be considered and it is this: What is the future of the commercial motor vehicle? Perhaps you may get a line on it from a comparison with the horse. It is estimated that there are nine horses at work for every one used for pleasure purposes. If only a part of this ratio is maintained in the introduction of the commercial vehicle the prophecy of a well-known manufacturer will approach fulfillment, for he said: "I believe the development of the commercial car within the next ten years will parallel the wonderful expansion of the passenger car during the past ten years."

One thing is certain: the builders have only scratched the surface of the commercial field. But I found this state of affairs wherever I went in the motor-making zone: Practically every manufacturer has been experimenting for several years with some kind of commercial wagon; and the interesting thing about it is that the shrewdest among them are planning for a cheap, light, serviceable and economical vehicle that will be within the range of the average small business man.

In the inevitable expansion of the commercial car is the balance of safety for the future of the whole automobile industry. The motor is quickening and widening the scope of every business that it touches.



not long ago in New York by an enterprising automobile concern. It wanted to find out the relative cost and service of a runabout and a horse and buggy. A number of daily tests were made. One will serve as an illustration. It was made in upper and central Manhattan, where conditions are similar to those of any good-sized city. In five hours the automobile covered 67.4 miles and the cost of operation—gasoline and oil—was one dollar; the horse and buggy covered 28.8 miles and its cost of operation or maintenance—hay and oats—was ninety-five cents.

The runabout has varied commercial usages. One Detroit manufacturer has printed a series of forty-five pictures, each one showing a different use to which his car has been put. They range from use as a messenger car by a daily newspaper to conveyance for the city surveyor in his work. Among the others using the car—and they illustrate the general use of the passenger car—are collectors, plumbers, advertising solicitors, gas inspectors, architects, coal dealers, engravers, rural free-delivery agents, oil gaugers and various others.

One of the most successful automobile manufacturers in Detroit got his first intimate impression of the practical utility of the automobile in every-day work from an experience with his father, who was in the employers' liability insurance business. The father wanted to make a tour of the city that ordinarily took three days by street car, so he asked his son, who had just bought a machine, to take him around in it. The start was made at nine o'clock in the morning and by two o'clock in the afternoon the whole route had been covered and, in addition, they had done some shopping.

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR
"SHAVE WITH A SMILE"
The Safety that is not a hoe
Drop This Hint
If you did not get one last Christmas
DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR
then,
"Shave with a Smile"
Send for Illustrated Booklet

Standard Set, with Stropping Attachment and a Double-edged Hollow-ground Blades $5 00

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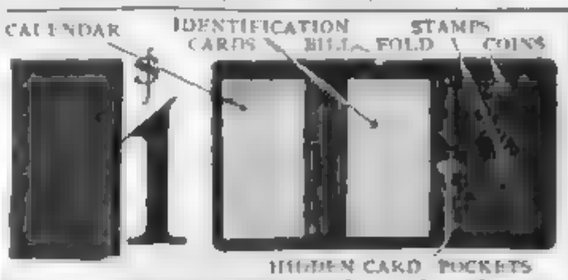


**Fine Leather Bill-Fold and Cardcase**

Just the thing for a man's Xmas or birthday gift. Made of genuine black Goat Skin, [illegible] useful pockets, including 2 with [illegible] etc. Made to last for years. Cannot be [illegible] for same money. Our price, $1. NAME STAMPED IN GOLD FREE! Any name stamped [illegible] letters (no [illegible]). Emblems of following fraternal orders stamped in gold for 25c extra: [illegible] Money refunded if not as represented. A [illegible]

U. S. LEATHER GOODS CO., 2-4-6 S. Clark Street, CHICAGO

**Chairs & Tricycles**
For Invalids and Cripples
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**THANKSGIVING FEAST IN WATCHES AND DIAMONDS**
DISHED OUT IN LONG TERMS
Ask for Book
SHORT TALES $25 00 - $1.00 A WEEK
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**1/3 Cost of Kerosene**
SUN LIGHT
Cheaper than gas at 25c; best at any price. Burns little gasoline, much air
Two Weeks' Trial
Soft, steady, brilliant light; fixtures for homes, stores, churches, etc. $2.25 up.
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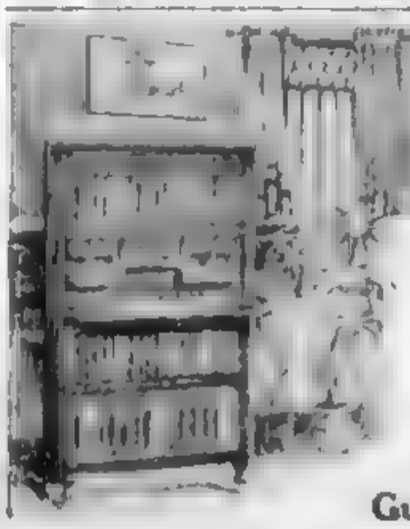

# GUNN

**SECTIONAL BOOKCASES**

SEND for our new catalogue M—something unusually attractive—which we will mail you free on request.

**Prices are lower than others**

on Sanitary Claw Foot, Mission and Standard styles; solid in appearance, no disfiguring iron bands, guaranteed Grand Rapids quality with exclusive features. *Sold by dealers or direct.*

**Gunn Furniture Co.,** 3 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

# Long Waiting Lists in 137 Cities Show How the Nation Regards the Cadillac "Thirty"

Over and above the thousands of 1911 Cadillacs already delivered, two thousand people are, at this moment, patiently waiting for the car of their choice.

It seems to us that we may well be pardoned for pointing to the positive, unswerving character of this Cadillac demand.

It is a national conviction, so firmly grounded that Cadillac dealers, of their own initiative, are investing in splendid new Cadillac retail buildings for 1911 a total of more than $2,500,000.

New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Providence, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Denver, Toronto, Seattle, Vancouver, B. C., Jacksonville, New Orleans, Houston, Rochester—everywhere the same clear-cut disposition to ignore the claims of any other car save the Cadillac.

You will find none of these two thousand Cadillac buyers looking with envious eyes at costlier cars.

You will find none of them tempted by the vacillating market of lower-priced motor cars.

But you will find, in every large city in the country, scores of men who have owned higher-priced automobiles, in the past, driving 1911 Cadillacs.

Between the two extremes stands the Cadillac, solid as a rock in public esteem.

It is the foremost exponent now, as it was the first four years ago, of the policy of attaining the minimum price by large production, without abating one iota of excellence.

Uncertainty among those who buy above the Cadillac price; and uncertainty among those who buy below it; but none among those who buy the Cadillac—what does this indicate to you?

## 167 parts and 191 operations accurate to the 1-1000 of an inch or closer—outside the Cadillac neither higher nor lower price can buy such standardization

Do you know why 137 cities show long Cadillac waiting lists?

Do you know why 2,000 people are content to wait upon Cadillac deliveries?

Do you know why they are not attracted by cars of either a higher or lower price?

Because the nation has acquired motor wisdom—because it knows that neither high price nor low necessarily indicates value.

Because the nation is learning to know that no price can compensate for lack of standardization.

Because the Cadillac, with 167 parts and 191 operations accurate to the 1-1000 of an inch, possesses in this standardization an indispensable quality for which there is no substitute.

Last year we pointed to 112 parts accurate to 1-1000 of an inch.

We said that this accuracy was the one element which justified a $5000 price and that the Cadillac possessed it in a higher degree than any other car.

We said then—and thousands echoed it—that there was no better motor car value in the world.

This year we come to you with the grand work of synchronization, harmony and perfect alignment pushed still further toward perfection.

167 parts in the 1911 Cadillac and 191 operations accurate to the 1-1000 of an inch.

That means a degree of standardization equalled by no other car in the world.

Do you find an explanation now for the extraordinary conditions described in the foregoing portion of this announcement?

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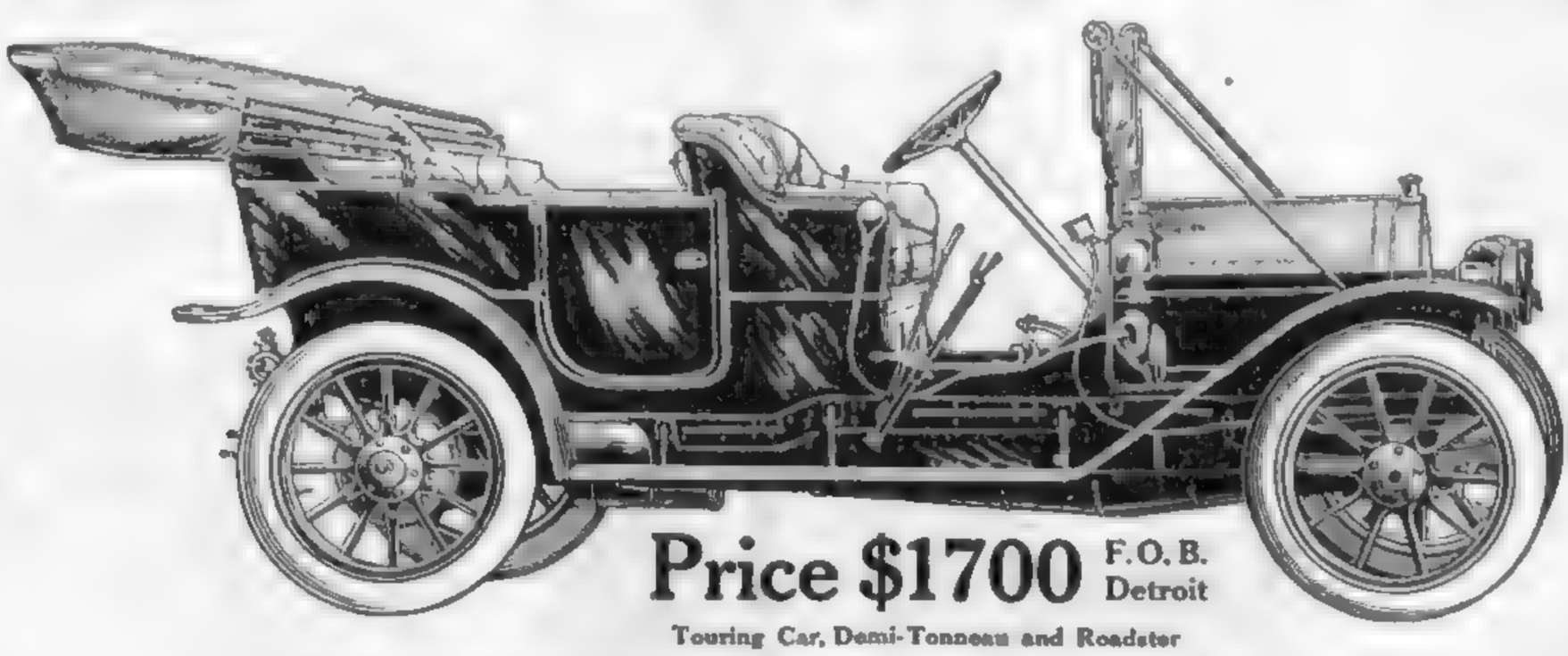

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# Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

**(Licensed Under Selden Patent)**

# FAIR PLAY

(Continued from Page 15)

Amar and Dhian raised their colored bundles of headgear, showed their dark visages in the gloom, and came lurching over the threshold. They did not belie the name of Singh; for their ranging, sinewy movement, the tightness of their shabby jackets and trousers, the deep interior shadow that formed their background, gave all three men a sinister resemblance to lions, thin and hungry, leaving a cage.

No one spoke. The brothers looked at the white man below, then quickly at one another, nodding, then down again with mournful fixity.

Dan, beside the steps, might have been invisible. The Sikhs had never a glance for him. Gitcombe, spiked in his tracks, held out his pipe in the same wooden attitude and, white with the sickness of fascination, saw only the group above.

The morning stillness became oppressive, charged to the point of explosion. The sunrise light, the impending vines, the green layers of foliage overhead, had a dreamlike, sylvan aspect, which these mute actors violated with their dumb intensity.

The turbans, black, red and saffron, inclined together by a common impulse. The brothers consulted briefly, murmuring in their own tongue. Then, without hurry, they moved down the steps, and in their long-legged, swinging gait, stalked toward their victim.

"Wait!" cried Gitcombe hoarsely. "Wait! It wasn't ——" The pipe fell from his hand. His lips writhed into a smile—an appeasing, nightmare effort. "What are you chaps going to ——"

Doubling with catlike speed, he jumped aside, bent low, and ran—blindly, for within his own length the guy-rope of a pole, stretching down from the vines like a tent-stay, caught him at the knees and threw him headlong. The Sikhs pounced on him where he lay, and all four, captive with captors, rolled kicking and rustling in a tangle of torn festoons.

"Blake!" wailed a wretched voice from the heap. "Blake! Quick, man!"

Dan ran in, clutched here a leg and there a shoulder at random, tore the scrimmage apart, flung off the Sikhs one by one and, rising in a cloud of dust, stood guard over their quarry. Gitcombe lay passive, hunched like a halfback on a ball. He made shocking noises in his throat.

"Get out! Quit that!" Dan caught Amar Singh by the shoulders, sent Dhian reeling with a straight push. "No rows here, you fellows!"

The brothers drew back and stood aloof, staring in sulky recognition. Lal Singh, eldest and tallest, was also first to recover his dignity. He saluted.

"We not seeing the sahib," he apologized; and casting a strange look at the fallen scarecrow in khaki, he inquired: "That man is the sahib's friend?"

"Not much!" Dan cried.

The Sikh nodded, as though the answer pleased him well. He pointed down, his face glowing darkly, his eyes bright with the labor of thought.

"My brother Hari Singh is killed," he urged mildly. "That man ——"

Dan checked him with a gesture.

"Yes, I know all that. Never mind! I won't have fighting on my place."

Lal Singh bowed and waved his hand in a slight but comprehensive motion.

"This land the sahib's land," he admitted sorrowfully. "We doing his hookum, eat his foodings. That is true." He turned and, murmuring to his brothers, gave some admonition. "We going to work hop-pick now, sahib."

He glanced at the prostrate body, spat on the dust as if by accident, swung round and marched away. His brothers followed, copying his measured pace. All three, tall and silent, slipped through a gap in the vines and filed westward, their turbans bobbing and dwindling down a vista of slant leafage.

Dan stood watching the unlovely figure that sprawled before his feet.

"Come," he said at last quietly. "Get up. They're gone."

Gitcombe did not move.

"Come. All over. Stir yourself. Man," he cried in disgust, "you haven't a scratch on you! Get up!"

The recreant slowly drew into a sitting posture, legs doubled under him, eyes on the ground.

There came a pause.

"Blake, I was—was scared. I—admit that." The man's voice was hoarse and came like retching. "Those chaps rushed me so—I don't know why they—I never saw them before ——"

Dan turned his back. For a choice of sights, he preferred the honest horses rubbing their noses together by the oak bole.

"Give you my word," faltered the voice behind him.

Dan shook his head.

"It's no use, Gitcombe," he rejoined sadly. "I know the whole business. Their brother was killed. You were drummed out o' camp for—for —— It's no use."

His words seemed to linger mournfully and repeat themselves in the sunlit stillness of that green cloister. Their ghostly reverberation was, for a long time, the nearest approach to sound. When Dan at last turned his head he found the other man sitting limply in the same position, cross-legged, like a sick tailor.

"Better get up," Dan advised, more gently than before. His own mood surprised him; he felt sorry, embarrassed, ashamed to be looking on. "I won't let—er —— Those ragheads won't touch you now."

Gitcombe stared blankly at the ground.

"No use." He repeated the former verdict, working his lips to moisten them. "Right you are; no use. It's physical, Blake, purely physical. But you're right. I'm done for." He raised his head to show a face white and old; flaccid wrinkles below his eyelids, like little sacs of broken grapeskin; the eyes themselves red, but peering sharply, full of hate. "Got it, haven't you? Whole story. Shall you give me time to clear out first—beforehand?"

"Beforehand?" His master stood wondering, both at the look and at the question. "Before what?"

"Silly ass!" growled Gitcombe, with a flash of returning energy. "Before you tell Miss Woodgate, of course!"

Dan recoiled visibly. His eyes grew hard and bitter. For this man's sake he had felt a wincing modesty, shame even, and vicarious degradation. It was all wasted.

"Gitcombe," he said heavily, "that's worse. I might kick you from here to the bay, and I shouldn't wonder; but—do you suppose I could run and tell on you? Is that your way too?"

His fallen enemy cast one shrewd look up, askance, bright as a weasel's.

"What! You mean it?" A smile crept and wrinkled in the pale cheeks. Gitcombe drew himself straighter, glanced warily about. "You'll keep 'em off me, those chaps? And you won't tell? By Jove!" He fumbled in his pockets, tugged out a small pigskin flask and unscrewed the top. "Have a nippy? Well, I must. Eh? I need it. Merely physical, you know, Blake." He drained the flask in two gulps. "Ah! Now then!"

He got on his feet unassisted, and by the time he had found his cap among the vines, wiped the dust from his face and beaten it from his khaki, he confronted Dan with something of the old impudence. His cheeks gained a factitious glow; his eyes grew clearer.

"There!" he said, twitching his cravat. "Presentable?"

Dan offered no comment.

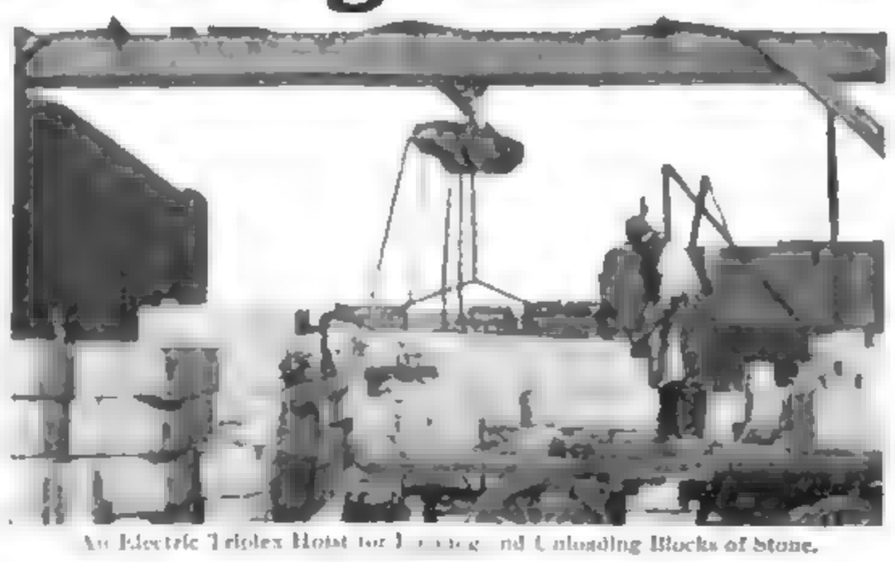
"You play fair, Blake; I'll say that for you." Delivering this compliment, Gitcombe looked carefully about and nodded, with some anxiety, down the garlanded corridor that the Sikhs had traversed. "Keep that trio out of sight, give me twelve hours, and —— Well, that's only fair; it's all I ask. Decent of you, old chap, I must say ——"

"Oh, dry up!" Dan swung away in rage. "Dry up, and come along!"

The other made a wry face behind his back, preened and patted a stray lock of hair, and, obeying, followed him along the green wall toward the barn.

The scene remained empty except for the horses under the oak. The bays, a stolid couple, stood resting in lazy content, motionless or switching languidly at a fly. The sorrel horse and the white shifted impatiently, pawed the dust, bumped elbows, nipped each other and whinnied at the joke. Over them all, over the hut and the dead fire, the great oak threw a deepening shadow which, as the eastward acres paled and


# Through the Air



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quivered in the glare, maintained its cool, green refuge like a fragment of forest. The heat grew, and with it a wide, sickish aroma of lupulin. The sun climbed overhead; striking vertically through the vines, it made here and there a naked string gleam as a filament of silver.

Footsteps at last returned.

"It's too warm," declared the voice of Janet, "to hurry so!"

A man laughed. Round the little headland of hop leaves the pair came into sight, walking briskly. It was Gitcombe who laughed and who set the pace, in high feather.

"But don't you see," he protested gayly, "we commandeer the better mounts? First come, first served."

Stealing an odd glance roundabout, quick and uncertain, he hurried to the oak, unhitched the white horse and the sorrel, and led them forward with all possible dispatch.

"I'd be a horse-thief," he laughed, "for your sake! And you said I had no ambition!"

The girl stood looking behind her.

"I'd rather wait, I think."

Gitcombe's eyes made another rapid inspection.

"Just for a lark," he begged, and held the stirrup of the sorrel horse.

Janet waited, frowning; then, as no sign appeared of her mother and Dan, she accepted her companion.

"Well." She took up his challenge without enthusiasm. "Let's be starting. It's warm here."

Gitcombe helped her into the saddle, then got nimbly on the restless white. Both horses pranced, capered sidewise, cut a little circle. Mrs. Woodgate, with Dan looming beside her, appeared in time to see these gambols of departure.

"Goodby!" cried the girl, flourishing her gauntlet aloft. "'Tis dinner waits, and I am tired,' says Gilpin." She wheeled her horse and waved again, chanting.

*"We carry weight, we ride a race;*
*'Tis for a thousand pound!"*

The runaways made off at a plunge, whirled behind the hut and vanished in a bright cloud of dust.

"More truth than poetry about that!" Dan reflected sourly on her last words. He approached the tree, untied the bays, and led them sedately to the steps of the hut.

"I mount less flippantly than my daughter," said Mrs. Woodgate, acting upon her words. "Thank you." She smiled at the young man below her. "You don't know how good it is, Mr. Blake, to see Janet so lively. At home, sometimes, I'm afraid we were very dull. Here—well, she's getting back her own high spirits."

Dan glanced up at the first lady of his admiration and down critically at her horse's legs. Everything conspired to deject a man this forenoon.

"I'm glad," he answered, in too perfunctory a tone.

Mrs. Woodgate searched him without his knowledge. Something undoubtedly had gone askew. She had learned much about her sunburnt squire, the tricks of his face and his voice.

"What's wrong, Mr. Blake?" She put the question subtly, offhand. "Is my horse going lame? Or is anything else wrong? Forgive my asking, won't you? We have been selfish, Janet and I. Our holiday here means only more cares for you. Is anything wrong that I could set right?"

Dan raised his head and met the full disconcerting force of her sympathy. Perhaps he found that Mrs. Woodgate's merry-sad brown eyes were, after all, too much like her daughter's; perhaps he heard still the laughter of Janet and that fellow, escaping together, or caught the last flying thuds of their gallop. Certainly, whatever the cause and before he thought, Dan let the truth pop out.

"Yes, there is—something."

"What?" said his friend.

She was terribly prompt. Dan stood in fear of her all at once, and could have bitten his treacherous tongue. Too late to be holding back or inventing; here came another truth. It was this woman's nature, he perceived, to make a man say everything—willy-nilly, downright.

"Mrs. Woodgate" -he had a beseeching, frightened air -"I'm going to ask you a queer thing!"

If she would only speak the spell might lift. She waited and held it unbroken.


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Dan picked out a witch-stirrup from her horse's mane.

"Will you"—he blurted suddenly—"Will you please take your daughter away from here?"

The words, once out, rang in his ears like a monstrous absurdity. He had never meant them; and now, what would come next?

He stole a glance upward, to be forewarned; but could decipher nothing in the lady's face, not even displeasure. She sat thinking quickly and deeply, her eyes bright, their vision directed inward.

"Why?" Her counter-question sounded grave. "Why do you wish that?"

Dan wriggled in this tight corner of perplexity. He saw no turn for excuse; not a rathole. He must either stand here like a fool, saying nothing after having said too much, or break all his fine promises, be what Gitcombe had thought him; tell, and take shelter behind that poor creature's back. A pretty pass, thought Dan, to which his insane burst of confidence had led.

"Why ought she?" repeated Mrs. Woodgate. "This has a serious sound; and you know, Mr. Blake, I value your judgment. Surely you have a reason? None at all? Not any?—Oh, indeed, there must be a reason!—Come, Mr. Blake, you're not afraid of me. Speak out your mind honestly. Why ought Janet to go away?"

Dan looked his entreaty—the pleading of a cowed animal in a trap. He could stay dumb and be thought a madman; but not, for the most excellent reason in the world, begin talebearing. And here sat this good friend, his great and revered lady, waiting for a merely sensible answer—waiting in the hot sun. He must put her out of her bewilderment.

"My dear fellow," she said, "please do explain."

At a blow, the single explanation came and left him confounded. He struggled miserably, went hot and cold by flashes; then took his courage in both hands.

"It's because—because—I'm getting too fond of her!"

He dared not watch the effect.

"Well," replied the girl's mother after a long delay, "that is very honest, Mr. Blake."

When Dan raised his eyes he saw the last of some lively emotion clearing from her face.

"Extremely honest."

Incongruity lurked somewhere, thought Dan, about such praise.

"I didn't mean to tell you," he stammered, "but—that's the reason."

Mrs. Woodgate remained inscrutable.

"Are you sure?" Her voice meant mischief. "Is that all the reason?"

Dan wondered. This woman was driving at something hid. They were too much for him, these women.

"That's all," he answered cautiously; "far's I know."

Again he caught on his companion's face a strong, ambiguous interchange of feeling that passed under control.

"I'll see what I can do with her," promised the mother. "Janet can be headstrong, but—I'll use my authority."

And then, all at once, happened a remarkable thing. Mrs. Woodgate, bending from her saddle, patted him suddenly and lightly on the shoulder.

"You're a funny boy," she declared. "Thank you."

She gathered her reins. The uncouth bay started home, lumbering.

Dan stared after her.

"She was!" he cried within himself. "She was—laughing!"

He swung to horseback and followed, revolving, with no great clearness of mind, welcome and unwelcome things together. Her accolade still rested on his shoulder; and—there was no doubt of it now—she had been laughing.

"That's only fair." He cantered to overtake her ponderously in the pigeons-and-beef beat of the nursery rhyme. His thoughts came no less heavy. It was fair, altogether just: he might well figure as a joke; but, all the same, this was no laughing matter.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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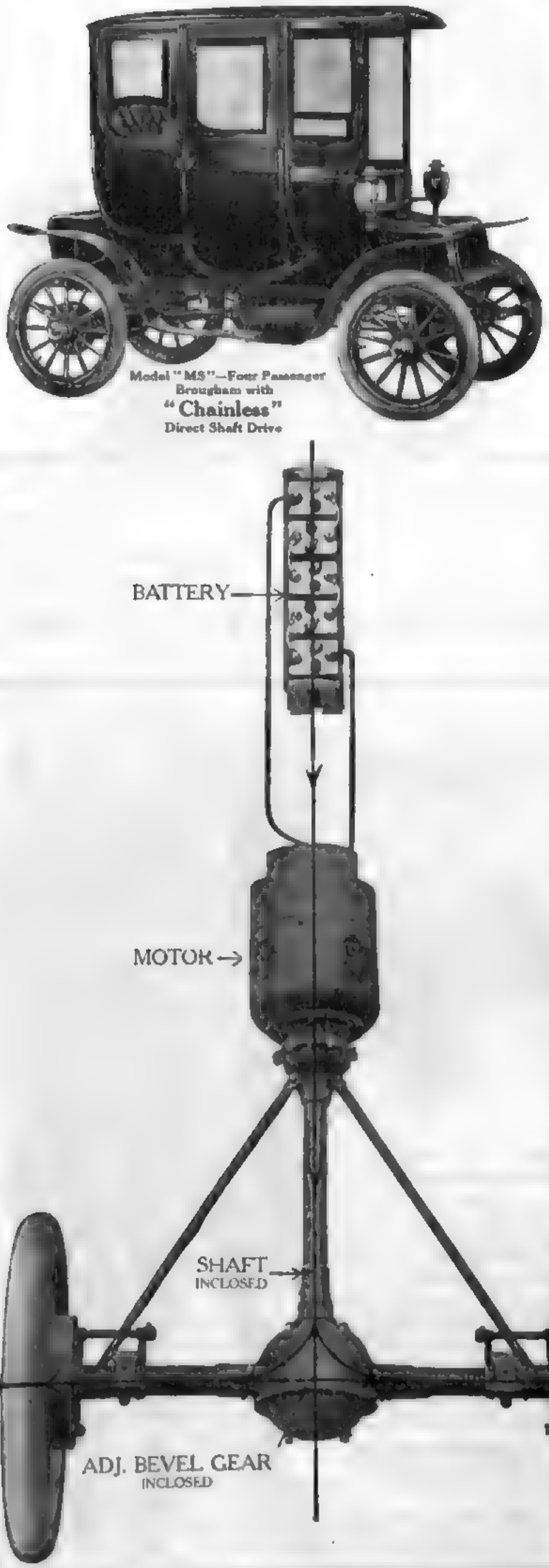


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# The Career of Farthest North

(Continued from Page 21)

many years afflicted humanity had been appealing to him, and while his heart was generous he heard the appeals in a matter-of-course way.

"I have a patient," Farthest hastened on, deeply embarrassed. "A strange cataleptic case. I haven't found anything like it in the books. I thought—perhaps—you—might be interested ——" He seemed to hang between life and death upon the Doctor's heavy lips.

"Tage a chair," Doctor Schiller advised immobilely.

Farthest hastily drew up the chair, sitting deferentially on the edge of it, his hat in his hands. "The man is sixty-six years old," he said earnestly. "For more than twenty years he's been subject to these seizures. His heart seems absolutely to stop. No pulse can be found. His hands and feet grow cold. His face turns livid. He will lie that way for ten to thirty hours, apparently dead." Farthest bent forward, his brow contracted, his lips parted, fear shining in his dark eyes. "But—you see—he often speaks; speaks quite distinctly."

Doctor Schiller laid the newspaper in his lap and regarded the young man with much surprise. "No bulse? He speags?" he repeated incredulously.

Farthest nodded. "Disjointed words—without any connection or meaning. Usually the words refer to the weather. I've heard him say 'Fog, rain, snow, hail, frost'—the enunciation is fairly clear. You can catch the words quite distinctly."

Doctor Schiller took a slow puff at the stogy and looked absently across the valley, turning this phenomenon over in his erudite mind.

"I thought," Farthest suggested with timid hope, "the next time he fell into that state I might telephone you. And if—if you could come out and see him ——" He broke off anxiously.

Doctor Schiller pondered a moment. "Where is he—your batient?" he inquired phlegmatically.

"Only six miles from here," Farthest assured him. "You could run over in an automobile in a few minutes." He permitted the specialist to ponder a while. Then he suggested deferentially: "Or if you'd like to see him—when he's in a normal state ——"

Doctor Schiller put the stogy to his lips and knocked the ashes from it as he deliberately puffed out the smoke. "I should lige to see him," he said.

"Why, I could take you over there any time," said Farthest gently. "There's only one difficulty. You see, these people—the man and his sister—are very ignorant. Perhaps you know how such people are. They think these cataleptic seizures are a sort of disgrace—something to be ashamed of. They're very sensitive about having anybody know of them."

The Doctor nodded gravely. He had often encountered among the ignorant that same attitude toward anything abnormal.

"They've never had a physician's advice," Farthest added, "until just by accident I happened in. I've won their confidence, but in order to keep it I have to be careful what I do. If you'd just drop in with me—as though you'd come over to look at the old house they live in, you know—why, you'd get an opportunity to observe the man."

The Doctor nodded gravely. Behind his immobile exterior a vast curiosity was surging. "Subbose we go now?" he suggested.

"Why, yes," said Farthest eagerly. "I can drive you over. My rig is down the street." He led the specialist to the veranda railing and pointed down the street to the hoary mare and dilapidated buggy—which looked more fit to be carried by Doctor Schiller than to carry him.

"I thing," said the Doctor in his phlegmatic, guttural rumble, "we tage a gar. You waid here."

He tramped ponderously into the hotel office. When he reappeared a few minutes later Farthest noticed that he had put some bulky object into his coat pocket. The car drew up a moment later and they set out for the inn.

The great specialist had nothing in particular to say during the ride. Scientifically he had at once dropped his young companion into the waste-basket, so to speak—judging him to be an impecunious young country practitioner, probably the half-baked product of some mushroom medical school. The Doctor surmised it would not be profitable to converse with him on professional topics. Beyond professional topics Doctor Schiller's conversation was limited, even in his own tongue, and he found it quite a bore to speak English. Besides, his mind was engaged with the extraordinary case that he was about to see. Farthest spoke lightly and agreeably upon general topics, especially concerning the locality. As they turned into Bethany's grassy street he observed:

"The place we are going to is an old inn. It dates back to Revolutionary times. A good many people come to look at it. I will tell Mr. Deming you want to see it. There he is, sitting on the porch."

The landlord was indeed sitting on the porch, in the rocker as usual. He was much surprised to see an automobile stop in front of his neglected establishment, but when he recognized the heavy figure that stepped out of the car surprise did not express his state. He might, in fact, have been experiencing one of those cataleptic seizures that Farthest had mentioned. Mechanically he took his nether lip beneath his glittering false teeth, gripping his whiskers with one hand and the arm of the rocker with the other, and he remained simply paralyzed while Farthest, standing on the ground in front of him, said cheerfully: "I've brought Doctor Schiller out to look at the place, Mr. Deming." In reply to the physician's nod he could only mutter inarticulately.

Loquaciously commenting and pointing, Farthest led the Doctor first to one side of the house, then to the other; while the landlord strove to muster sufficient courage and resolution to get upon his feet. Presently Farthest conducted his distinguished companion back to the front of the house and upon the porch, where he pointed out the view while Doctor Schiller studied the cataleptic one out of the corner of his eye. The Doctor, in fact, proposed to get a finger into this scientific mystery; but in deference to the patient's ignorant prejudices he meant to be very tactful about it.

"Fine blace you haf," he said presently, directly addressing the landlord with a grave smile.

Mr. Deming, fairly overwhelmed with embarrassment, allowed it was sightly.

"Healthy logation; fine for health," said the Doctor sociably. "You haf good health? Yes?" Having thus casually introduced the subject he seized the landlord's wrist, feeling his pulse.

The landlord looked up at the physician with dim, woebegone, appealing eyes and shook his head. "Heart no good!" he said, tapping his chest. He seemed to think the foreigner could understand him better if he spoke loudly and used few words. "Gone up! Played out! No good!" he said, tapping his chest.

"Ach! The heard!" the Doctor exclaimed, as though that surprised him, but with an unusual animation, not to say eagerness. "Led us see, now." With a huge forefinger he himself tapped the landlord's bony chest. "Tage off your shird."

As Mr. Deming stood aghast at that command, the physician promptly began unbuttoning the calico garment he had mentioned. A faint, pearly blush appeared on the landlord's sallow cheek, showing above his whiskers like the last touch of sunset reflected upon snow. With downcast eyes and fumbling fingers he lent his aid to the act of vandalism.

Almira, coming around the corner of the house, was paralyzed to see her brother, theretofore of unblemished reputation, standing on his own front porch, shirtless in the face of day.

Doctor Schiller plunged a hand in his coat pocket and drew forth the object whose presence Farthest had noted—a stethoscope, which he promptly applied to Eben's osseous bosom.

The examination seemed unsatisfactory. The Doctor frowned slightly and looked a bit puzzled. In fact he walked off to the automobile in deep thought, without saying good day. They were halfway back to Avignon before he addressed Farthest.

"I should lige very much to see that man when he is gadaleptic," he said with emphasis. "Don't forged to delephone me."

"Oh, certainly! I'll telephone you at once," Farthest assured him. "And now,

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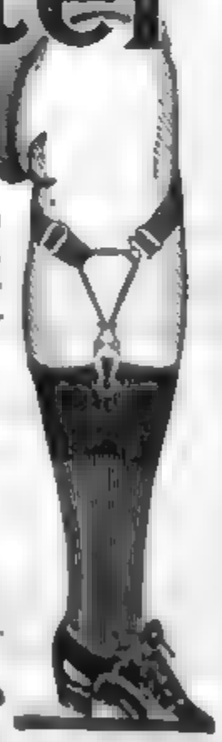

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Doctor—I'd like very much to read up on this case. What would you advise me to read?"

Doctor Schiller elevated his eyebrows slightly, regarding the young physician with mild surprise. But he had a very low opinion of some of the medical schools in the United States. "You read German?" he inquired.

"No," said Farthest; "but my wife does. She is German."

The Doctor mentioned several works that he thought the young man might read with profit, and Farthest was silent until they drew up at the Château.

"Those works that you mentioned," he then said bashfully; "would you mind writing them down for me?"

"No," the Doctor replied patiently; "come in." So Farthest followed him into the hotel and sat by dutifully while the Doctor filled three sheets of notepaper with memoranda concerning the medical works. Farthest observed with much pleasure that the Doctor was writing in German.

"Be sure you delephone me," Doctor Schiller reminded him as he took his leave.

Jogging back to the inn behind the ancient mare, Farthest smiled a little from time to time like a man whose mind is happily engaged; but when he drew up at the inn he looked very solemn indeed. By that time Edith had returned from the fern-hunting expedition that Farthest had suggested, and Almira had informed her of the great Doctor's portentous visit. The two women and the landlord were on the veranda, anxiously awaiting Farthest's return. Coming up to join them, Farthest glanced for an instant at the landlord with an eye so mournful and sympathetic that Mr. Deming's ailing heart instantly dropped into his boots and he sat speechless, his mouth open and his dull, hostile eyes popping from his head.

"Did you find many ferns, dear?" Farthest inquired gently, turning to his wife; and for some minutes he spoke of ferns as though he would ignore the dread question that haunted their eyes. When he ceased speaking dead silence fell. The suspense was painful.

Mr. Deming softly cleared his throat. "Did—did the Doctor—say anything about me," he managed to articulate in a husky voice.

Farthest looked sadly into his lap and was silent. Then with evident reluctance he drew from his breast pocket three closely written sheets of notepaper bearing the letterhead of the Château Avignon, and handed them to the landlord without saying a word or lifting his eyes.

The sheets rattled a little in Mr. Deming's tremulous and bony fingers as he stared down at the unintelligible German script. He looked the sheets all over, one after another, even examining the blank reverse sides.

"Pretty bad, eh? Pretty bad," he said at length, with a certain resignation.

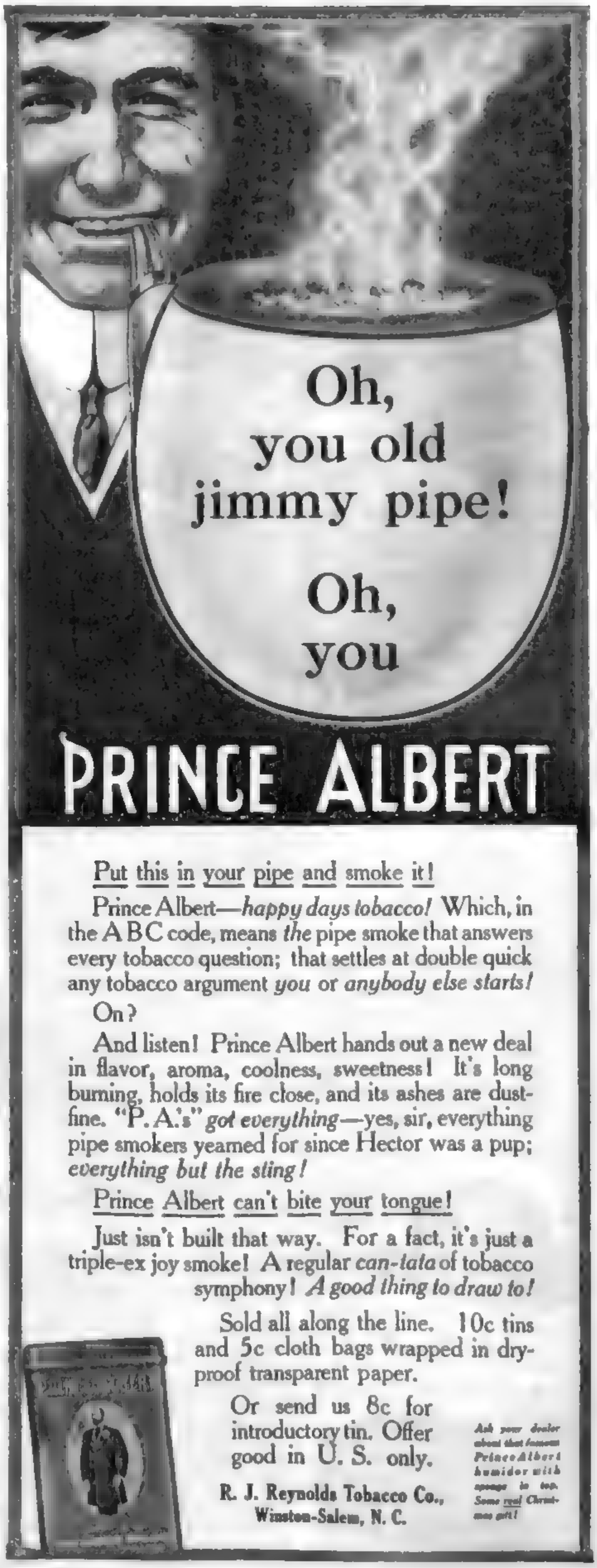
"Why, it needn't be bad, Mr. Deming," Farthest replied, his brows wrinkling with anxiety. He nodded at the sheets of paper. "As he says, it's the altitude and the heat and diet. If you could get into a high altitude—into the mountains—immediately, and follow the diet he has prescribed, there's every chance in the world. But"—he regarded the landlord with painful anxiety, then looked away and seemed to sink back in despair—"who follows a doctor's directions? When he says immediately he means immediately. You'll put it off ——" He did not finish the sentence in words, but with a fine descriptive gesture.

"Oh, I could go—I could go to Denver—right off!" Mr. Deming quavered eagerly.

About that same hour the next afternoon Mr. and Mrs. North were again sitting on the veranda. The rattling one-horse buggy, containing Brother Eben and Almira, with an ancient trunk strapped on behind, had just disappeared in the direction of the railroad station.

"My! They ought to be grateful to you, Frank!" said the lovely bride, bending a tender and admiring look upon her husband. "Wasn't it lucky that you happened to get Doctor Schiller out here just in time!"

"It was quite fortunate," Farthest murmured, looking modestly at the floor. He stirred uneasily in his chair and coughed slightly. "I'll tell you, dear," he explained gently. "As a matter of fact, Brother Eben is in no more danger than you are—that is, now he's gone to the mountains," he added hastily, as Edith's beautiful blue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## Art in Angling

THE followers of Izaak Walton, the Father of Angling, may be glad to recall the following facts about the muskallonge when in pursuit of their favorite pastime: Very often muskallonge exist in lakes where few are taken. Without doubt the muskallonge have become educated by the countless gaudy spoons which they have seen trailed above them for years. A few years ago in a Wisconsin lake, once famous but later barren, the fish commission set some nets to get muskallonge for breeding purposes. The commission men themselves were almost frightened with what they got—half a dozen monsters, one of them over sixty pounds. In such waters it is well to use many different ways of trolling, or even to add a large bait below the spoon hook, or to try a whole deer tail as a casting bait, and still other devices.

If after trying trolling along the muskallonge bars one does not meet success, it is a good plan to try casting the weedless spoon or the baited spoon into the open pockets back from the edge of the bar, as very often large fish will lie back inside and wait for anything that may come along. This use of a spoon hook is far more sporting than trolling. The strike of a fish on a deep trolled hook sometimes feels like fouling a bunch of weeds, but when once you see a thirty-pound muskallonge come up to the surface, strike your casting-spoon, and go high in the air, shaking his head, you will know a sensation which you are very apt to want repeated.

Some anglers play a muskallonge by simply having the oarsman row them about until the fish is worn out. It is far more sporting to shorten the line and go right up on your fish when you once have him free of the weeds. Then you will see what he is doing, and he is apt to do a lot more things than he will if you drag him to death on a long line and a pair of ash oars. Of course you know that in fighting any fish of the pike family you are to count upon the freakish disposition of that tribe. Sometimes a pike or muskallonge can be led up to the side of the boat with not very much resistance, but a touch or a hurried motion will send him away like a flash on the longest and most savage runs. It may take you an hour to get a twenty-five-pound muskallonge alongside on a sporting rig, and then you may lose him if you are careless with the gaff. Get a look at your fish as soon as you can safely and note how the hooks are fastened.

eyes opened wide with surprise. "The fact is, Brother Eben is just a mean, lazy, useless old skinflint. He sits around and groans and lets Almira do all the work, and he's so mortally stingy he'd die rather than pay a doctor's bill. You see, dyspepsia is really what ails him, and I—I told Doctor Schiller we'd have to scare the life out of him to get him to take a change of air and follow a proper diet."

"Really?" Edith exclaimed, quite charmed with the stratagem. "And is that why you wouldn't give him what the Doctor wrote?" she asked, delighted with her own penetration.

"Oh, what the Doctor wrote doesn't mean anything!" Farthest replied. "He said he'd write something down so it would look more convincing to Eben."

Edith was more charmed than ever. "What a joker he must be!" she cried. "And he doesn't look it at all!" Abruptly she clapped her pretty hands together, tipped back her shining head and burst into silvery laughter. "Goodness! How mad Eben would be if he knew it!" she bubbled.

"It was a piece of good luck in a way," Farthest observed after a moment. "You see, it gives us possession of the inn for six months without having to pay any rent to speak of, and by that time we can try out the sanitarium idea."

Edith sobered. "Of course," she said gravely and fondly, "I know you can do it, Frank, if you set your mind to it, because you've got the ability. But really I don't see where the money's coming from."

"Well, the money will have to come from where it is," Farthest replied, as though he were stating a self-evident proposition. He nodded in the direction of Avignon, far across the peaceful valley. "There's certainly plenty of money over there."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Mr. Payne relating the adventures of Farthest North. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

By Way of Introduction to the

Outlook

Weekly Newspaper and Illustrated Monthly Magazine in One

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor

NO other periodical has ever held exactly the position in the life of the Nation which The Outlook now occupies, and no other journal gives in the same efficient way the service which The Outlook renders to busy men and women who wish to keep accurately informed concerning the world's doings. As a Weekly Newspaper, The Outlook presents in paragraphs and editorial articles a concise record and interpretation of current history and current problems. Its contributed articles discuss those problems and that history in terms of human experience. As a Monthly Magazine, The Outlook presents in the fourth issue of each month a large and varied group of illustrated articles, each tested by standards of literary workmanship and each having a vital editorial reason for its selection. Those who read The Outlook regularly soon become its enthusiastic friends. Ask them what it is that makes The Outlook different from anything else, and why it is that The Outlook is so often quoted in politics, in business, and in the home.

Theodore Roosevelt

is actively associated with The Outlook as a member of its editorial staff, and those who wish to know what he really has to say on matters that concern the Nation's welfare will find his views fully expressed in The Outlook over his own signature. His writings on current topics do not appear in any other newspaper or magazine. Under the title "American Workers in Town and Country" Mr. Roosevelt will contribute three or four articles early in 1911 dealing with the social and industrial problems of the miner and farmer. The articles are based on his visits to the Pennsylvania coal mines and to the abandoned farms of New York.

"The New Nationalism" is the title of an attractive volume containing the important addresses of Theodore Roosevelt's recent Western Tour, carefully revised by the author, with a descriptive introduction by Ernest Hamlin Abbott, who accompanied the party. It includes all the speeches that have aroused such insistent discussion throughout the land—The Osawatomie speech, the Denver address on the Supreme Court, the Columbus address on Oppression and Mob Violence, the Chicago speech on Public Honesty, and the speech on Conservation. This is a book of lasting value and National importance.

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## A REDHEADED QUAKER

(Continued from Page 4)

stocks and bonds of common carriers. Also, he is strong for conservation.

As they put it in Kansas, it is a good thing former Senator Peffer and his colleagues, in the old Populist days, did not copyright their platform; else the Republican party this year, under Stubbs, could be sued for infringement. Among other things Stubbs stands for a constitutional amendment providing for the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people; limited terms for Federal judges; laws against shipping liquor into prohibition territory; a public-utilities commission that shall have control and regulation of all public utilities; for compelling all Kansas corporations to begin litigations in state instead of Federal courts; making a second offense against the Kansas prohibitory law a penitentiary offense; the recall, the initiative and referendum; publicity for campaign contributions and disbursements; electing delegates to national conventions at the primaries; income tax; working man's compensation law; employers' liability law; change in inheritance tax laws; uniform county and town records, and many other issues of various importance.

This shows Stubbs' general idea of what must be done to make affairs all right in Kansas. It also shows that if Stubbs gets the power he will do what he thinks must be done, for he has no idea of stopping in the middle—providing, of course, he is elected, a decision four weeks away as this is written.

Governor Stubbs is a warm admirer of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and, it is said, is planning to succeed Senator Curtis in the United States Senate two years from now. Curtis and he are bitter political opponents.

### *Senatorial Possibilities*

I asked Stubbs if he wanted to go to the United States Senate. "There isn't any answer to that question," he replied. "I have never said a word on that subject to any living person, not even to my wife. However, I will say this: It is quite possible that my enemies may make it necessary for me to do something of the kind. I am being boomed for the Senate by my enemies, not by anybody else. You know what I told you about the good a fighting enemy may do to a man. Well, they have been saying I am really a candidate for the Senate and am only running for governor to fill in time, so as to give the impression I am running really for two offices. Now, bearing in mind what I have said about what one's enemies may force one to do, let us pass on to the subject of salt-rising bread."

"Good," I said; "that is a topic of vast interest. What is salt-rising bread?"

"Why, say," exclaimed the governor, pounding me on the knee, "you've never lived unless you've eaten real salt-rising bread."

"Well," I replied, "consider me dead and tell me about it."

He slid down in his chair and chuckled. "They're calling me Salt-rising Stubbs all over the country!"—and he laughed a big, hearty laugh. "Why, that is a curious thing. Once, when I was out talking at one of the colleges to a gathering of young women, I said they ought to educate themselves to be good housekeepers; that the home was more important than anything else, and that all girls should know how to be good wives and mothers. 'Every one of you,' I said, 'ought to know how to make salt-rising bread, the best bread there is—when it is made right.'

"Then I told them that my wife's mother was a salt-rising bread expert and that I had said to my daughter, when she was fifteen, that if she could learn to make salt-rising bread as good as her grandmother did I would give her a hundred dollars. My wife had never been able to get the knack. So my daughter went down and bought a thermometer and the other things; she stuck by it and, by jinks, in three weeks she came back, baked me a baking of salt-rising that would just melt in your mouth, and got her hundred. Now, that's all there was to the beginning of it; but they took it up and it went all over the country, up in Alaska, everywhere. I'll

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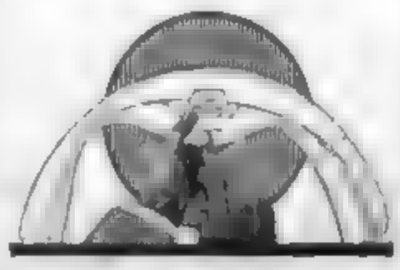

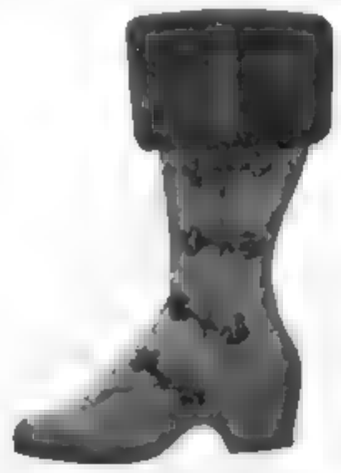

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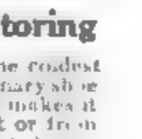

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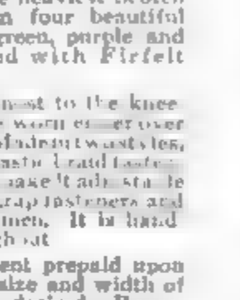

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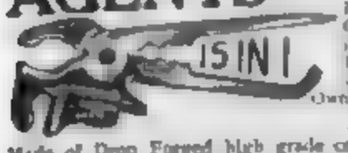


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tell you what I'll do: I'll back my daughter against any person on the proposition of making salt-rising bread."

Proud, even exultant, Stubbs pounded me on the knee again and told how Colonel Roosevelt had enjoyed it. "He liked it, the Colonel did," said Stubbs, "and ate several slices of it, together with some fried chicken and other fixings, when he was at my house a time ago." Later, they told me the story. When the Colonel came to Lawrence on his Western trip he took supper with Stubbs at the big house of the Governor in Lawrence. Now, far be it from any person—any of those bright Topeka chaps—to intimate that the Colonel had his cue beforehand. Far be it from any of them to intimate anything of the kind; so I intimate it for them, being mindful of experiences of authors and such who discover amazing familiarity on the Colonel's part with their works when they take luncheon with him. Far be it; but this is what happened: The Colonel went in to supper. It was a gorgeous old-fashioned supper tables loaded with good, plain things to eat, and all that.

Stubbs sat here and the Colonel there. In front of the Colonel was a plate of bread. At the exact psychological moment the Colonel took a slice of bread, buttered it with the fresh golden butter, and sank his teeth into it. At that exact moment, also, Stubbs bit into a slice.

"Ah!" said the Colonel, gazing at Stubbs delightedly but speaking rather thickly for the reasons set forth. "Salt-rising, is it not?"

"Uh-huh," replied Stubbs, also for the reasons set forth.

The Colonel chewed thoughtfully for a moment, an expression of rapt pleasure on his face. "Home-made?" he queried.

"Yes," said Stubbs; "my daughter made it."

Instantly the Colonel beamed on the blushing daughter.

"Fine!" he shouted. "Splendid! Bully! I congratulate you, Miss Stubbs, on this supreme accomplishment, and you, Governor, on being the father of so charming and so talented a daughter."

### *A Priceless Recipe*

Well, the next step is clear as day. The Colonel wanted the recipe and got it, and so did I. Here it is—the real formula for making the celebrated Stubbs' salt-rising bread:

"On the night before you contemplate this masterpiece of baking take half a cupful of corn meal and a pinch each of salt and sugar. Scald this with new milk heated to the boiling point and mix to the thickness of mush. This can be made in a cup. Wrap in a clean cloth and put in a warm place overnight.

"In the morning, when all is ready, take a one-gallon stone jar and into this put one scant cupful of new milk. Add a level teaspoonful of salt and one of sugar. Scald this with three cupfuls of water heated to the boiling point. Reduce to a temperature of one hundred and eight degrees with cold water, using a milk thermometer to enable you to get exactly the right temperature. Then add flour and mix to a good batter; after the batter is made, mix in your starter that was made the night before. Cover the stone jar with a plate and put the jar in a large kettle of water and keep this water at a temperature of one hundred and eight degrees until the sponge rises. It should rise at least an inch and a half. When it has raised mix to a stiff dough, make into loaves and put into pans. Do not let the heat get out of the dough while working. Grease the loaves well on top and set your bread where it will be warm and rise. After the loaves rise bake in a medium oven for one hour and ten minutes. When you take the loaves from the oven wrap them in a breadcloth."

There! Complicated enough to suit the most fastidious, I should say; but it has the Theodore Roosevelt and the Governor Stubbs indorsement and official O. K. for being the grandest bread that ever came out of an oven. Take this recipe home and try it on your piano.

There are a lot of other things about Stubbs that are interesting and attractive. He is a genial, courteous, friendly person, who doesn't put on any airs and tolerates no flub-dub. He made a fortune by sticking to the contracting business; and now that he is in politics he has quit business entirely, sold out, and is making a big

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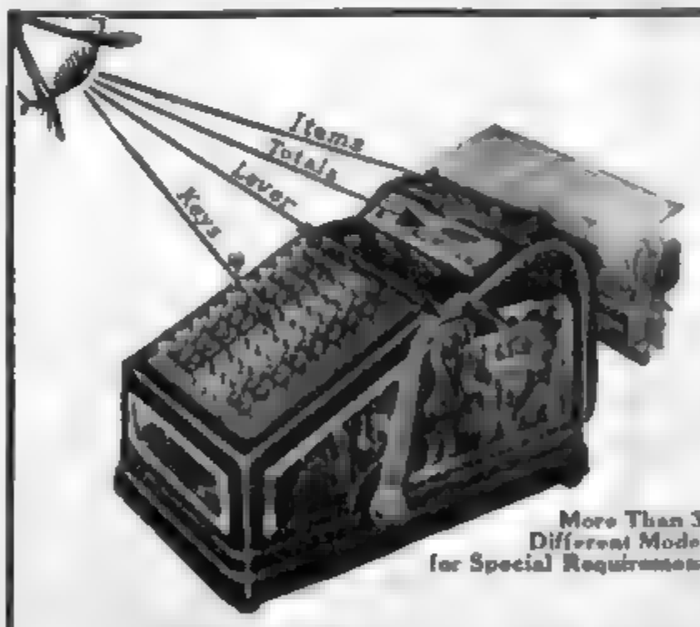


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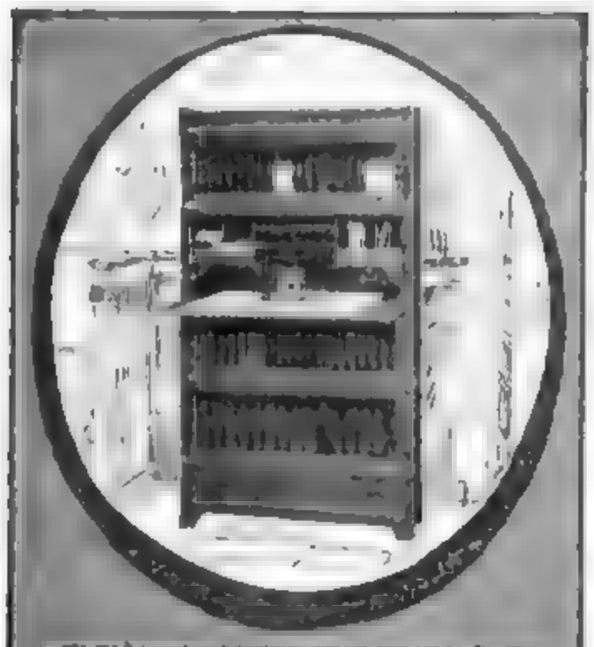

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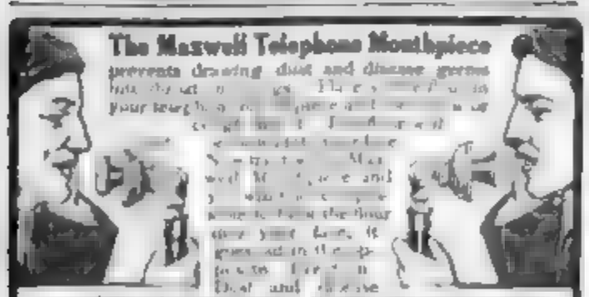
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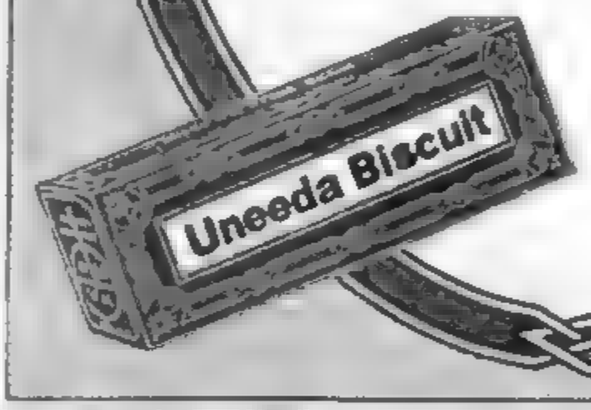


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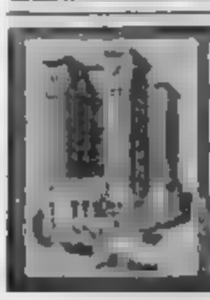

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future by sticking to his kind of politics. His speeches suit the Kansans and they would suit any audience, although he is no orator. Instead, he has schooled himself to be a most forceful talker, who hammers in his points in as plain language as he can command—and he has a lot of that kind of language in stock. He is acutely aware of the value of publicity and gets much of it. Whenever Stubbs makes a speech there are plenty of copies for the press.

He is intensely in earnest, especially against the sale of liquor and for his various reforms. If he is elected—or if he is not, for that matter—it is more than likely he will go to the United States Senate; and if he does there will be a lot of ginger injected into that austere body—not noise, but ginger.

This is the way he sizes up himself: "It is a great privilege to be an American citizen and help do the things that are being done in this country, but I was forty-five years old before I found it out. I didn't pretend to do my duty as a citizen. I thought the Government was located at Washington and Topeka and cared nothing about either place. After I did get in, though I got rid of a fine business I had been twenty-five years in building up, I want to say I would rather have helped do the things that have been done in Kansas in the last five years than make a fortune every year. It is worth while to fight for the right things. A business man who has an extensive business is driven, is crowded to the wall with work. I employed sometimes three or four or five thousand men and transacted a business amounting sometimes to two or three or even four or five million dollars a year, and I did not have any conception of the fact that a good many things are a good deal more important than business. Business was the whole thing with me. I put all the strength and all the energy of my life into business. Now a business man who has the strength and the ability to accumulate wealth has a great duty to the public. He should give that strength for noble purposes and fair ends. That is what I am trying to do."

## The Call of the West

THE following story illustrates what can be accomplished by a rolling stone rolling in the right direction: A boy of fifteen, the son of a mechanic in a small town, began to get restless. He longed for a wider field and better chances than those offered by the odd jobs he had thus far been able to obtain. A relative came from the Northwest, where he had gone years before, and his stories of the newer country fascinated the youngster. Eventually arrangements were made whereby the boy could go back home with this visitor, and the latter got him a job in the electric-lighting plant where he himself was employed. The lad's pay was four dollars a week at the outset and he paid his relatives two dollars and a half for board. Electricity interested him deeply and he spent much of his spare time studying its practice and theory. At the end of two years his pay had been doubled and the company was greatly interested in him. He sent some money home occasionally and began saving a dollar and a half weekly. By the fifth year he was getting one hundred dollars a month and had eleven hundred dollars in a building and loan association.

Then he married a girl who had saved five hundred dollars. With fifteen hundred dollars as a starter they bought a lot in a new section of the town and built a home, the place costing four thousand dollars and being carried on a twenty-five-hundred-dollar mortgage. It was certain that the neighborhood they selected, though then mostly commons, would soon be a fine residence district. The young man had an eye to the interests of the company and made an arrangement whereby practically every electrical convenience and a highly modern system of lighting were installed in his house, the company bearing part of the cost. This resulted in putting the electric current in every new house built in that section; for, when people saw his home, nothing but electricity was considered in their plans. Today, after fifteen years, this man is superintendent of the electric company, with a salary of three hundred dollars a month; his home is clear and another house is being paid for on the building and loan plan.

# How Much of This Difference is Due to Oatmeal?

We have canvassed hundreds of homes which breed children like these—the wan and anemic, the red-cheeked and strong—the capable and the deficient. Here are some of the facts we found:

### In the Tenements

Among the homes of the ignorant in our largest cities, a canvass shows that not one home in twelve serves oats. The children's breakfast consists of coffee and bread. In a couple of hours—when the coffee stimulant ceases—the children at school become incapable of study, unable to fix their minds.

The average child of the tenements is nervous. It matures undeveloped, and exhibits the lack of mental and physical power. Those who have studied the conditions say that the trouble is largely due to lack of proper nutrition.

The ranks of the incompetent are largely recruited from these homes of the underfed.

### On the Boulevards

In the homes of the educated, the prosperous, the competent, seven out of eight regularly serve oatmeal.

Out of fifty professors interviewed in one university, only two do not serve it. Out of 12,000 physicians of whom we inquired, four-fifths serve oatmeal in their homes.

Four of the finest hotels in New York serve 170 pounds of oatmeal daily to an average of 3,050 guests. That's one pound to each 18 guests.

Boston consumes 22 times as much oatmeal per capita as do two certain states where the average education is lowest.

These differences are not due to money, for Quaker Oats—the utmost in oat food—costs but one-half cent per dish. The consumption of oatmeal depends on knowledge of food values, and of general hygienic care.

### In After Years

A canvass of 61 poorhouses shows that only one in each 13 of the inmates came from oatmeal homes. Two-thirds of the boys in four prison schools never tasted oatmeal at home. Hardly two per cent of the prisoners in four great penitentiaries were fed on oatmeal in their youth. Among the lowliest vocations oatmeal users are extremely rare.

But four-fifths of all college students came from oatmeal homes. We interviewed 1,842. So did two-thirds of the teachers of children. So did the great majority of the leaders we interviewed in every walk of life.

### Scientific Opinion

Scientists tell us that the food of a child is a vital factor in its career. That 90 per cent of a child's fitness is fixed before it enters a school.

That oats contain more proteids, more organic phosphorus, more lecithin than any other cereal food. Proteids are the body-builders, the energy-giving foods. Phosphorus is the main constituent of the brain, and lecithin of the nerves and nerve centers.

Oats form the best-balanced food, the all-nourishing food, for the years of growth and the years of maturity. It supplies in abundance what brains and bodies require.

Where Children Never Taste Oatmeal

# Quaker Oats

***Just the Rich Cream of the Oats***

Quaker Oats is the most delicious oat food ever created, made of just the plump, rich oats. The grains we use are selected by 62 separate siftings. We get only ten pounds from a bushel. These selected oats, prepared by our process, have won millions of users, and the largest sale in the world. When you once compare Quaker Oats with common oatmeal you will always insist that you get it.

**Regular size package, 10c.**

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

**The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.**

**The Quaker Oats Company**
CHICAGO

*Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package*

# The man who buys an Elmore believes he gets more—and does get more—for every dollar he pays

You couldn't interest a man who wanted a motor car, in a bicycle, just because the latter cost less.

He would say: "I don't want a bicycle; I want an automobile."

And, once he understands the potentiality of its valveless engine, you can't interest the Elmore enthusiast in any other car.

Elmore

Valveless Two Cycle

Show him a four cycle car of lower or higher price, and he will promptly reply: "Good car, no doubt. But it isn't an Elmore. It isn't valveless. It does not receive an impulse from each cylinder at every turn of the crankshaft. Its power is not continuous. Its power impulses do not overlap. It's not an Elmore."

Urge upon him the fact that the Model 36-B Elmore costs $1750, while you can sell him a 4 cylinder car for $1500, and he'll promptly reply:

"My dear sir, I am getting as much turning power out of my Elmore as you would get out of your car if it had eight cylinders, instead of four. I am getting more power at a lower speed in my four than you would get if your car were a six. Please don't press me. I don't want to criticize your car."

Turn the tables and offer him a high-priced six cylinder and he will retort again:

"But the one purpose of having six cylinders is to produce an overlap of power impulses. My four produces a greater overlap than your six. The power in my car is absolutely continuous and yours is not. Besides, you have valves. If the opening of these valves varies even 1/200 of a second (and valves that aren't reground are continuously wasting power) you'll lose 20% of your power.

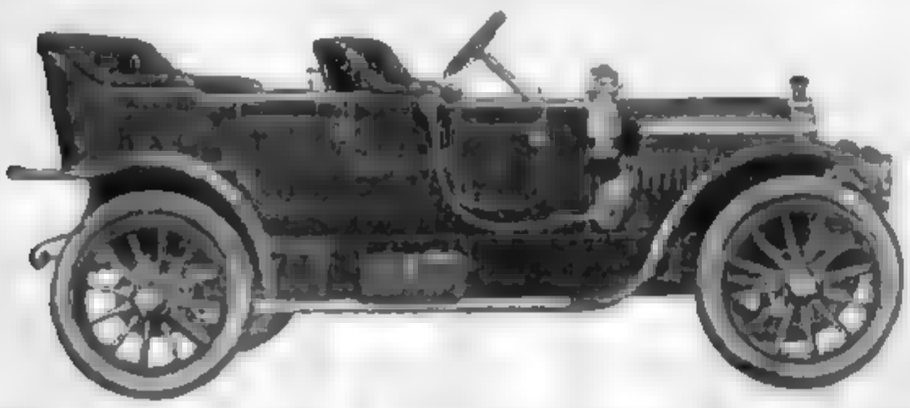
"My Elmore has no valves. There are several hundred less parts on my engine than yours. There's nothing on my engine to get out of order. My car costs me less to maintain than would any other car in the world. It is easier on tires, because continuous power means a continuous and rhythmic motion."

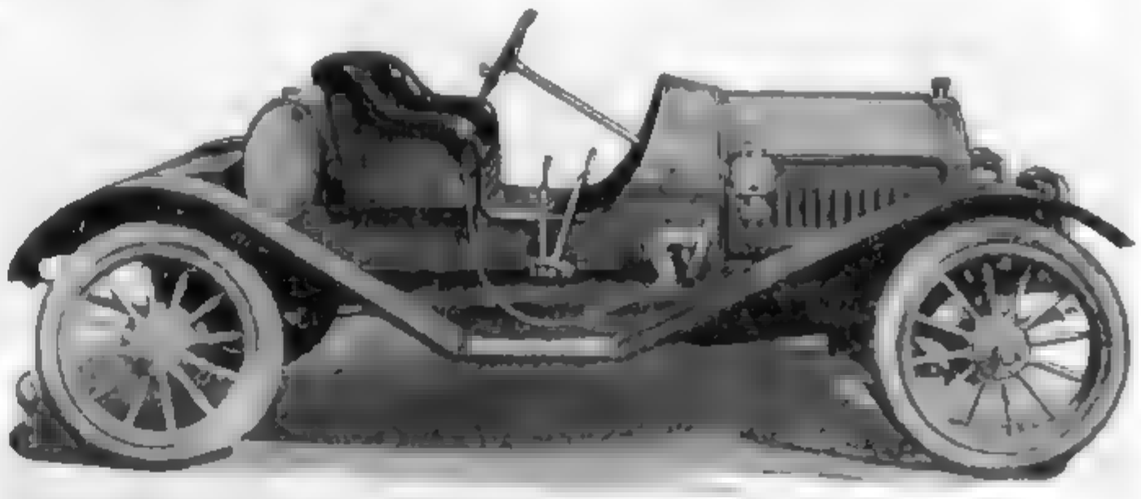
That's why the Elmore plant has never, in ten years, caught up with the demand. Ten years ago 150 Elmore cars produced; this year 3100. And the same insistent, insatiable, never satisfied demand today as ten years ago.

Isn't it high time you took cognizance of a principle which wins such devoted, undeviating allegiance? Isn't it possible you've been overlooking something? Several thousand Elmore owners will tell you that you have. We *know* you have.

**Elmore Manufacturing Company, 704 Amanda St., Clyde, Ohio**

Licensed under Selden Patent





MODEL 36-B—TOURING CAR for five—50 H. P., 4 cylinder High Duty motor; 114 in. wheel base; 34 x 4 in. tires **$1750**

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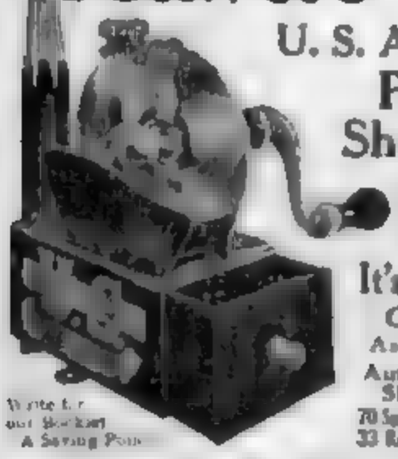
MODEL 25—ROADSTER—30 H. P., 4 cylinder High Duty motor; 108 in. wheel base; 32 x 3½ in. tires **$1200**

MODEL 25—TOURING CAR—Same power, motor, wheel base and tires . . . . . **$1250**


**Pointers** On Pencil Economy



U. S. Automatic Pencil Sharpener

Pays for itself six times a year in any ordinary office.

It's a Wonder!

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BURROWES BILLIARD & POOL TABLE

$1 Down puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Larger tables for $25, $35, $50, $75, etc., on easy terms. All cues, balls, etc., free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalog

THE E. T. BURROWES CO. 808 CENTER STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE.

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid.

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| 9 x 6 ft. | $3.50 |
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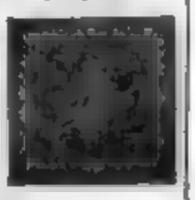
Beautiful and attractive ... Made in colors. Handsomely kept clean and very suited to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides alike. Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory



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Red Cedar Chest Is a Fine Xmas Gift

This chest is of delightfully fragrant ... Cedar ... and other ... agents ... can't pay ... to ... prized ... Very ... high ... Many styles. We pay freight and sell DIRECT from factory to home. Write for catalog. Free catalog K shows styles and prices.

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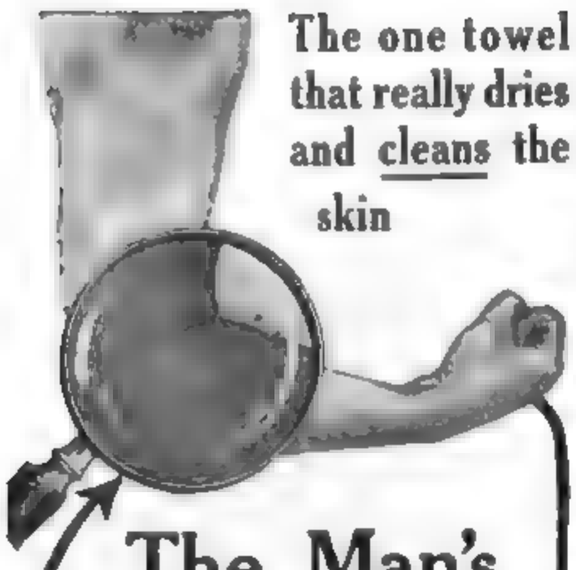

The one towel that really dries and cleans the skin

# The Man's Bath Towel

Other towels dry *the surface* of the skin. The Rubdry bath towel does *more*. Its nubs get at, and clean out, the tiny specks of soap, water and impurities which lodge, *by thousands and thousands*, in the myriad minute folds which compose the skin. No other towel is constructed like the Rubdry.

RUBDRY BATH TOWELS

## The Cotton Sponge Bath Towels

The springy elastic cotton nubs of the Rubdry Towel (see cut below) are made to press and manipulate the pores and crevices of the skin—to cleanse the crevices of the tiny deposits of soap, water and impurities. They clean and purify the skin. They fill it with the thrill of cleanness and health. They send vigor through the body.

**Every towel is guaranteed for 1½ years with any washing**

Washed right, Rubdry towels last 4 and 5 years. They do not shed lint. Price (each) 39c, 53c, 73c, 85c, $1.25.

*At dry goods, drug and men's furnishing stores or direct from us, express prepaid. One Rubdry Washcloth—4c to pay postage. Additional Washcloths 10c.*

**Rubdry Towel Company**
167 So. Angell St., Providence, R. I.

RUBDRY
TOWEL
ENLARGED
The cotton nubs clear the tiny specks of soap, water and secretions out of the myriad little folds in the skin.


# In the Days of the Old Lyceum

(Continued from Page 12)

She persisted in again going on, and she played her succeeding acts with equal gayety and buoyancy, but, at the close of each act, had to be carried to her dressing room exhausted. In this way the play reached its conclusion safely. The next morning the papers, ignorant of the true state of things, said that the actress played Rosalind with all her accustomed exuberance and charm. She grew better the next day, and by her supreme fortitude she saved the week. We found As You Like It, Twelfth Night, Two Gentlemen of Verona and Mary Stuart our best cards in the West. The growing people of the Middle West then, as now, gave greater patronage to the standard plays than did the public of the large eastern cities.

Once, when we were playing Twelfth Night in St. Paul, as I was coming out with the crowd at the conclusion of the play, I heard a man remark, in language not suggesting extreme culture: "That was a rotten play!" Another man said: "That rotten! Why, man, that's Shakspere!" "Is it?" was the reply. "Well, then, the company's rotten." Even this person would accept Shakspere on trust.

### Boar-Hounds on the Stage

For a new French play I had secured for Madame Modjeska I needed two large boar-hounds. I finally got them. In one scene, with the villain of the play, the heroine is roused to fury by his insults. As he leaves the scene she calls for her faithful hounds. She holds them apparently struggling in leash at the side of the stage, though they are really restrained by an unseen rope held by a strong stagehand in the wings. She has a speech, and at its conclusion she shouts to the dogs to fly after the villain. They have been violently demonstrative during this scene, evidently in sympathy with their mistress, eager to rush across the stage to avenge the insults. Off they go with bounds and leaps, and the villain, judging from the sounds, is torn to pieces in the opposite wings. In reality the dogs had been starved during the day, and during this scene the property man, on the side of the villain's exit, held in tempting view of the animals large juicy bits of red meat. By this means they gave their nightly performance with enthusiastic realism.

I lived in Stamford at this time and, before the season began, I kept the dogs at my home, frequently taking long walks with them. They looked so ferocious that wayfarers scampered out of the way and sometimes over convenient fences. Desiring to give my fellow-townsmen a treat, I determined to open Madame Modjeska's season in the local town hall. The dogs were not in the play given that evening. The actress and her husband were staying at my house. My entire household, including the servants, attended the performance. I left Bruno, the largest and most ferocious of the dogs, in the house to guard the premises, as it was on a hill a couple of miles from the theater. On our return it began to rain heavily. We had three carriages, and I was in the last one. As we arrived inside the grounds I shouted to those ahead not to get out, as the dog was guarding the house. I ran ahead in the rain. I entered by a French window of the dining room, calling out the name of the dog that he might hear his master's voice. I buttoned my coat close around my throat in case of a sudden attack, all the time calling the dog and apprehensively feeling my way in the dark from room to room. There was no answer; nothing but the howling storm outside. I made my way upstairs to my own room. I heard a sound as of a tail heavily striking the floor. I lit the gas. There, under my bed, was the ferocious monster, so frightened that I had to drag him out. Then he jumped up and became friendly. I rushed down and shouted, "All's safe!" and the others trooped in. A few weeks later, on our way to Easton, the dog, being carried in the baggage car where he was tethered by the neck, jumped through the side door, and the poor beast unintentionally hanged himself. He was not discovered until the train arrived at our stopping place.

Losses through Western property and the great demands on Modjeska by her Polish relatives abroad deprived her of much of her earnings, and failing health prevented her from continuing steadily in stagework. This situation prompted the suggestion of a benefit in her behalf a few years ago. Mr. Paderewski, a lifelong friend of Modjeska and her husband, came to me to propose the scheme, knowing, as he did, my affection for the actress. I gladly undertook the work. Unfortunately, a few days before the performance, Mr. Paderewski met with an accident in his private car, which not only forced him to cancel his own engagements but deprived me of his services at the performance. Nevertheless we realized ten thousand dollars from the affair.

In the Modjeska Testimonial the following members of the profession contributed their services:

Ada Rehan, Miss Russell, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Mary Shaw, Kate Denin Wilson, John Malone, Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet, John Glendinning, Horace Lewis, Margaret Illington, Helena Modjeska, Vladimir De Pachmann, Barton Hill, David Bispham, John E. Kellerd, Vincent Serrano, Guy Standing, James O'Neill, William Courtenay, Morgan Coman, Gustav Saenger, Edith Taliaferro, and the late Louis James.

Owing to Mr. Paderewski's breakdown, a long letter from him was read by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. The great pianist occupied a box. He also contributed generously to the receipts.

That Shakspere is generally more popular with the masses on the East Side of New York and in the West than on Broadway is proved by general experience. A few months ago Mr. Sothern was quoted in one of the New York papers as having said, referring to this matter, that "Broadway was rotten." He told me he never used such an unparliamentary expression. "I did say that we did better business at the Academy of Music, on the East Side, than we did on Broadway."

Everybody knows that poor people are more interested in Shakspere's plays than the rich. I met a man at dinner last year who was asked at the table if he ever went to any Shaksperean performances. He said: "Oh, no; I saw them when I was a child." I sat next to a woman at a performance of Romeo and Juliet, and she said to her neighbor: "This talk sets me crazy. I wish they'd say 'crackers and cheese,' or something one can understand." A friend of mine asked a rich man if he would like to see Sothern and Marlowe in a Shaksperean play, and the rich man said: "No! I'd as soon read the Bible!" So one is forced to consider, as Mr. Sothern did, the effect on various minds; and to conclude that, when business for Shaksperean plays is at least one-third greater at one dollar and fifty cents on the East Side than at two-fifty on Broadway, the poorer people are its chief patrons.

### The Discovery of Kubelik

Though Kubelik, the Bohemian violinist, is not a dramatic star, he came into my orbit while I was in London one summer in the interest of my company. Going casually to a Kubelik concert at St. James Hall, I heard the young man play. I was delighted with his wonderful skill and charm and I could not help noting the effect he had on his audience. I went to a second concert and realized that he was a unique and remarkable artist. There was, above all, something in this young artist's manner that impressed me profoundly. I felt he ought to come to America and, though I had no experience in musical matters as a business, I could not avoid the conviction that he would prove a great success, not alone with music lovers but with the general public. I called upon him and his manager, and asked the latter why Kubelik did not go to America. He said they would like to go; that they had been corresponding with several musical agents and managers, but they would not pay his terms. They wanted a guaranty of one thousand dollars a concert. Estimating his value in America by the imprudent equation of my own enthusiasm, I soon came to terms.

Kubelik's first appearance in New York, at Carnegie Hall in December, 1901, brought about my head a storm of indignant comment from numerous musical


# Marion Harland
## Joins the Duntley Crusade
*for Cleaner, Happier, Healthier Homes*

"I WANT you to help me in this crusade of mine. It is for your sake I have begun it, and for the good of every member of your home.

"When I first heard of the Vacuum Cleaner I became interested because of its great benefit to women. And when I saw the Duntley I knew it was the solution of a problem I have long carried—how to rid our homes of our arch-enemy, *germ-laden dust*.

"I found that Mr. Duntley was in a position to place his cleaners before *all* women, to make it possible for *every* woman in the country to own one. I asked him to develop such a plan. And he has. No woman need be without a Duntley Cleaner another day. Mr. Duntley's plan puts it within the reach of you all, on convenient monthly payments.

"When I tell you that I believe the Duntley means protection from the Great White Plague and from Diphtheria in our homes, you will understand why I have become Domestic Director of the Duntley Manufacturing Company.

"I want you to write for all the information I can give you about the Duntley—what it will do and about Mr. Duntley's plan. Won't you do it today?

"Sincerely your friend,

Marion Harland

Domestic Director

## A Free Demonstration of THE DUNTLEY in Your Home

Communicate with our nearest dealer and have the Duntley demonstrated on your own rugs, curtains, clothes, mattresses, furs, chairs—anything in the house. Use it yourself and see what it will do. It is practically noiseless and costs but about two cents per hour to operate. If there is no dealer in your town fill out this coupon and mail to us.

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Please send me further information about the Duntley.

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I have electric current in my home.

critics. I had advertised my musical attraction far more generously than was the custom; in other words, he was, as they ironically characterized it, "circused." This was found to be an objection so severe that the resentment intended for me was visited upon my star; but the receipts were the largest any foreign artist ever had on his American début in many years—all the money the house could hold and hundreds turned away. His success with the audience was immediate, but the critics were still reserved. His second performance, during the same week, was equally large and the audience, it being a matinée, was even more wildly enthusiastic than on his first appearance. I felt that my conviction was correct. Kubelik's success had been equaled by but one other great instrumentalist, the wonderful Paderewski. I explained to some of my musical friends that I desired to present my artist enthusiastically to the big-paying public, not tentatively and quietly to the non-paying musical profession. I had no time to let him grow. My contract was too rigorous. I wanted him to begin at the maximum at once.

So overwhelming was the success of the Bohemian artist that a leading magazine editor commissioned Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the musical critic of the Tribune, to write an article for his magazine on Kubelik's art. Mr. Krehbiel accepted, "but only," he said, "after I shall have been convinced of his skill as a great artist after hearing him several times more." Mr. Krehbiel, who is the dean of American musical criticism, finally yielded to the artist's power and wrote a splendid eulogy of his art. Two days before Kubelik's first appearance in New York I was called to the telephone by a message from the late William C. Whitney, the millionaire. "I want Kubelik to play at my house about eleven o'clock Tuesday night," he 'phoned.

"That is the evening of his American début," I said.

"I know that. What are your terms?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars," I replied. I heard him give a long whistle at the 'phone.

"That's pretty steep," he said.

"I pay him nearly that myself," I replied, and said I was not anxious he should play again that evening, as he had to leave for Boston very early the following morning, to rest there and rehearse.

### *New Conditions*

However, Mr. Whitney paid the money. Mr. Kubelik's own personal share of his first night's work was nearly three thousand dollars. He has been to America three times. On his last opening appearance in New York I engaged the Hippodrome. Here he drew over five thousand dollars—the capacity—at the prices I had made at that establishment. No other instrumental artist has ever been able to achieve such results. Kubelik is now a grown-up man. He is happily married, has a pair of violin-playing twins about six years old, and owns a beautiful castle in Bohemia.

In 1889, as I have stated before, I moved my stock company to Daly's Theater, as the old house on Fourth Avenue was doomed by the march of progress. It closed its career in March, 1902, with Annie Russell and the late Mrs. Gilbert.

Upon Mr. Daly's death I acquired the lease of his theater, and the company continued here for several years. During this period Cecilia Loftus, Jameson Lee Finney, Robert Hilliard and Margaret Illington were added to my company. Miss Loftus had left the ranks of vaudeville to become a member of my company. After a season in the stock I gave her the leading business with E. H. Sothern, in whose company Margaret Illington continued her career. After Miss Loftus' engagement with Sothern I starred her in Zangwill's serio-comic Governess.

My New Lyceum Theater, on West Forty-fifth Street, was opened in November, 1903, when E. H. Sothern inaugurated my first season with The Proud Prince.

But new theatrical conditions began to prevail. The era of the regular stock company, the manager's personal family as it were, seemed to have passed away. Theaters and places for public amusement began to multiply enormously and the star system reached its height. A certain class of stock company is now a feature of all cities, but these companies are not assembled for the purpose of producing new works. They reproduce the successes of past seasons. With manuscripts suitably marked and ready for acting, they are enabled with very few rehearsals to act out the story of the plays that have made fame in previous seasons.

It is not a bad scheme. It creates and cultivates theatergoers among the masses. But there is not time to develop the subtlety and finer qualities of the actor's art. The prices are usually low and within the reach of all. These theaters become missionaries and gradually develop a taste on the part of their audiences for the higher-grade companies and stars.

There is another reason that explains the absence of a general stock producing company, in the fact that it is safer for the manager of a first-class theater to present a special company for each play and send the original company on tour, rather than that each play produced should be relegated to the traveling repertoire of a single company. It is preferred, too, by the authors, who thus draw royalties from a play continually maintained by a special company.

### *Old-Fashioned Stock Companies*

At one time all the principal cities maintained their regular stock companies. They produced chiefly the standard drama, and often new plays. The companies were excellent, because the traveling company had not then become a feature of American theatricals. The principal stars, like Forrest, Booth, Charlotte Cushman, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Maggie Mitchell, Lotta and many others, used to travel without their own companies. They were always supported by the local organization, which was rehearsed a week in advance by the star's stage manager. The scenery was furnished by the local manager.

Later on, actors like the elder Sothern and Boucicault would tour with two or three special members important to the finer points of the play and necessary for the special scenes in which these star actors were concerned.

Gradually stars, not desiring to rehearse every week, undertook to furnish their own entire company. On such occasions the local company would make a week's tour to adjacent towns. Gradually the entire system was changed. The local companies were abandoned and the local houses given up to bookings for an entire season of the various stars and traveling attractions. That is now the system in the principal first-class theaters.

So the stock company, as it was known, is apparently a thing of the past; and yet I have still a lurking hope that a permanent company of actors for the production of new plays may yet prove possible.

I have enjoyed living over again these shifting scenes of the past. It has given me the keenest delight to recall the faces and to dwell briefly on the achievements of some of the players with whom I have been associated. Most of them are till in their prime, threading their way in the sunshine of success. I feel honored to have walked in the shadow by their side. Unlike the other arts, the fame of the actor is but a breath, a memory. The written word, which records his work, cannot reproduce the charm, the imagination or the eloquence that inspired his achevements. They have been not only "the abstract and brief chronicles of their time," but are and always will be potent factors in the art, the graces and forces of civilization.

Editor's Note—This is the third of three articles by Mr. Daniel Frohman giving his Reminiscences of the Old Lyceum Theater.

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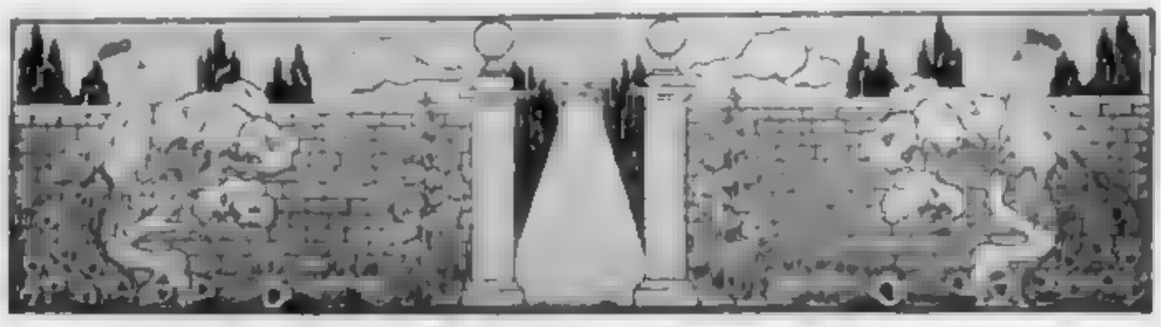

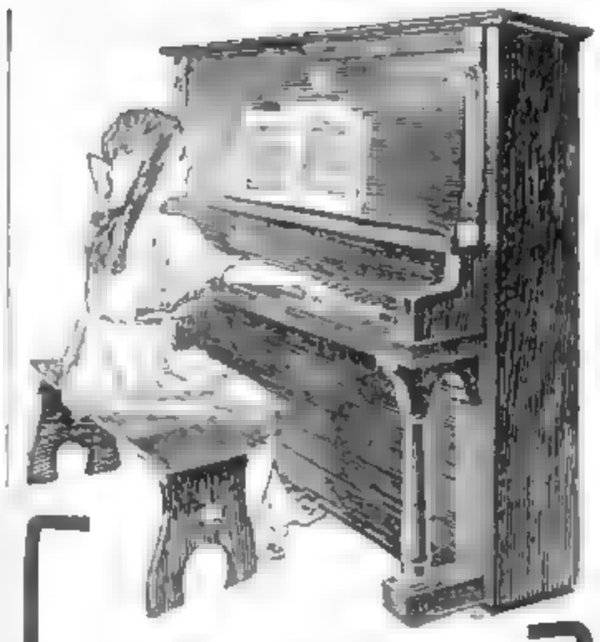


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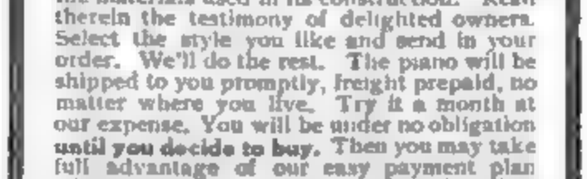

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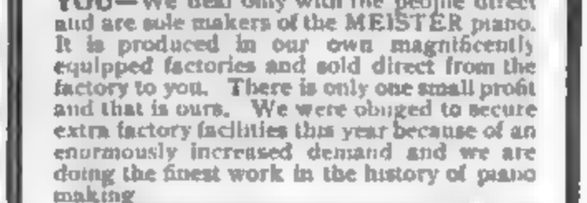

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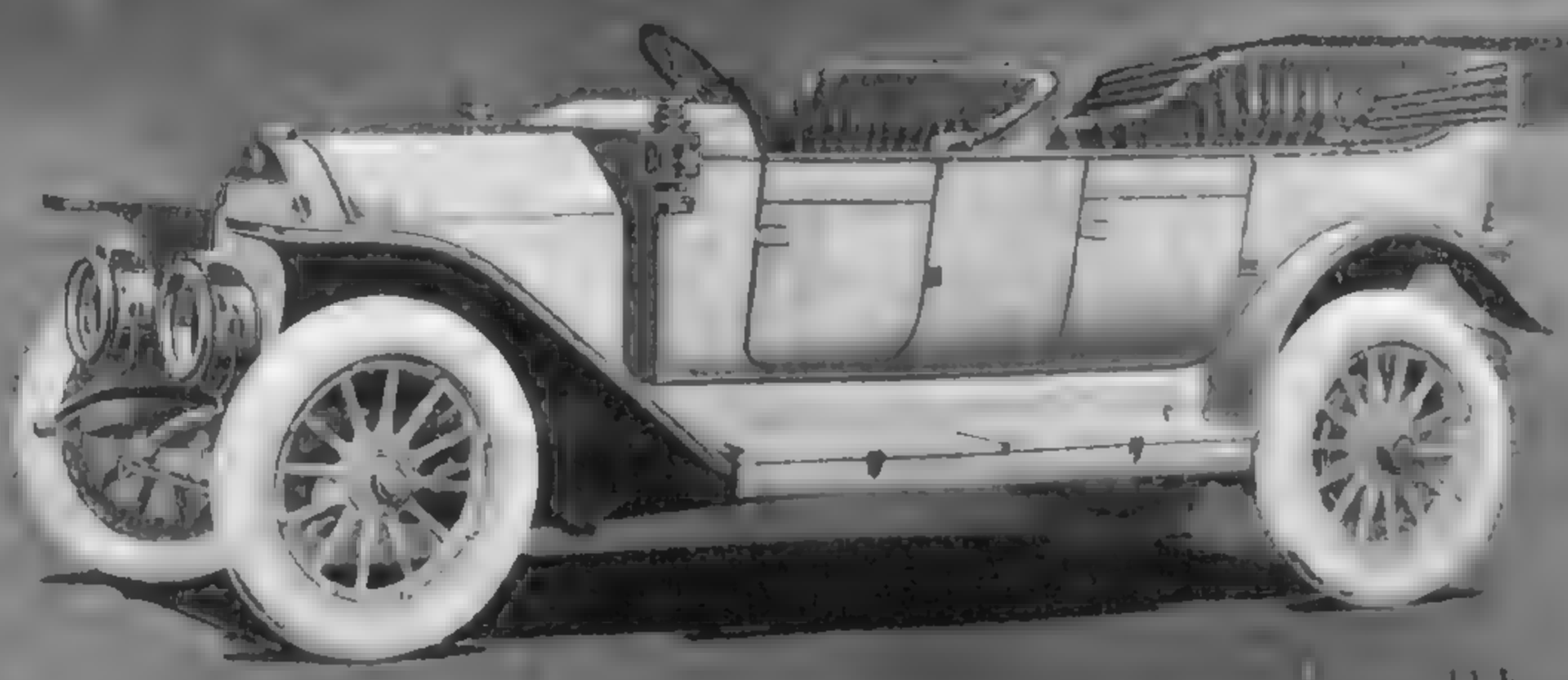

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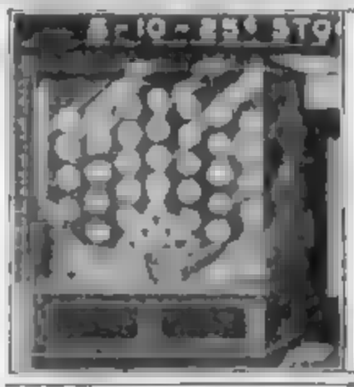

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# THE FEE SYSTEM

(Concluded from Page 9)

A certain county judge, who during his two-year term of office had allowed a great many untried cases to accumulate on his docket, was defeated for reelection after a hard and expensive campaign. On the night preceding the day on which his successful opponent was to succeed him he sat up late getting his books in shape. Aided by two clerks he went through his dockets and after the name of each defendant he wrote the words "Not Guilty." Under the schedule of fees he was allowed three dollars for each case disposed of, and on this night he wrote two thousand verdicts of two words each and in the morning collected six thousand dollars for the night's work, leaving a clean docket for his successor. This record of payment for literary labors probably will stand for some time.

Sheriff's deputies, who are summoned as witnesses in a sufficient number of cases, gain large incomes that not infrequently amount to more than five thousand dollars a year. A deputy sheriff or constable often serves as witness in half a dozen cases in a single day, collecting a fee in each case. It is not necessary that he know anything about the case on trial and he is seldom called to the stand. This practice of placing officers on the list of witnesses is so well known that local custom usually determines how many shall be allowed on each case. Criminal lawyers wink at the petty fraud and content themselves with seeing that the cost bill does not contain fees for too many witnesses. To do otherwise would arouse official enmity against the attorney and place him on the list of those who do not appreciate official favors.

### Confidence in Jurors

In many of the justice and police courts no fees are paid unless the defendant is found guilty. Obviously the intention of this arrangement was to prevent unnecessary arrests, the authors of the plan foreseeing that under a method that guaranteed payment a too zealous pursuit of fees by the constable would keep half the population in constant danger of arrest and would bankrupt the public treasury. In so far as the plan relates to fees for the officer making arrests it may be wise, but for other officers its wisdom is doubtful. For instance, in some states the rule applies to fees paid to jurors. If they find the defendant guilty of the offense with which he is charged their fees are paid; if they decide he is innocent they receive nothing for their services. Such confidence in the integrity of jurors and such distrust of constables cause one to wonder what manner of men held these offices at the time the system was devised.

We have always been told that the law presupposes the stainless character of all—that crime must be proved and until that time the defendant is supposed to be innocent of wrong. It is a strange anomaly that the fee system should make it to the interest of every person who is representative of law to prove the defendant guilty. The judge, it is true, in many states collects his fee no matter what the issue of the case may be, but he is a part of the machinery and it is a strong judicial mind that cannot be affected thereby. This may account for the professional attitude of all courthouse employees, who assume that all are guilty and are loud in their condemnation of a jury that brings in a verdict of acquittal, thereby making their cost bills worthless.

The cost bills begin to grow as soon as a case is begun, and every official act is provided for in the tariff. As an example, the following is a list of costs in a Texas justice court: docketing suit, ten cents; issuing citation of notice, fifty cents; alias citation, fifty cents; issuing subpœna, twenty-five cents; issuing venire, twenty-five cents; taking bond, fifty cents; attachment affidavits and bond, one dollar and fifty cents; entering continuance, twenty cents; entering order, twenty-five cents; entering nonsuit, fifty cents; commission to take interrogatories, fifty cents; filing papers, ten cents; taxing costs, ten cents; swearing witnesses, ten cents; swearing jury, twenty-five cents; receiving and recording verdict, twenty-five cents; entering final judgment, fifty cents; application to set aside judgment, fifty cents; taking appeal bond, twenty-five cents; transcript of docket, one dollar and fifty cents, and so on. Most of these processes must be gone through with in the trial of every case, and when the case goes to a higher court the cost bill goes with it. After a few trials and a few reversals by an appellate court the total on the cost bill will often amount to several thousand dollars. In some states officers are not allowed to retain all the fees collected, but are required to return a small share of them to the state after paying the expense of the office.

### In Colonial Times

The fee system is one of the oldest of American institutions for it came here with the first colonial officer. The office of governor of Virginia, according to a well-known historian, yielded eighty thousand dollars a year to the nominal governor who resided in England, and twenty thousand dollars a year to the acting governor of the colony. The governor of New York collected sixty-five thousand dollars a year in land patents fees alone. Governor Clark, in a day of small fortunes, amassed one hundred thousand dollars in seven years in New York and Governor Clinton made eighty thousand dollars in a short time. Indeed, American independence may be said to have come as a result of the fee system, for the disputes with colonial officers that culminated in the revolution were mostly brought about through attempts to collect fees.

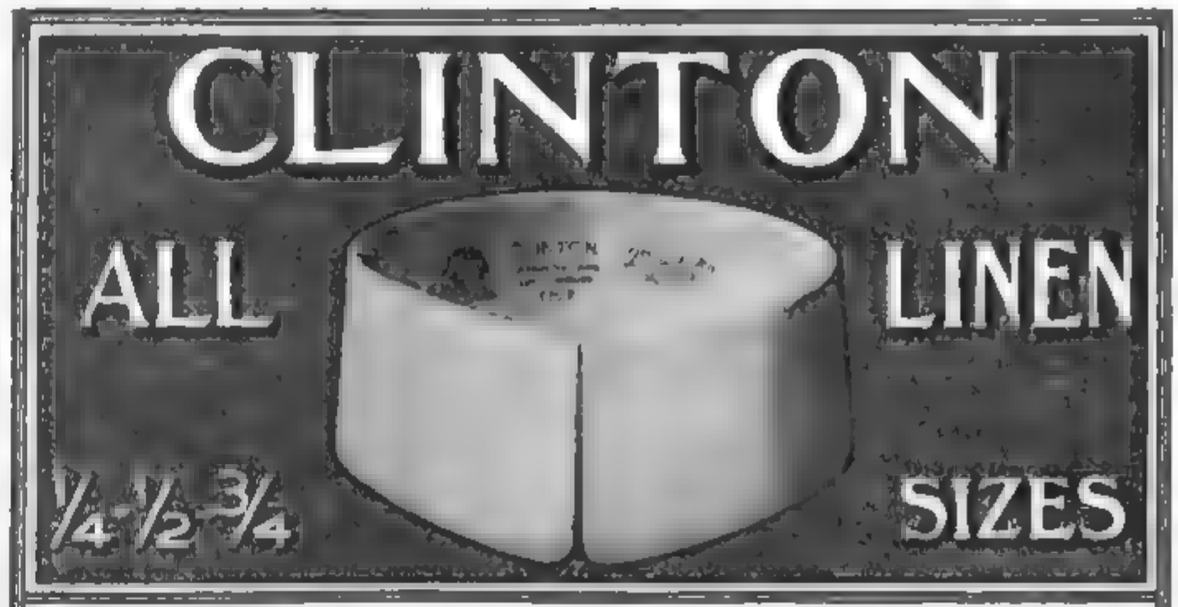
When the town of Langtry was built in Texas, a few years ago, the municipality found itself without a court of law. The nearest one was in a hated rival town where the citizens of Langtry scorned to repair for a settlement of their differences. The problem was still young when it was solved by Roy Bean, the town's leading saloonkeeper, who had found among his possessions an old lawbook, the only one in the new town. Bean took a paint brush and to his sign, which read "Roy Bean, Fine Whiskies," added the words "and Justice west of the Pecos." His fellow-citizens appreciated his enterprise, and though he had no authority he continued to try cases for many years, disposing of them to the satisfaction of all.

There was no fee system in Bean's court, nor any other fancy trimmings. Bean kept the fines. One day the body of a dead Mexican was brought to the court for an investigation. He was searched and on his person twenty-nine big Mexican silver dollars were found. Evidence tended to prove that on the previous evening the Mexican had been very much under the influence of liquor. Here was an intricate legal problem. Bean considered the matter carefully and then rendered his decision:

"I hereby find that this Mexican was drunk last night and fine him the sum of twenty-nine dollars.

"I find that the Mexican fell into an arroyo and died; and I order him buried at public expense, toward which I contribute five dollars."

Simple and crude as it was, Justice Bean's system upheld the dignity of the law much more effectively than is sometimes possible under the fee system.

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There is a law to protect you against cotton masquerading as linen and you should take advantage of its protection. Look for the mark linen on the next collars you buy. Better still, look for the Barker dog head trade mark and these words "Warranted Linen."

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Conforms perfectly to back, neck and shoulders. Prevents "crawling" or "creeping."

*If your dealer cannot supply you readily, write us, enclosing price and stating collar size and color desired.*

**Phoenix Knitting Works**
**231 Broadway Milwaukee**

# DEAD MEN'S SHOES

(Continued from Page 8)

a one-point margin, assuming that the market dropped eight points in ten days.

"Hallo, Louis," Leon Sammet cried when he caught sight of the younger Kronberg.

Louis nodded, with half-closed eyes.

"Sit down, Louis," Leon continued; "you look worried."

"I bet yer," Louis replied. "What d'ye think of that there sucker?"

"What's Alex been doing now?" Leon asked.

"Alex! What d'ye mean, Alex?" Louis said. "Alex I ain't worrying about at all. I mean Uncle Mosha Kronberg."

Forthwith he unfolded to Leon the sum of his uncle's iniquities, sparing no detail of his own well-nigh ruined prospects and ending with an account of Uncle Mosha's interrupted deal with Morris Perlmutter.

Leon slammed the top of his desk with his open hand.

"Before I would let that shark, Perlmutter, get the house I would buy it myself."

"Sure, I know!" Louis replied. "I thought you would, Leon, but that ain't necessary. All I want you to do is this, Leon. I told the old man I could get you to buy the house for forty-three thousand dollars."

"Forty-three thousand!" Leon exclaimed. "Why, that house ain't worth forty-three thousand!"

"What do I care what it's worth?" Louis replied. "The game is this, Leon. You will buy the house for me—Louis—with my money. You got to pay seven hundred and fifty cash on signing the contract, and the balance of eight thousand dollars above the mortgages you got to pay when the title is closed. I fixed it with the old man that he is to give me the eight thousand dollars to take care of for him—see? So, when the title is closed I will give you eight thousand dollars to give Mosha, and Mosha will turn it back to me; and, Leon, if he ever sees that eight thousand dollars again it won't be this side of the grave."

Leon nodded.

"Meantime you've got the house," he said.

"Exactly," Louis replied. "I get the house. All it cost me is seven hundred and fifty dollars cash, and I also get unloaded on me for the rest of his life the old man. And while I don't wish him any harm, y'understand, *Gott soll hüten* anything should happen to him, Leon, it couldn't come too soon for me."

"I bet yer," Leon said fervently. "And now let's get him in here and we'll all go down to Henry D. Feldman's office and fix the matter up."

Two hours later Leon and Uncle Mosha had signed a contract for the sale of the Madison Street house, title to be closed and deed to be delivered within thirty days. The purchase price was stated to be forty-three thousand dollars, payable as follows: thirty-four thousand two hundred and fifty dollars by the vendee taking the house subject to mortgages aggregating that amount, seven hundred and fifty dollars cash on signing the contract, and the balance of eight thousand dollars in cash or certified check at the closing of the title.

Prior to leaving his office Leon had cashed Louis Kronberg's check for seven hundred and fifty dollars, and the money, in bills of large denomination, was turned over to Mosha Kronberg, who tucked them carefully away in his breast pocket.

"Well, Louis," he said after the operation was completed, "I guess I'll be going back to Madison Street."

"Wait; I'll go along with you," Louis cried.

"Don't you trouble yourself," Uncle Mosha declared with a confidential wink at Leon Sammet and Henry D. Feldman; "I could take care of myself all right."

"What are you going to do with all that money, Mr. Kronberg?" Leon asked as Uncle Mosha turned to leave. The old man paused with his hand on the door and once more he favored his questioner with a significant wink.

"Leave that to me," he said.

### VII

THE thirty days succeeding Morris Perlmutter's visit to Madison Street were busy ones for all the Kronbergs. Alex had accompanied Max Gershon to Bridgetown, where conditions more than fulfilled Abe's glowing account, and the formation of the Kronberg-Gershon Drygoods Company proceeded without delay. As for Louis Kronberg, he found that the borrowing of eight thousand dollars, even for so short a period as would be necessary to consummate the Madison Street deal, was no easy task. At length he raised the sum by paying a large bonus to his bankers in Port Sullivan, and it was deposited to the credit of Sammet Brothers four days before the closing of title.

Meantime Uncle Mosha had not neglected the opportunity afforded him during his last few days of liberty. With his seven hundred and fifty dollars he had sought the brokerage offices of Klinkberg & Co. the morning after signing his contract with Leon Sammet. There he selected American Chocolate and Cocoa as the medium of his speculation and promptly went short of seven hundred shares on a one-point margin. The same afternoon he was within a sixteenth of being wiped out when the market turned, and nearly one month later he took his profit of twenty-one hundred dollars, which with the original investment, minus the brokerage amounted to twenty-eight hundred dollars.

"Never no more," he said to the brokerage firm's cashier as he drew his profit. "I am through oncet and for all. No one could get me to touch another share of stock so long as I live."

With this solemn declaration he passed out of Klinkberg & Co.'s office just as a short stout man burst into the hall from a door marked "Customers."

"Wow!" the short stout man exclaimed.

"*Warum* wow?" Uncle Mosha asked.

"Amalgamated Refineries goes up four points on six sales in half an hour," the short stout man replied, "and I win two thousand."

The short stout man started down the hall and executed a fantastic dancing step in front of the elevators, while Uncle Mosha entered the door marked "Customers."

"Mr. Klinkberg," he said, handing Klinkberg & Co.'s two thousand eight hundred dollar check to that firm's senior partner, "buy me one thousand shares Amalgamated Refineries at the market."

An hour later he walked leisurely along Madison Street and as he approached his own doorway Louis Kronberg swooped down upon him.

"Uncle Mosha," he almost screamed, "where was you?"

"Where was I?" Uncle Mosha replied. "Why, I was where I was. That's where I was. What difference does it make to you where I was?"

"What difference does it make to me?" Louis cried. "Ain't I putting up the—er —— Don't you know you was due at Henry D. Feldman's office to close your title at one o'clock?—and here it is half past one already!"

For a minute Uncle Mosha's face fell. In the excitement of following the profitable course of his speculation he had completely forgotten his real-estate transaction, but he quickly recovered his composure.

"Oh, well," he said, "let 'em wait! The house won't run away, Louis. Let's go and get a cup coffee somewheres."

"Coffee, nothing!" Louis growled; "you're coming right along with me. I got a carriage waiting for you."

He hustled the old man into a decrepit conveyance that was drawn up to the curb and they started immediately for Henry D. Feldman's office.

"Honest, Louis," Uncle Mosha sighed, "I feel like I was riding to my own funeral."

"Don't worry, Uncle Mosha," Louis said; "with the *tsuris* which I got it lately you would quicker ride to mine."

"Well, Louis," Uncle Mosha rejoined, "as old man Baum used to say, we all got to die sooner or later, Louis; and all we could take with us is our good name."

"You wouldn't got to pay no excess baggage rates on that," Louis said as the carriage came to a stop in front of Feldman's office building.

Two minutes later they entered the offices of Henry D. Feldman and were ushered immediately into the presence of that distinguished advocate himself. As they passed through the doorway Feldman rose from his seat. He was not alone, for at one side of a long library table sat Leon


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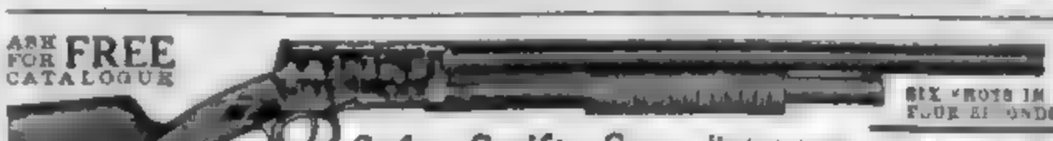

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**Hastings Table Co., Hastings, Mich.**


Sammet, while opposite to him a tall sandy-haired person methodically arranged various bundles of papers which he drew out of capacious pasteboard envelopes.

"Ah, gentlemen, you're here at last," Feldman cried. "Mr. Jones, this is Mr. Kronberg and his nephew, Mr. Louis Kronberg. Mr. Jones is a representative of the Land Insurance and Title Guarantee Company, who at my request has examined the title to your house, Mr. Kronberg."

"All right," Uncle Mosha said; "I ain't scared of 'em. I owned the house since 1890 already—that's pretty near twenty years, and I ain't paid no confederate money for it neither."

Mr. Jones cleared his throat noisily, and as he did so a round white object leaped from beneath his collar and bumped against his chin. It was his Adam's apple.

"Did you say you owned the house twenty years?" he inquired in tones of such profundity that Feldman was obliged to ask him to repeat his question. At the second repetition Uncle Mosha said that it might be a month less than twenty years.

"The record shows that you bought the house a little more than nineteen years ago," Mr. Jones continued—his manner suggested a hanging judge in the act of assuming the black cap—"and therefore you could claim no adverse possession, even assuming there were no disabilities."

"What d'ye mean, claim?" Uncle Mosha asked with asperity. "I don't claim nothing. I already got seven hundred and fifty dollars and there is coming to me eight thousand dollars more."

"I think, Mr. Jones," Feldman interrupted, "I ought to explain to Mr. Kronberg the *locus in quo*."

Louis Kronberg turned pale and wiped a few drops of perspiration from his forehead.

"What is there to explain, Mr. Feldman?" he broke in. "Go ahead and close the title to the property. I couldn't sit here all day."

"There's a great deal to be explained," Feldman continued. "He is unable to convey good title to the property *non constat* he received a deed of it in 1890."

"I never heard tell of the feller at all," Uncle Mosha exclaimed. "I am the only one which received a deed of the property."

Feldman gazed at Uncle Mosha for one dazed moment and then proceeded.

"The last owner in Mr. Kronberg's claim of title—I mean his immediate vendor—was the only surviving collateral of an intestate," he said.

"That's where you make a big mistake," Uncle Mosha interrupted. "The feller which I bought the house from was a salesman for a shirt concern."

Feldman glared at Uncle Mosha and was about to crush him with a flood of law Latin when the door opened.

"You got to excuse me for butting in, Mr. Feldman," said a harsh voice which presently was seen to issue from the person of Morris Perlmutter, "but me and my partner is got to get back to the store and Max and his partner is also busy today."

"I'll be with you in just one moment, Mr. Perlmutter," Feldman replied.

"You says that an hour ago," Morris grumbled as he closed the door behind him.

"Now, Mr. Kronberg," Feldman continued, "I'd like to elucidate this situation for you as succinctly as possible."

"Do that afterward, if you got to do it," Uncle Mosha broke in; "but just now tell me what the trouble is."

"What's the use talking to a mutt that don't understand the English language at all?" Feldman cried. "Listen here to me. You bought your house from a fellow called Nathan Baum."

"Sure, I did," Uncle Mosha said. "You remember him, Sammet? He went to work and got killed in a railroad accident ten years ago already."

"Don't interrupt," Feldman cried. "Nathan Baum was the brother of Max Baum, a former owner of the house. Max Baum died while he owned the house and he left no will, and Nathan Baum claimed the house as the only heir of Max Baum."

"That's right," Mosha agreed. "Nathan Baum was the only relative in the world which Max Baum got it. He had a sister, but she died before Max."

"Was Max Baum's sister ever married?" Mr. Jones asked in funereal accents.

"Sure, she was married," Mosha answered. "She was married to Sam Gershon. He works for years by Richter as a cutter. Sam is dead too."

"Did they ever have any children?" Mr. Jones inquired.

"One boy they had," Uncle Mosha said. "Shall I ever forget it? What a beautiful boy that was, Mr. Feldman—a regular picture! Mrs. Gershon thinks a whole lot of that boy, too, I bet yer."

"Never mind the trimmings, Kronberg," Feldman broke in. "Is the boy alive?"

"That's what we're anxious to know," Mr. Jones interrupted. "My company had ascertained that there was one son, but we couldn't find out if he were dead or alive."

"If the boy was alive Mrs. Gershon would be alive too," Mosha said. "Mrs. Gershon died on account of that boy. What a lovely boy that was! I can see him now—the way he looked. He had eyes black like coal, and a ——"

Here Uncle Mosha stopped short. His jaw dropped and his fishy gray eyes seemed to start from his head as he gazed at the door. It stood ajar some six inches and exposed the features of a person impatient to the point of frenzy.

"Ex-cuse me, Mr. Feldman!" said the intruder; "I may be a rube from Texas, y'understand, but I got my feelings too, and unless you come in here right away and close the matter up me and my partner would go and get our agreement fixed up somewhere else again."

"I'll be with you in just one moment, Mr. Gershon," Feldman replied.

"Gershon?" Uncle Mosha muttered. "Gershon!"

He rose to his feet and tottered across the room toward the doorway, but at the threshold his strength failed him and he fell headlong to the floor.

In the scene of confusion that followed only Henry D. Feldman remained calm. He touched the electric button on his desk.

"Go down to the Algonquin Building and fetch a doctor," he said to the office-boy who responded, "and on your way out see if we have any blank petitions for administration in the Surrogate's Court. If we haven't buy a couple on your way back. The old man may not pull through."

■■■■

WHEN Uncle Mosha's eyes opened in consciousness of his surroundings they rested on Max Gershon, who bent over the old man as anxiously as did either of his nephews.

"Max Gershon, ain't it?" Uncle Mosha asked feebly.

Gershon nodded.

"You shouldn't try to talk," he said.

"I'm all right," Uncle Mosha replied. "I need only a cup coffee. If Louis would let me got it before I come here this wouldn't never of happened."

Louis recognized the justice of h's uncle's criticism by personally seeking a near-by restaurant, and after an interval of ten minutes, during which Abe and Morris took turns with Max and Alex in fanning the patient, he returned with a pot of steaming coffee. Uncle Mosha drank three cups in rapid succession and heaved a great sigh.

"You ain't got maybe a cigar about you, Max?" he said

"Smoke this, Unc'e Mosha" Alex Kronberg cried, pulling a large satiny invincible from his wa'stcoat pocket and thrusting it at his uncle. For one hesitating minute the old man looked from Alex to the cigar, but at last its glossy perfection overcame his scruples.

"Much obliged, Alex" he sa'd.

"That's all right," A ex mumbled as he struck a match. "How do you feel now, Uncle?"

"First rate," Uncle Mosha replied as he blew out great clouds of smoke; "although I ought to feel a whole lot worse, Alex, when I see Maxie Gershon here. Twenty-five years ago I seen him last and he looks the same fat-faced feller with the black eyes. Only to think he now comes back and takes away half my house from me."

"I ain't come back to do no such thing," Max cried. "I could assure you, Mr. Kronberg, although me and Alex Kronberg is going as partners together, I never knew until I seen you here that you was any relation of his. As for your house, Mr. Kronberg, I don't know nothing about it at all."

"Don't you?" Uncle Mosha exclaimed. "Well, I'll tell you. It's like this."

"*Stigus!*" Louis hissed. "Don't open your mouth, Uncle Mosha."

"What d'ye mean, don't open my mouth?" Uncle Mosha retorted. "D'ye think I'm a crook? If I got a house which

(Concluded on Page 61)


# The Powers of Man

If you neglect your bodily condition—if you have let yourself "run down," you have good reason for shame, because you are squandering your best asset.

Nature gave you not only abundant strength for the day's work, but an abundant reserve fund of energy for emergencies. *You* are at fault if your work fags you, if you are nervous and despondent, if you are easily upset in body and mind. As a boy you escaped these troubles not because you were *young*, but because you were *active*. If you do not use the muscles that Nature gave you, she exacts her penalty remorselessly—your daily experience shows that plainly enough.

"But," you say, "I haven't the time for sufficient exercise." There you are absolutely wrong. My study for years has been to perfect a method of exercise which would keep a man in good condition with least expenditure of time. The result of that study is the

## Thompson Course

I can give here only one or two points of explanation: It requires only a few minutes a day of natural gentle movements and proper breathing. It is prescribed to your individual needs and varied to suit your progress. It scientifically contracts and relaxes the various muscles and so gives the benefit of hours of random exercise. It is directed to benefitting the internal muscles—lungs, bowels, stomach and other vital organs. Remember that Nature's one method of repair is by the blood flow, and that disused parts do not attract sufficient blood. That explains all the troubles of "sedentary" men, and it suggests the basic principle of the Thompson Course.

The clearness of your mind, the strength of your nerves, your joy in living depend on the tone and vigor of your vital organs. Neglect them, and the penalty follows.

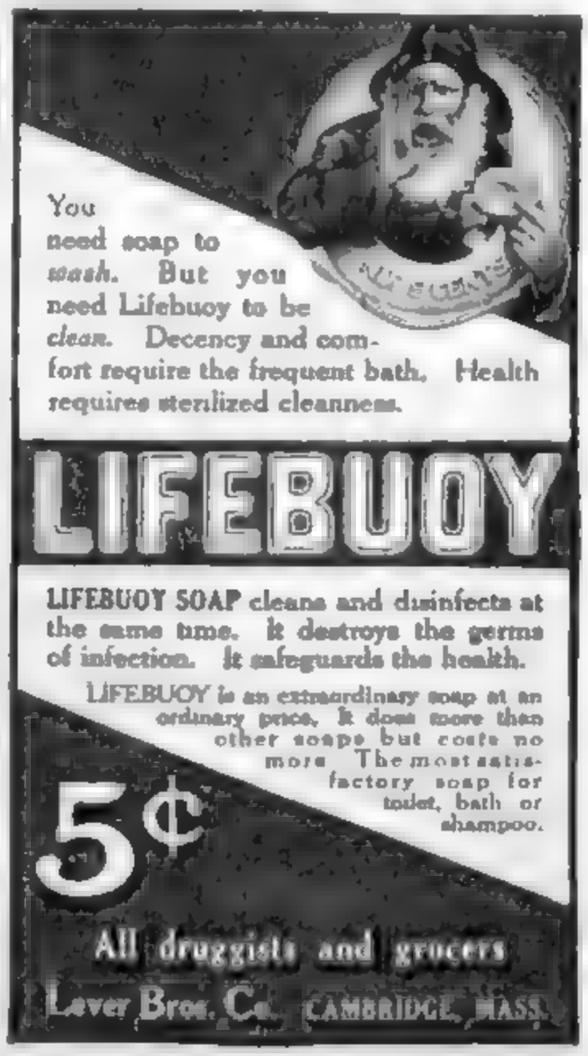
I can give you indubitable proof that the Thompson Course works a wonderful change—soon and permanently—in the body and mind of any man who will give it the few minutes daily which it demands.

If you want to make the most of yourself, you should read my book "Human Energy." It is free. Send for it.

**J. EDMUND THOMPSON**

**Suite 29 311 Main Street Worcester, Mass.**




You need soap to wash. But you need Lifebuoy to be clean. Decency and comfort require the frequent bath. Health requires sterilized cleanness.
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LIFEBUOY SOAP cleans and disinfects at the same time. It destroys the germs of infection. It safeguards the health.
LIFEBUOY is an extraordinary soap at an ordinary price. It does more than other soaps but costs no more. The most satisfactory soap for toilet, bath or shampoo.
5¢
All druggists and grocers
Lever Bros. Co. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

# Here is the way through

OUR **"Deferred Tuition Scholarship"** supplies the way and removes the last barrier between the progressive, ambitious young man and the higher position and salary to which he aspires.

Read every word of this offer carefully. We mean it, and there is a fine chance for you if you improve it.

This country is full of energetic, capable men whose days are spent in work which is not suited to their natural talents. Thousands of these men realize that all that stands between them and good positions with big pay is their lack of special training in some one thing. They lack the time and the means to stop work and take a course of training, and so they go on year after year, always getting farther away from what they most want.

We are going to help these men. We are going to lend them the cost of the training they need and let them make their own terms about repaying us.

**This is the Greatest Offer Ever Made to Men Who Have "Got it in Them" to Rise. We Have Studied the Matter Very Carefully, and are Fully Prepared to Help Everyone Who Comes to Us in Earnest**

If you are one of these capable, ambitious fellows, willing to study for an hour every evening after working hours, willing to stick to it with the kind of persistence that wins, and without which nothing worth while is ever won; then you are on the right track.

Check the coupon, mail it to us, and we will explain fully our "Deferred Tuition" plan, how we will lend you the cost of the tuition, and allow you to pay us back when the increase in your yearly income equals the amount of the loan.

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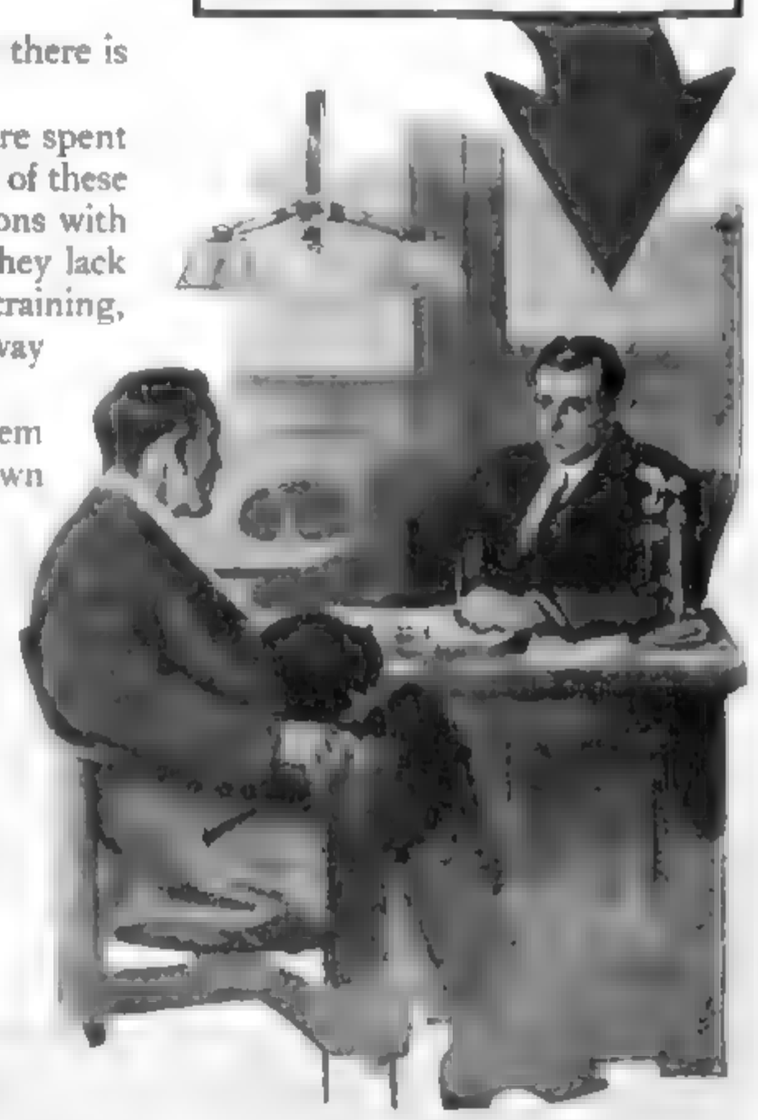
ADDRESS _____



## American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.

## CAN'T SCRATCH FLOORS

When your furniture is "shod" with Heron Wool Tips or Casters, you know that your floors are proof against injury —even though you draw the heaviest pieces across them.

**HERON WOOL** *Tips Casters*

Made of carbonized pure long fiber wool. There is no glue or other abrasive substance to scratch or cut hardwood floors. No screws or nails are needed to hold them in place.

The casters will support the heaviest tables, chairs, beds, etc. Used on the piano they improve the tone, for the special contrivance prevents vibration. Where it is impractical to use Casters, the Tips are equally as good for lighter furniture. A few strokes with a hammer puts them in place, to last for years.

Tips—4 for 25c. Both Casters and Tips for sale at most dealers, or direct from us on receipt of price. Heron Wool Tips and Casters move in any direction, easily, smoothly, noiselessly. Don't you think it would really be worth while to fit all your furniture with these? Ask us to send you a **free copy of our latest booklet.** It gives interesting data about casters and their prices. Mention your dealer's name, please.

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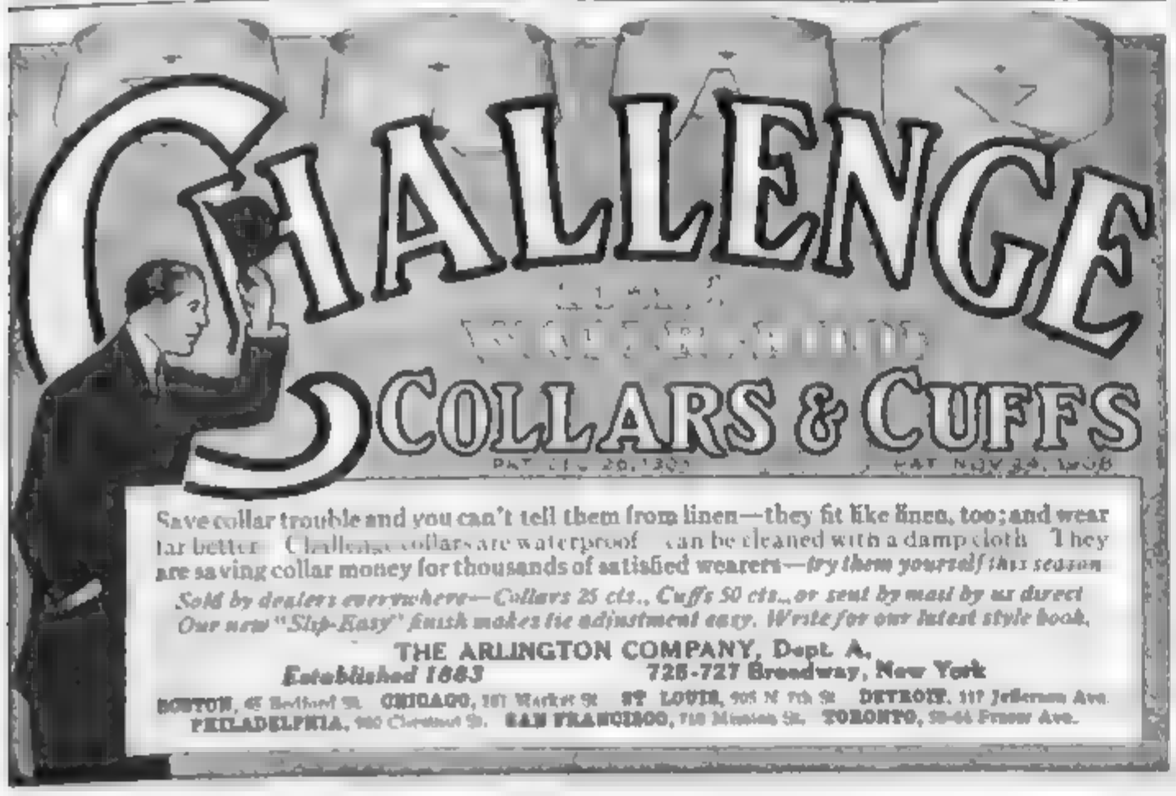


Save collar trouble and you can't tell them from linen—they fit like linen, too; and wear far better. Challenge collars are waterproof—can be cleaned with a damp cloth. They are saving collar money for thousands of satisfied wearers—*try them yourself this season.*

*Sold by dealers everywhere—Collars 25 cts., Cuffs 50 cts., or sent by mail by us direct. Our new "Slip-Easy" finish makes fit adjustment easy. Write for our latest style book.*

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***Established 1863*** **725-727 Broadway, New York**

BOSTON, 45 Bedford St. CHICAGO, 107 Market St. ST. LOUIS, 905 N. 7th St. DETROIT, 317 Jefferson Ave.
PHILADELPHIA, 900 Chestnut St. SAN FRANCISCO, 710 Mission St. TORONTO, 33-35 Front Ave.

## You Will Be Delighted With This

SIZE 11x46 INCHES

# Hinds Cream Girl CALENDAR

***For 1911***

And the small cost (10c postpaid) makes it easily worth having. **There is no advertising on the front.** The drawings are lifelike, interesting and most effectively colored. The large middle portrait (original from life) is a rare example of young American womanhood, exquisitely reproduced by color lithography. The Calendar, nearly four feet long, will make a most pleasing decoration for any room in which it is hung.

**Ready for mailing on and after December 15, 1910**

—To avoid disappointment, owing to the limited supply, you should write now, enclosing 10c in stamps or coin, which will entitle you to **one of these Calendars and a liberal Trial Bottle of**

**HINDS**
**Honey and Almond**
**CREAM**

## IMPROVE YOUR COMPLEXION

If you would have a **clear, smooth healthy complexion** all winter,—free from Chapping and other soreness, you should use **Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.** It cannot harm the most delicate skin, is not greasy, and is positively

**Guaranteed Not to Cause a Growth of Hair**

Our booklet tells why and how Hinds Cream is so beneficial to all complexions. It will prove interesting and valuable to you. Beautiful complexions retain their beauty when Hinds Cream is used. Babies' skin troubles yield quickly to its use. It is highly endorsed by men who shave; takes out the smart, heals the cuts, and keeps the skin smooth.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is sold everywhere. In bottles, 50c. Postpaid by us on receipt of price, if not easily obtainable. Avoid substitutes, they may disappoint.

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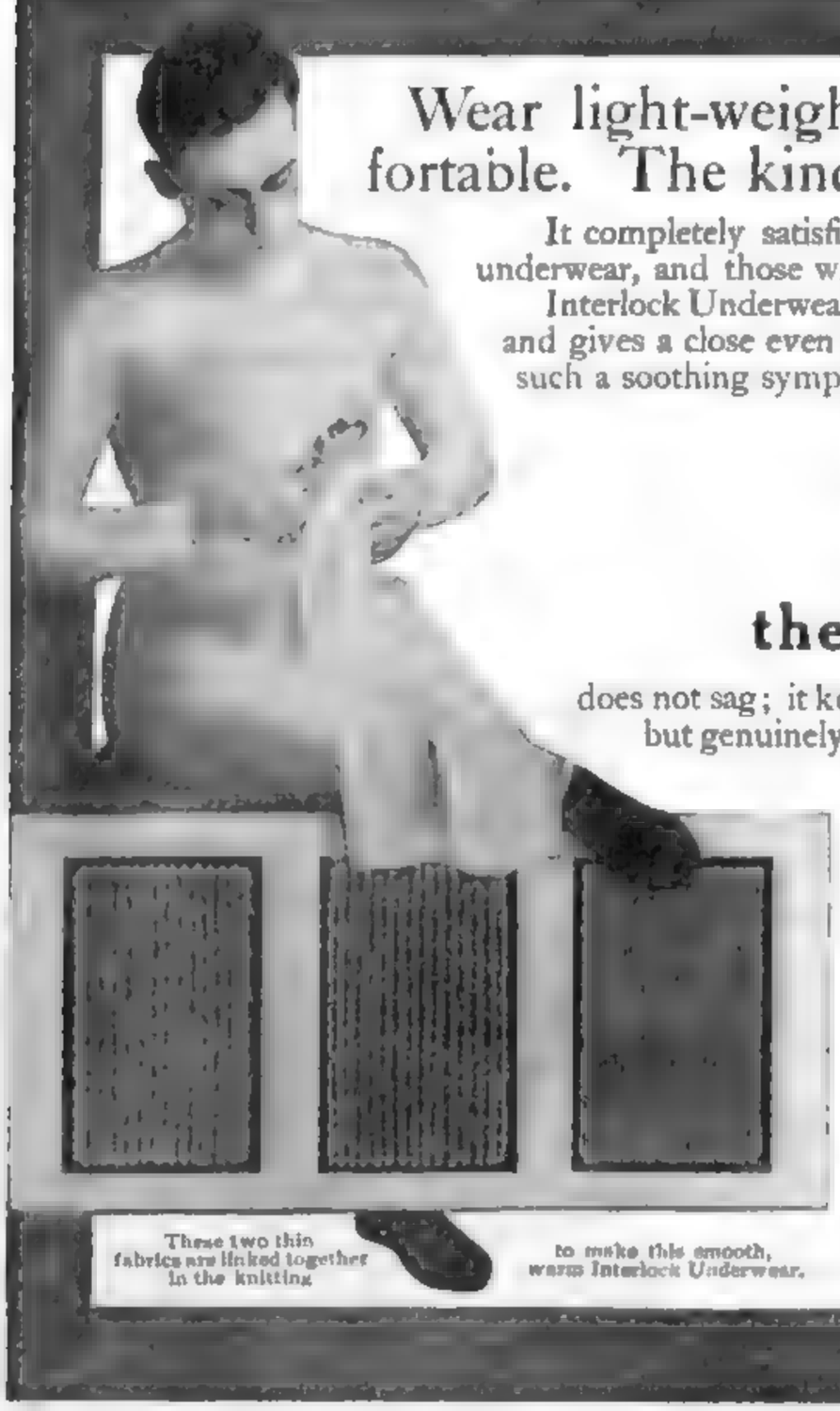
**A. S. HINDS** **89 West St.** **Portland, Maine**



Wear light-weight undergarments that keep you warm and comfortable. The kind that does it is Interlock Underwear.

It completely satisfies the need of the two classes of wearers—those who cannot endure heavy bulky underwear, and those who must have ample warmth with absolute protection.

Interlock Underwear is really two light gauzy fabrics knit inseparably together. This makes invisible ribs, and gives a close even texture as smooth as satin and as soft as down. You never wore a garment that had such a soothing sympathetic feel to the skin, or was so warm and comforting without burdening weight.

# Interlock

## the lightest-for-warmth underwear

does not sag; it keeps its shape because of the firm even texture and closely linked ribs. It is not stretchy, but genuinely elastic—when it "gives" it springs back. It is 33⅓ per cent stronger than underwear knit of the same single yarn on any other machine. This is proven on Government testing-machines. Interlock wears better and lasts longer than ordinary ribbed garments because of its added strength. And it is plainly more economical and satisfactory in every way.

Leading underwear manufacturers of the country are licensed to use Interlock machines. They quickly took up with this method of knitting that produces such modern sensible underwear. And these manufacturers will not adulterate the yarns knit on Interlock machines. When you buy Interlock Underwear, you are sure the material is just as represented.



These two thin fabrics are linked together in the knitting to make this smooth, warm Interlock Underwear.

**$1 a single garment and up**

For men—single garments $1 and up; Union Suits, $2 and up. For boys—single garments 50c and up; Union Suits, $1 and up. Cotton, mercerized cotton and merino, corresponding in warmth to the several grades of heavy-weight garments. A suit for the girls, pants, and sleeping garments, cotton, merino, wool, and silk—50c to $1.50.

Ask your dealer for Interlock Underwear. Look for the name INTERLOCK on the garment-label or the metal lock attached. If your dealer hasn't it write us his name and address and we'll see that you get it. **Write us for samples of fabric and illustrated booklet.**

**General Knit Fabric Company, Utica N Y**

Interlock



*Why There is No Better Christmas Present Than Seventy-Six Magazines*

***Continuance*** A magazine renews itself at short intervals; it is continually a new, fresh present.

***Acceptability*** Everybody reads and likes magazines; many other articles that you might select may, or may not, be welcome.

***Convenience*** They are easy to order—you simply remit the price and the publisher attends to making and delivering the goods.

***The Proposition*** THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is published each week, fifty-two issues a year. Millions of unprejudiced Americans will testify that it is the best "money's-worth" between Hudson Bay and the Panama Canal.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is now issued twice each month—twenty-four issues a year. So many interesting features are planned for the next year that every arrival of a fresh copy will be a real event.

***The Price*** We will send both these publications, seventy-six magazines in a year (to the same address or separate addresses)

***For Three Dollars***

**(Canadian Subscribers Four Dollars)**

Make yourself a Christmas present of these magazines, and then, to share your pleasure, subscribe for at least three friends.

***The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.***

# Lindsay Inverted Light

The one inverted burner that can be used successfully with either artificial or natural gas. The varying pressure of gas is controlled by the Lindsay patent Regulator.

There are no screens or gauzes to be cleaned or to interfere with the varying gas pressure.

The Inverted Globe is double etched—beautifully designed.

The Lindsay Tungsten Mantle—the ideal mantle—completes the equipment which is sold at $1.50.

Nearly all dealers carry a complete line of **Lindsay Lights**, both Upright and Inverted, and of Lindsay Mantles which will fit any incandescent gas burner. If *your* dealer does not, please write us.

*Lindsay Light Company*

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DEALERS We want every local dealer to get his [illegible]



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If you buy Buster Brown's Guaranteed Hosiery for the whole family there'll be NO DARNING TO DO.

Silk Lisle Half Hose for MEN, black, tan, navy, gray, wine, purple and heliotrope.
Lisle Hose for LADIES, medium and gauze weight; black or tan.
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Lisle fine gauge Ribbed Hose for MISSES, medium and light weight, black or tan.
MISSES' silk lisle fine gauge, ribbed, black or tan.

25c. a Pair, Four Pairs to the Box, $1.00
LADIES' silk lisle gauze, black or tan, Three Pairs to the Box. . . . . $1.00

GUARANTEED FOR FOUR MONTHS

*For sale MOST everywhere, but if your merchant can't supply you send us your order, stating kind, size and color wanted, and we will supply you direct, prepaying postage.*

*Write For Buster's Latest Funny Book. FREE.*

BUSTER BROWN'S HOSIERY MILLS,
630 Sherman Avenue, Chattanooga Tenn.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

MAKES and burns its own gas. Produces 100 candle power light—brighter than electricity or acetylene—cheaper than kerosene. No [illegible]. No grease. No odor. [illegible] styles. Every lamp guaranteed. Agents wanted. Write for catalog. Do not delay.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
8-25 E. 5th Street, Canton, Ohio


(Concluded from Page 58)

it don't belong to me at all, then I don't want it."

He turned his back on Louis and straightway he narrated the full circumstances surrounding his purchase of the Madison Street house.

"Certainly I ain't no lawyer nor nothing," he continued, "but when old Max Baum died you was due to get just as much as your Uncle Nathan out of his estate, and if Nathan Baum swindled me out of my money by claiming he owns the whole thing, that couldn't give me no right to your hare, ain't it?"

Max nodded.

"Then what ain't mine I don't want at all," Uncle Mosha continued; "and so, Maxie, you and me gives Leon Sammet here a deed of the house and Leon pays us the balance of eight thousand dollars. Out of that you get four thousand three hundred and seventy-five dollars, because me, I already got seven hundred and fifty dollars. Are you agreeable to fix it that way, Sammet?"

Leon looked at Louis Kronberg, who was gulping convulsively in an effort to express adequately all he felt. At length he commenced to address his uncle in husky tones.

"You cutthroat!" he croaked. "You robber, you! You shed my blood! Give me back my seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"Your seven hundred and fifty!" Uncle Mosha exclaimed.

"That's what I said," Louis went on. His voice rose to a hoarse scream as he proceeded. "Did you think any one else would give forty-three thousand dollars for that dawg-house but me? Sammet ain't got nothing to do with it; he's only a dummy."

"So!" Leon Sammet said bitterly. "I am only a dummy, am I?"

"Wait one minute!" Uncle Mosha cried. "Do you mean to told me, Mr. Sammet, that you was buying this here house for Louis?"

"Well, that's about the size of it," Leon admitted.

"Then what are you kicking about?" Uncle Mosha said. "You are a dummy."

Throughout the moving scenes of that entire afternoon Leon had acted the part of disinterested onlooker to the point of lethargy, but now he fairly glared at Uncle Mosha.

"I don't got to stay here to be called names," he said.

"My trouble's what you got to stay here for," Uncle Mosha retorted. "Yes, boys; what d'ye think for a highwayman like that Louis Kronberg?"

Louis blushed a fiery red.

"Come on, Leon," he said. "Let's get out of this."

"Hold on," Max Gershon shouted. "Don't you do nothing of the kind, Sammet. Me and Mr. Mosha Kronberg we own this here house together, and he made a contract with you to sell you this here house which I stand by. Do you want to take it oder not? Because if not, we would keep your seven hundred and fifty dollars."

Leon Sammet emitted a huge guffaw.

"That worries me a whole lot," he replied. "As Louis just told you, the seven hundred and fifty belongs to him."

"Very true," Feldman interrupted, "but it was you who engaged me to examine the title, Mr. Sammet, and my fees and disbursements in this matter amount to five hundred dollars."

Leon Sammet sat down again.

"Come on, Leon," Louis cried. "What are you waiting for?"

"Do you mean to told me, Mr. Feldman, I owe you five hundred dollars?" Leon asked.

"Five hundred and eight dollars and forty-two cents, to be exact," said Feldman, crunching a slip of paper.

"Then all I got to say is," Leon declared, "I got here a certified check for eight thousand dollars which Louis Kronberg gives me, and I would sure hold it until he secures me against your bill."

"Say, lookyhere, boys," Alex Kronberg said at length: "I've been listening to all this here Megillah and I ain't said a word nor nothing. But I'll tell you what I'll do. It's a cinch that Uncle Mosha won't go to live with Louis now, so I'll take him to live with me."

"I am agreeable," said Uncle Mosha.

"Furthermore," Alex continued, "Uncle Mosha and Max will keep the house. I will also pay Mr. Feldman his five hundred dollars and take it out of the seven hundred and fifty which Louis paid Uncle Mosha. The balance of two hundred and fifty Louis shall have back again."

"I am content," Uncle Mosha replied. "I don't want none of Louis' money; and you could take it from me, Alex, Louis would never see none of my money."

"And now, gentlemen, let us fix up this copartnership agreement," Max Gershon said as Louis Kronberg slunk out of the office, followed by Leon Sammet. "Mr. Potash and Mr. Perlmutter have wasted pretty near the whole afternoon here."

"That's all right," Abe said. "I don't consider we wasted any time. Many a night I threw away four dollars taking a customer on the theayter yet, when the show wasn't near so good as what we seen it this afternoon; and the customer ain't bought no goods off me anyhow."

"Don't you worry yourself about that, Abe," Max cried. "You got a couple of customers at this show which they would buy goods from you so long as we are in business, and don't you forget it. Ain't I right, Alex?"

Alex nodded.

"Come on, Uncle Mosha," he said. "Come inside with us and see this through."

"I'll wait out here," Uncle Mosha replied. "I got enough excitement for one afternoon."

He waited until Mr. Jones, of the title company, had packed up his papers, and then after Henry D. Feldman had followed the others into the adjoining room and had closed the door behind him, Uncle Mosha touched the button on Feldman's desk.

"Go out and buy for me an evening paper," he said to the boy who responded.

"Say," the boy replied, "there was a doctor waiting to see you for more than half an hour."

"Tell him to wait a little longer yet," Mosha rejoined. "I may got to have him after I am seeing the paper."

"He ain't here now," the boy said. "He went away and says you should send him a check for five dollars."

"I hope he don't need the money for nothing particular," Uncle Mosha commented; "on account he stands a good show to be disappointed. Hurry up with the paper."

Ten minutes afterward the boy returned. He handed an evening paper to Uncle Mosha, who hastily planted a pair of *pince-nez* on his broad, flat nose and folded back the financial page.

"Now let's give a look," he murmured to himself as he glanced hastily at the column marked "The Stock Market."

At the head of the list appeared the following item:

| Sales | | Highest | Lowest | Closing | Net Ch'g |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 45100 | Amal. Raf. | 46¾ | 38½ | 38½ | —4⅛ |

"Wiped again!" he muttered as he dropped the paper to the floor.

Half an hour later, when Alex and Max Gershon came out of the adjoining room with the copartnership agreement duly executed, they found Uncle Mosha calmly smoking the last of his cigar while he pondered over the "News for Investors" column. The tabulated list of quotations was not unnoticed by Max as he felt for another cigar to present to the old man.

"Do you ever speculate in Walf Street, Mr. Kronberg?" he asked.

"Once upon a time I used to," Uncle Mosha replied, "but never no more, Maxie. It's a game which you couldn't beat—take it from me, Maxie—not if you was a hundred times so smart as Old Man Baum."

. . . . . .

"Well, Abe," Morris Perlmutter remarked as they sat in their showroom ten days after the events above noted, "I did mix up in Alex Kronberg's family matters and, with all your croaking, what is the result? Alex has got a good partner; Uncle Mosha has got a good home, and ourselves we got a good order for three thousand dollars, which otherwise we wouldn't got at all."

"What are you talking nonsense, Mawrum?" Abe said. "Things wouldn't turned out the way they did if it wouldn't be I met Max Gershon in Hammersmith's. That's what started it, Mawrum."

"Nothing of the kind, Abe," Morris retorted. "What started it, Abe, was me when I went down to Madison Street and give Uncle Mosha that cigar, Abe. I tell you, Abe, it's an old saying and a true one: Throw away a loaf of bread in the water, y'understand, and sooner or later, Abe, it would come home like chickens to roost."


# "Yankee" Tools

THIS member of the "Yankee" Tools family is designed for drilling in steel, iron, brass and other metals, as well as in hard and soft woods.

If any mechanic—particularly the piece worker and the "outside" man who needs a tool that will speedily get through anything he goes up against in jobbing—hasn't this tool, it will pay him to add it to his kit at once.

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This tip won't slip on any kind of [illegible] Made in [illegible] No. 17 [illegible], No. 18 [illegible] No. 19, [illegible] No. 20, [illegible] No. 21, [illegible] Mailed upon receipt of price, 30 cents per pair

Mailed, 6c. each.

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Made to prevent pricking and disfiguring the forefinger in sewing or embroidery. Three sizes—small, medium and large.

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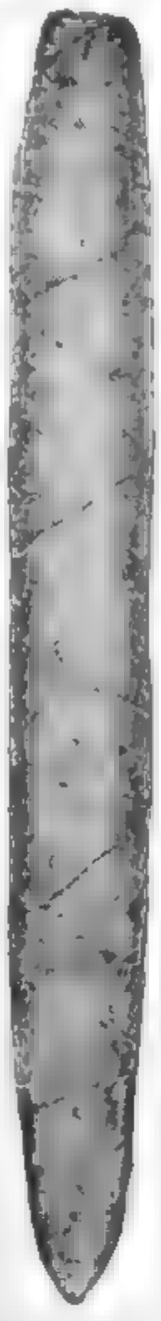

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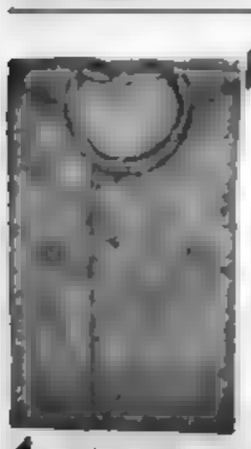

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# THRIFT

## Nest-Eggs That Hatched Business Enterprises

TWO brothers—aged seventeen and eighteen—worked in the little sash and door factory of their country village down East. By doing this and odd jobs on the side they earned several dollars weekly, which went to the support of a large family, their father being an invalid, unable to work.

Hearing that woodworking was a well-paid trade in the lumber regions of the Northwest, they borrowed some money from the general storekeeper, who had faith in them, and set out to better themselves. In the first large factory visited on their travels they readily got employment, but were laid off after several days because their knowledge of the trade was very slight.

They went on to Minnesota, where they found another place in a sash and blind plant, and this they managed to hold. When it was certain that employment would be steady, and they were earning ten to twelve dollars a week at piecework, they bought an old freight car on a siding and turned it into a home.

By boarding themselves here they managed to save so much that in two years they had paid back the storekeeper's loan, sent money home and had two hundred dollars besides.

The foreman of their factory had two building lots and needed money. They bought one for two hundred dollars, sold it six months later for three hundred dollars, put two hundred and fifty dollars into another lot and determined to build a house. A two-family structure was settled upon as best for that locality. The fact that they had little cash did not worry them. In six weeks, working after hours with the aid of one laborer hired by the day, they got the cellar dug and walled. Then, with their knowledge of woodworking and by looking out for bargains in material, they finished the house in fourteen months at a cash cost of about six hundred dollars, of which four hundred dollars was borrowed on mortgage. When it was completed they moved in, renting some of the rooms to fellow-employees.

The design and finish of their house attracted a good deal of favorable attention. Their enterprise was commented upon, and people in that community began to urge the brothers to build houses for them, believing that any contract they undertook would be carried out honestly and well. When the mortgage had been paid off, therefore, they borrowed eighteen hundred dollars on their place, now worth three thousand dollars, and began building for others. Their first contract was a small cottage.

Through miscalculation they lost two hundred dollars on it; but what they learned about the business was worth a good deal more than that, and when the time came for the owner to settle they bore the loss themselves instead of presenting the usual memorandum for "extras." As word of this fair dealing got around they quickly secured other contracts, and from that beginning the brothers have gone on into a prosperous general contracting business, until today they employ a large force of people and are said to be worth at least a hundred thousand dollars.

### A Piano Dealer's Start

Another boy, living in a city, quit school when he was sixteen and began loafing. This worried his father, who earned only moderate wages and had four other youngsters to provide for. So the old gentleman got his son into a printing office. The boy stayed there only a few weeks. The father got him a place in a locomotive-building plant, but with the same outcome; and finally, as the lad said he wanted to go West, the family shipped him to a Western city where some relatives lived. The latter promised to look after him, but the boy was no sooner away from home than he began to look after himself. Walking around the strange streets, thoroughly interested, he found a job in a piano salesroom at six dollars a week. The boss permitted him to sleep in the rear of the store, and the boy began to save a dollar and a half a week, and became known as a somewhat economical citizen. Being able to play the piano a little, he soon developed into a fair salesman and gradually worked his wages up to the ten-dollar mark. Beyond this, however, the boss would not raise him, and when he had been in the store five years, and had twelve hundred dollars put away in a building and loan association, he decided to get married, buy a home and go into business for himself. Getting married cost him one hundred dollars. Building a house saddled him with a twelve-hundred-dollar mortgage and took all but five hundred dollars of his cash capital. With this remainder, however, he established a piano salesroom right in his home, starting with two instruments in the popular-price grade. With the profits of the first sale, made by active hustling in the neighborhood, he got a horse and buggy and brought prospective customers right in to see his instruments the moment he had them fairly interested.

Soon he was selling one new piano a week and doing a considerable trade in second-hand pianos, which were disposed of after being sent to a factory for thorough overhauling. Within a year the business had grown to a point where he could afford a salesroom downtown, and today he is the leading piano dealer in his section and a man of wealth. Not long ago his own son left school, but instead of running wild he entered into the business and is now selling more pianos than his father did at the start.

### A Canny Canadian

A certain widow's son, the oldest in a family of five youngsters, sold the paternal farm in Canada when his mother died and divided the twenty-three hundred dollars received for it. The two boys took one hundred and fifty dollars apiece and set out for other parts, while the remaining two thousand dollars was put away for the three sisters, aged eleven, thirteen and fourteen. The younger brother went West, but soon died. It cost the older brother half his capital to get over into the "States" and land an eight-dollar-a-week job in a drygoods store; and so, being of Scotch descent and a bit canny, he looked upon that as an investment and rigidly held the position, sending for one of his sisters to keep house for him. During the first year he saved a dollar each week, and when his pay was raised he saved the increase. He was there nine years and never got above eleven dollars a week. But at the end of that period his bank balance came to fifteen hundred dollars.

The proprietor of the drygoods store died and, though the cautious Canadian had meant to wait until he had two thousand dollars before embarking in business on his own hook, he thought that this was his opportunity.

The widow, however, wanted seven thousand dollars for the business, and he hesitated to assume an obligation of fifty-five hundred dollars. No purchaser being found, the widow put it up at auction and the Canadian bought in such stock as his experience in the store told him was salable. He had sixteen hundred dollars' worth when the time came to settle with the auctioneer.

He had made many friends among drummers as a clerk, and they were anxious to have the business continued in that town, so they offered him a loan and he accepted four hundred dollars.

When the place was reopened practically all dead stock had been weeded out, and he had only a nominal obligation to take care of.

Within a year he was free of debt and had established solid credit. His practical experience as a clerk enabled him to conduct the business in such a way that it grew far beyond anything the former proprietor had dreamed of. It is now the leading department store in its section. The Canadian has taken a fortune out of it and retired. The business is owned by his son. When his daughter married recently he gave her a ten-thousand-dollar residence.


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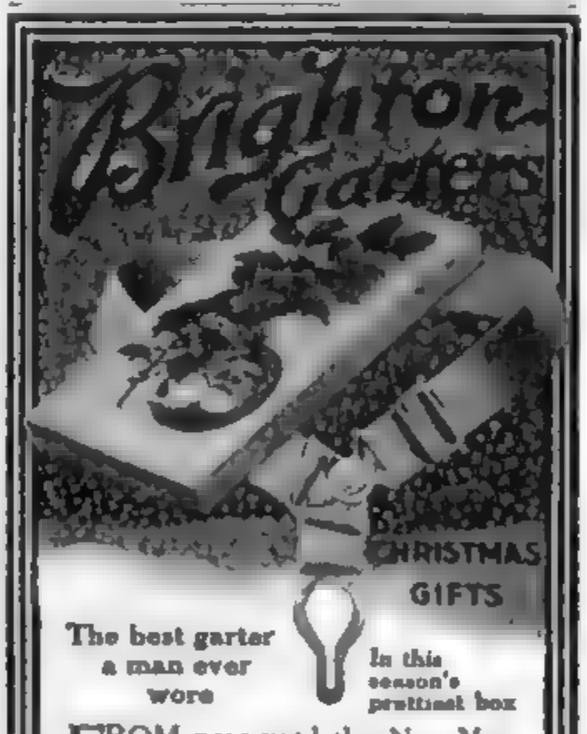


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# CUT GLASS NOW A DAILY JOY

## ITS USE EXTENDS TO EVERY DEPARTMENT OF THE HOUSEHOLD

Decanter

IN COMPARISON with what would have been considered an up to date stock of cut glass only a few years ago, the range of choice today in this beautiful medium of artistic expression is bewilderingly large.

Only one explanation is possible, and that is rather an easy one, after all. The general viewpoint has changed as the fact has been more fully realized that cut glass, far from being as fragile as the name might suggest, is really more durable and more easily preserved in all its pristine glory than art objects in the precious metals or with semi-precious ornamentation.

This truth once appreciated, cut glass is no longer purchased to be immured for the greater part of the time in a jealously locked china cupboard, and to be used only at rare intervals upon the dining table.

It is the more modern custom to surround ourselves with beautiful things for everyday use, to allow them to minister to our innate love of the bright, the artistic and the entirely charming. What more appropriate for this purpose, then, than cut glass, always provided that its high quality, both of material and workmanship, admits it to the class described? And so it comes about that cut glass, admittedly the most pleasing of all articles distinctively fitted for gift purposes, may now bear its graceful message to each one of the family, and is no longer monopolized by the maiden, the bride and the matron.

Puff Box and Hat Pin Holder

In fact while there will never be anything more appropriate as remembrances for the feminine portion of the household, and while designers are constantly evolving new forms of cut glass for their service, the man now has his innings as well, and some of the handsomest of the newer designs are for his especial use and comfort.

Cigar Jar and Match Holder

Like all other articles of superior quality, which really have an investment value and are bought with that idea, cut glass is rated in the world's markets in accordance with the reputation of the house from which it comes. It is vastly better to have even a small piece, for instance, bearing the name of Libbey, than a larger piece of the more ordinary quality to be found in stocks less famous.

America leads the world in cut glass today, and this is not only frankly conceded by Europe, but actually proved by the liberal buying of our cut glass for homes and museums abroad.

In this country, Libbey cut glass takes first place by reason of its recognized superiority, in all that makes for excellence in design, superb richness of material and highest grade of artistry. It may therefore proudly claim that well known phrase: Libbey Cut Glass—The World's Best.

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Just as the signature upon a great painting adds authenticity to the world's verdict, you will find your natural choice in cut glass confirmed by the mark:
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THE WORLD'S BEST
The name on each piece you own—or select for Christmas purposes—is proof positive that you have unerringly chosen The World's Best.
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# WINNING WITHOUT STRIKES

## A SUGGESTION FOR WORKMEN

### By Roger W. Babson

THE foundation of all permanent industrial progress consists of the three following factors:

CHARACTER, including intelligence and judgment;

LABOR, including both manual and mental work;

CAPITAL, including credit.

So long as these three factors continue to grow equally and normally, the nation continues to expand permanently and is free from industrial depressions. When, however, any one of these three factors is lacking we have an abnormal movement which is always followed by a reaction. For instance, labor and capital may expand and we may have a temporary period of reckless prosperity; but, unless the participants correspondingly grow in character, intelligence and judgment, said period will be followed by a period of depression. Or, character and labor may unite to set things right; but, unless joined by capital, said movement is helpless and doomed to failure.

Not only are these three factors of absolute necessity for a nation as a whole but they are equally necessary to the success of any one class of people—for instance, the labor organizations, in which we all are more or less interested. In other words, granting that these organizations now possess two of the above-mentioned factors—namely, character and labor—they never will be efficient until they also control their proportion of capital.

Now the labor organizations of today entirely fail in controlling not only the capital of others but do not control their own. They even place their own in the hands of their competitors to be used against them. For instance, the savings banks of New York have deposits of $1,483,449,494; the savings banks of New Jersey have deposits of $99,939,691; the savings banks of Massachusetts have deposits of $743,101,482; the savings banks of New Hampshire have deposits of $85,103,962; the savings banks of Connecticut have deposits of $263,332,562, and the savings banks of Maine have deposits of $88,557,027—or a total in these six states of over two and three-quarter billions of dollars. It is estimated that of this money about two billions belong to the members of labor unions and their families. *Not until these members have confidence enough in their leaders to give them control of these two billions of savings and to allow them to use said money as capital uses it—in furthering their interests—can labor ever expect to be seriously considered.*

So long as the laborer will strike on the advice of some "leader," but refuses to allow him to handle his savings—insisting that the capitalist against whom he is striking shall have charge of those savings—the laborer's position is simply ludicrous. Of course the reason for this state of affairs is that in the bottom of his heart the laborer has much more confidence in the capitalist's judgment and honesty than he has in his own leader's; but, if so, he should refuse to strike or else insist on new leaders. Certainly it is unreasonable enough to expect the labor leaders to win their battles without any "ammunition"; but to expect them to win while supplying ammunition to the men against whom they are striking is preposterous.

The "ammunition" to which I refer is money; and my other reference is to the savings banks, which now hold this money and loan it not to the laborer and his organization but to the capitalist and the corporation. For instance, I know of a very large strike, which has recently been in progress, where it was simply a question of financial resources as to who should win. The labor organization was unable to borrow any money, but was dependent on the small amount in its treasury; the corporation, however, was able to borrow heavily of the savings banks in the vicinity and thus won the battle. Hence it will clearly be seen that it was the laborer's money which the corporation was able to borrow that enabled the corporation to win the strike.

Now I do not mean that laborers should suddenly withdraw their money from savings banks or perform any such unbusinesslike and ruinous procedure, but I believe that labor should directly control its own savings and use such savings for legitimate and businesslike advancement of its own needs. I believe that labor organizations could select capable and honest men trained in financial affairs who are fully as capable as the trustees of any savings bank, which men could use these two billions of dollars in acquiring for their organizations strong minority interests in our leading corporations. This would insure to labor its just reward. Whether or not this would always result in the increase of wages I do not say; but I do say that it would result in labor's receiving its just demand without any resort to striking or other barbaric methods. Moreover, some people with whom I have talked feel that in this case the wage question by itself would not be so important as at present; for what was not withdrawn in wages would in this case be withdrawn in dividends.

The only other feature which I think necessary to mention now is the fact that it would be necessary to purchase only a strong minority interest and not the control. Although it is not generally recognized, yet in very few instances do those who control our large industrial corporations own a majority of the stock. It is simply the largest of the interests which controls. These corporations and these "largest interests" may own only five per cent or ten per cent of the total capitalization; in fact, *I should strongly oppose the idea of having the labor unions endeavor to operate the corporations in which they are interested; but rather simply acquire a large enough interest so that they can be represented on the board and see that justice is done.*

Of course certain people with whom I have talked look upon this as a most radical idea on my part, and feel that, if the labor organizations obtained a voice in a group of corporations in this way, it would result in great hardship to present investors in such corporations' securities. I, however, feel that this idea is wholly wrong; for after these labor unions become heavy stockholders they will immediately assume the investors' point of view and become much more conservative and reasonable in many of their demands, which will be a distinct advantage to present investors; in fact, I know of no one thing which will more greatly tend to clear the present political and social atmosphere and result in more ultimate good to all bona fide investors than to take labor into partnership in this way. Of course, to give a man a voice in a business in which he has no financial interest is a mistake; but, if the man is a heavy stockholder, we may rest assured that his human nature will prevent him from doing anything radically wrong; and personally I believe that his point of view would be distinctly valuable.

Tell the Cook

"Dip six slices of bread in milk and egg, fry brown in butter. Freshen and broil three strips of Gorton's Codfish, divide and place a piece on each slice of toast. Let two cups of milk come to a boil, thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour wet with milk, add small piece of butter. Pour over the whole and serve. Season to taste."

Gorton's Codfish

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IN JAMS AND PRESERVES

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Syrup in Cooking

You will be surprised to know of the many ways Towle's Log Cabin Syrup can be used. We have prepared an attractive book "From Camp to Table" which tells how to make the dishes illustrated and contains 33 prize recipes.

Every housewife should have it. You will delight your family with the many new delicacies you can make. **Send for it. It's Free.**

There is a coupon on every can of Log Cabin which enables you to secure an always useful article—a beautiful, full size, long-wearing, silver-plated teaspoon as illustrated—no advertising on it. **A Souvenir of Towle's Log Cabin Syrup.**

IN HOT FRUIT SALAD

OF COURSE IN CAKES

**The Towle Maple Products Co.**
**St. Paul, Minn., U. S. A.**

*Refineries and Offices:*

**St. Johnsbury, Vt.** In the Virgin Maple Sugar Forests.

**St. Paul, Minn.** In the Center of North America.

**San Francisco, Cal.,** Pacific Coast Headquarters.

To every reader of this advertisement who sends us 10 cents in coin or in 2-cent U. S. stamps, we will mail postpaid one of these spoons.

When Johnny comes
Marching home again
With a common
Imitation—

Send Johnny a
Marching back again
With a note of
Explanation—

Never send me anything but Kellogg's—the Genuine Toasted Corn Flakes

The Kind with the Flavor
Made from Selected White Corn

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg

Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Canadian Trade Supplied by the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Ltd., London, Ont.

TRADE-MARK FACE

WHEN all is said and done—the one Safety Razor that will give you the best shave of your life—will give you the most for your money—is the "EVER-READY."

A Dollar bill completes the investment—buys the entire outfit, twelve (12) blades, frame, case and all, and the $1 is on recall until you agree that it's well spent.

Considerably more than 2,000,000 men have bought "EVER-READY" twelve (12) bladed $1 Safety Razors, much to their happiness and profit. You shave with a smile, knowing that irrespective of price you own the best shaving razor money can buy.

With the "EVER-READY," every man becomes an expert self-shaver, absolutely impossible to cut or scratch the face; it is the safest of Safety Razors.

The "EVER-READY" is world famous. It is sold by dealers everywhere, especially in your city from most any HARDWARE, DRUG, JEWELRY OR GENERAL STORE.

# 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor With 12 Blades $1

THE complete "EVER-READY" Safety Razor at $1 consists of a patented "lather-catching" frame, made to last a life time, highly silver nickeled, rust proof and easily cleaned, easy to keep perfectly sanitary. With each set you receive handle, folding blade stropper and *twelve* "EVER-READY" blades.

**Extra "EVER-READY" Blades 10 for 50c**

The greatness of the "EVER-READY" Safety Razor is the "EVER-READY" blade. Twelve (12) "EVER-READY" Blades in each dollar outfit. Each blade separately guaranteed and individually protected in patented package. Each blade is free from rust or dust or dulling contact and possessed of the keen knife edge that removes the beard with the ease of washing the face. The entire outfit is boxed in a compact attractive button-lock case that is a pride to every user.

For your own sake don't confuse the "EVER-READY" with other dollar Safety Razors. An occasional profit-greedy dealer may force the imitation on you. Remember the name "EVER-READY,"—look for the trade mark face. If you do not get the "EVER-READY" get wise to the substitution reason, and send $1 direct to the makers. You buy the "EVER-READY" under the guarantee of satisfaction or money back, and you are the sole judge.

**AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY**
**35th St. and 6th Ave., New York City**
International Distributing Company, Montreal, Canada

**This is the complete "Ever-Ready" 12-Bladed Dollar Outfit**